

Renegades

Feeder

If I was a prophet,
If I was a saint,
Sent here to save you,
to bury the pain,
Would I be different?
Would I belong?

Voices are Silent, arms are at bay,
A cloud of Destruction is closer each day,
Things could be different,
we could belong.

We are the human, we are the strays,
We talk about heaven, we talk about grace,
If things could be different,
We could belong.

Leave behind the Renegades,
Cross the desert through the haze,
because we must hold on yeah,
because we must hold on yeah,
Moving forward one by one, to find Shelter.

'Cause they say,
Things are much better than we know,
We are not the problem,
So Don't hate,
Things will get better if we show,
We are not the problem.

For the sake of the children,
For the sake of us all,
Bury the demons, brace for the fall,
Things could be different,
We could belong.

We are the vision,
We are the faith,
We have the meaning,
We have new taste,
If things could be different,
We could belong.

Leave behind the Renegades,
Cross the desert through the haze,
because we must hold on yeah,
because we must hold on yeah,
Moving forward one by one, to find Shelter.

'Cause they say,
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We are not the problem,
So Don't hate,
Things will get better if we show,
We are not the problem.

We go right back to the start,

In sweet defiance,
We were meant to be apart,
Lie down in silence,
We must find out who we are (we must find out who we are)

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