

Chris Walla "Holes"

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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

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