

Hold

Well you can hold your hands together all you please  
Won't erase those tender tidings you endured  
You were just another family member on their knees  
Just a social work statistic out the door  
They beat against the tender sightings of your soul  
With all those pretty little hammers of control  
And where they are tonight well you will never know  
But I swear that I will find them now

More

It's more than just a simple question of decay  
More than all those fists that beat into your door  
It's more than all the shrinks that told you you're okay  
It's more than anything that I have waited for  
They beat against the tender sightings of your soul  
With all those pretty little hammers of control  
And if they even can remember I don't know  
But I swear that they'll remember now

Home

It's just another word you'll always push away  
Just a memory you wear outside your clothes  
And it will burn down into cinders and some day  
They will burrow down to their parental holes  
They beat against the tender sightings of your soul  
With all those pretty little hammers of control  
And if they've ever paid a price well I don't know  
But I swear that they will pay one now