

When he came to the place where his enemy lay
He looked down at the body and said, That could be me

You are the sleeping giants in the border wars
The survivors and the foragers
(You are) The zombie hunter soldiers
The children of the white flag
Shoutin' out the choruses (we heard you)
Singing from the picket line (we heard you)
Stop the apocalypse back in 2012
Just in the nick of time

Mainstream visitors
Pause and reorient
Replace the elixir
Panacea for the poison

Out of our paralysis
Out of our experience
Chock full of treasures
Back to our community
Back into the studio
Something grown together

In the club with your cameras
In the streets with bandanas
You treat others so justly
Why do you call yourself ugly?
Snap you out of hypnosis
Answer all of your questions
Gather and listen close, it's
'Bout to get interesting