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.