

The Hammer Holds

Bebo Norman

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

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