

My Design

Strike Anywhere

This is a call
to wake
the sleeping army
dreaming for
end the fear
in our hearts
for the last time

a shared vision
love's transmission through
the hollow days ahead
a hope
for where we grow
when its over
and its over

it falls
it passes right through me
it falls
and you won't be mistaking me
it falls
inside us
inside
it falls
it passes right
right through me

and we find out
what will remain

one day
I will wake up to find
you've bound my sister's feet
to find you've tied my daughter's hands
and you are walling in her mind

we throw
our hearts against the wall
we grow
the will to make it

fall

so we are living in a five hundred year old
prison in the mind in the heart where they
take your intelligence and your faith is torn
apart by culture state and power come together
and they steal all the light inside of us
everything that's real

when it falls