

Just because you don't speak the language
Doesn't mean that you can't understand
Just because you don't speak the language
Doesn't mean that you can't understand
The twist in the script of the insult
Scrawled on the back of your hand

Torn from the pages of scripture
Sprayed on the wall in the frays of a flag
Kisses forbidden on lips
And all of your fine clothes worn into rags

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

Don't open the door 'cos they're coming
Don't open the door 'cos they're here
Above there's an ominous humming
Below there's a murmur of prayer

Torn from the pages of scandal
Sprayed on a wall in the frays of the flag
Kisses forbidden on lips
and all of your fine clothes blown into rags

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

There's a cross in the line there's a circus
There's a voice that you might overhear
There's a lens making the picture perfect
They say you have nothing to fear

Torn from the pages of pamphlets
Thrown in the air like confetti in church
Far, far away there's a target
and the sound of an army just starting to march

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

Just because I don't read the language
Doesn't mean that I'm blind to the threat
Though I thought there was more to forgiveness
Than all we conveniently forget

Torn from the pages of history
Repeated again and again and again
You're either for or against us
and that is how the hatred begins

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire