

## Rise Up

Abney Park

Down in the dust our feet are cold and tired  
We've built your walls we've built your fucking fires  
And even fought your wars, got in your lives  
We've greased your we pipes we made and laid your wires

Heavy with rust our shoulders bear your loads  
I'm tired of trust too many lives in tow  
You ask for much, I give but hence I'm told  
It's time to rush, it's time to lift this gold

Raise your fists up to the sky  
Be yourself be more before you die  
Take a stand from your proclivity  
and modulate it from your captivity

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