

The World

The Family Crest

Build yourself an empty home
Mold it out of soot and stone
Hide your little love away
Keep it from the light of day
'Cause all the things that he can do
Love, here he cannot hurt you no more
But when you go
I hope you know
That the world's just not the same
Move away into the night
Pull the curtains up so tight
Hold yourself off from the sun
Hide away from everyone
'Cause all the things that he can do
Well, here he cannot hurt you
Sometimes you break the mold
Sometimes your heart is cold
Set away with your demons
Here dear, you must stay clear of his heart
'Cause he threw it like a stone
Through your windows
But I really hope you know
That we hope that you'll come back around
And I hope you know
That when you let go
The world will heal another one

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