

Stepson

Samiam

I'm free, he can't touch me
Six feet down and there's no sadness
Hands and heads full
Old and hostile fists are pounding Nothing's simple
No respect or meaning
Why the screaming
When he's gone, burn the house down Too proud to come to me when you were dying
Well, look at the dash now you're frying
Hands and heads full
Old and hostile fist are pounding Nothing's simple
No respect or meaning
Why the screaming
When he's gone, burn the house down Nothing's simple
No respect or meaning
Why the screaming
Never whimper, hide your feelings
And when he's gone, burn the house down

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