

# Holes

[Chris Walla](#)

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

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