

Bebo Norman, The Hammer Holds

A shapeless piece of steel
That's all I claim to be
This hammer pounds to give me form
This flame, it melts my dreams

I glow with fire and fury
As I'm twisted like a vine
My final shape, my final form
I'm sure I'm bound to find

So dream a little
Dream for me
In hopes that I'll remain

And cry a little
Cry for me
So I can bear the flames

And hurt a little
Hurt for me
My future is untold

But my dreams are not the issue here
For they, the hammer holds

And the water, it cools me gray
And the hurt's subdued somehow
I have my shape, this sharpened point
What is my purpose now?

And the question still remains
What am I to be?
Perhaps some perfect piece of art
Displayed for all to see

So dream a little
Dream for me
In hopes that I'll remain

And cry a little
Cry for me
So I can bear the flames

And hurt a little
Hurt for me
My future is untold

But my dreams are not the issue here
For they, the hammer holds

The hammer pounds again
But flames I do not feel
This force that drives me, helplessly
Through flesh and wood reveal

A burn that burns much deeper
It's more than I can stand
The reason for my life was to take
The life of a guiltless man

So dream a little
Dream for me
In hopes that I'll remain

And cry a little
Cry for me
So I can bear the pain

And hurt a little
Hurt for me
My future is so bold

But my dreams are not the issue here
For they, the hammer holds

This task before me may seem unclear
But it, my maker holds