

# Devastations

## "Coal"

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I stared into the eyes  
Of the deep black coal  
And I knew that it knew  
What I did know I knew  
My mother she was a whore  
She was lost before I was born  
My father I barely knew when he took me by the hand  
and told me

Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on  
Then he kicked away the chair

Black blue bruises on my hips  
Something smeared beneath my lips  
A blister on my knee

And a ringing in my ears tells me

Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on  
Their not coming back for you  
Hold on, hold on, hold on

Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on  
I've got coal inside my pocket  
Hold on  
I've got coal inside my bed  
Hold on  
I've got coal inside my home  
Hold on  
I've got coal inside my head  
Hold on

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