

The Will The Message

Bombshell Rocks

Creative movements
Some say they're destructive
A way of self expression
Now give me some soulfull rock
Without hesitation

As I walk through the street art gallery
The colours are like a blessing for me
The concrete has captured, and left space
Can't disarm the bomb and it's a colourfull victory

City of variety
Is there any place for me
Can't stop a way of living
Down on multiple street
Is there any place for me
The boys and girls are singin'

The will the message
And a request for something to do
Watch the movement
It attracts the fighting few
There's fear in their eyes
Fear of something new
Fear of the conviction, of me and you