Coal

Devastations

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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