

Hope and Anchor

Smoke or Fire

They're coming for the band, pitchforks and torches raised
They used to love you, now they want to burn you at the stake
People are strange that way, with what they choose to embrace
Want you all for themselves, then shun you if you grow or change
Those days are over now, what started off as fun
Has made you question everything and not trust anyone
These kids don't know the deal, still sucking from the teat
How many hands are in your pockets while you try to stay afloat
?

Show the world a mirror
They'll hang on every word that you say
But slit your throat if you attempt to cash in
The burden of the artist
To show us who we truly are
And to go without
Your passion fades

Don't you ever let these critics or opinions confine you to any
thing
You need to think of why you started this back then to remind you
Of where you've been, and how far you've come
To see them all for who they are
They don't want you to succeed
They want to see you bleed and to discard you when they no longer
relate later
You're the voice of no one but yourself
And that's as good as wealth
At least you can look back and say you tried to make your mark
whether they love or hate it

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