

## Salvation (and the Hole)

It's not much of a living,  
But it's a way of life.  
It puts food on the table,  
For my children and my wife.  
I go to work in the morning,  
The sun is shining bright,  
But, it's always dark,  
As black as night,  
Down in the hole.

Years go by like days,  
And days go by like years.  
Unnatural turns normal.  
And you almost forget your fears.  
It becomes a habit,  
And your numbness gets you through.  
It's not what you really want,  
But it's what you do.

And, you live and you die down in the hole.  
And, the time, it goes by, and you get old.

Then one day, a rumble.  
The kind that makes you pray.  
"Don't let this be the one."  
This ain't no shallow grave.  
The sound and the fury  
Of your whole world crashing down.  
Dust and confusion,  
Then, suddenly,  
No sound.

And, finally, the time had come.  
You knew it always would.  
Meanwhile, up above, they were doing everything they could.  
Some were digging like demons,  
While others cried and prayed,  
For the ones down below  
To be saved.

Minutes seemed like hours.  
Time it seemed to stop.  
All you could hear was breathing,  
And, the ticking of a clock.  
Then, I shown my light on Richard  
And, I saw it in his eyes.

We were fighting against dying.  
We were dying to see daylight.  
When we began to hear the sounds.  
And saw a distant light.  
I swear these old eyes  
Have never seen  
Such a glorious, glorious sight.

And, you live and you die down in the hole.  
And, the time, it goes by, and you get old.  
And, you live and you die down in the hole.