

## Subject To Change

Project 86

Rising up above this wickedness  
And unfazed by your endless myths  
Hands all around reach to slow him down  
He's all about this sound

We aren't playing by your rules  
We'll never play the fools  
So, no, you can't take what's inside of me

All about the sound from way out  
He's got the scars just to prove he's "down"  
No apologies to confuse his brain  
His argument is sustained

He's walking, non-stopping out of the shadows  
Sounds of the new-he's got a look in his eye  
(that says) There's something more than you're feeding him  
He's not afraid to say...no  
You're talking, non-stopping echoing voices  
But nothing you said made a dent in my head  
I'm hearing you fearing him 'cause he's not afraid  
He's not about bowing down to what you say

You hate us 'cause we'll never go away  
And like some sort of fungus we're growing everyday  
And our knuckles aren't dragging so I guess that leaves to say  
Our message isn't stopping until you drag us all away

Hear the silent ignorant voices spew:  
"You're all a pack of disoriented youth"  
He lives to see the day those vices end  
But until then I'll send this...

Off to you