

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

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 pipes we made and laid your wires

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