

One: Twentyseven

As Cities Burn

when will the weak shame the strong
and not collapse into our own arms
when will we raise our flags past half-mast
and not collapse into our own arms
but shame will keep us who we are

shame is the anchor tied around my ankle
shame keeps me low and close to the bottom
where I am the least
at the bottom

where pride has never been and never will
the swell of my chest
I stand on this
where pride has never been and never will
the swell of my chest
I call this brave
but how dare I call this love
and not bear my cross to the end

how can I call this love when all that I am
is because your love endures my back to it
your love endures my back to it
your love endures my back to it