

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 wimper  
hide your feelings  
and when he's gone  
burn the house down