

I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves!

Let my imagination go and drop me where I feel most scared.
Snap back already giving thanks,
I'm not trapped working in a sweatshop somewhere.
This songs for those less fortunate,
locked in a world where both ends aren't meant to meet.

I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves.
I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves!

Let my imagination go and drop me where I feel most scared.
Synaptic flashes in my head then total thanks again,
I'm not soldiering somewhere.
This songs for the countless souls,
who died in vain for someone else's gain.

I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves.
I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves.

Left my birthplace for foreign streets to strange places, new faces I flew.
Shoeless kids stood on the corner,
their eyes they were transfixed on you.

So I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
ohhh my black heart worn on my sleeve.
I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
with our black hearts worn on our sleeves, ALRIGHT!

I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves.
I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves.

I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves.
I'm standing with the rank-n-file,
I'm marching with the underground,
our black hearts worn on our sleeves.