

# 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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