

## **Bebo Norman**

# **"The Hammer Holds"**

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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 thee, 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 thee, the  
hammer holds

The hammer pounds again, but flames I do not feel  
This force that drives me, helplessly, through flesh,  
and wood reveals  
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 thee, the  
hammer holds

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

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