

Golden Sand

The Republic Tigers

Break ground.
Buckle down.
It's time.
Yeah, it's time for the party to make some sound.

Let's move from this underground,
Shed some of this blacklight to surrounding towns.

How much responsibility do you bear
For the ill uses others might make of your ideas?
Almost as much responsibility that you'd bear
If you failed to speak your mind
When it might have made some kind of a difference.
So make a difference.
Could you make 'em dance
Turn your bleeding hearts into some bleeding hands?

Line up.
State your name, state your claims, claim your stakes.
If you wanna fight with us, you've got to refuse to
Please the game.
Look ahead now.
Oh, let the countdown usher
The philanthropic minds to speak up now
And scrape the paint that hides the crimes
Of a silent kind.

Look up
And make a difference.
But the right difference would mean
The bleeding hearts would got to be turned into some
Bleeding hands from solid lands.
Yeah, you can make 'em dance
And keep an upright stance?
Is the position that you hold
One that could parallel
A synergistically greater plan?
Or would it force us all to be packed into a can?

How much responsibility do you bear
For the ill uses that the others might make of your ideas?
Almost as much responsibility that you'd bear
If you failed to speak your mind
When it might have changed things.

Let's move from this underground
Blare some of this blacklight
Through their socket pride
Where their eyes used to hide
When they had sight
Now only servin' as a path
For us to maybe reach that height
With a word
To make a difference.
Come on, let's make 'em dance,
Turn their bleeding hearts
Into some bleeding hands over solid lands.

Now, can you make 'em dance
And keep an upright stance?
Or has the premise of your cause
Been rooted in a slopin', quickly given golden sand?
Cause the collapse you'd
Would pull us down with claws
That don't let go.
Yeah, the collapse you'd cause
Could pull us down with claws
That don't let go