Scream with your hands up in the sky Like you want to testify For the life that's been deleted Sing like a rebel's lullaby Under the stars and stripes For the lost souls that were cheated

We will be seen but not be heard

We are revolution radio
Operation no control
And the headline
My love's bullet proof
Give me cherry bombs and gasoline
Debutantes in surgery
And the headline
Legalize the truth

Give me rage like there's teargas in the crowd Do you wanna live out loud?
But the air is barely breathing
Rise of the slums to the obsolete
The dawn of the new airwaves
For the anti-social media

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We will be seen but not be heard $\ensuremath{\mathsf{We}}$ are the songs of the disturbed

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