

Christopher Walla, Holes

There's a hole in your voice and you say
it's a choice, but I don't understand.

There's a tear in the wind from the prick of
a pin, and it's set to expand, and strength is
hard to find.

There's a gash in your words but your office
prefers that we don't understand.

And as gravity fails we will hang with our receipts
for our flags in our hands, our things rising
fierce from our lands.

Strength is hard to find, but when your post and
guard resign we will seal all your little holes.