

Can we say that we are free?  
Our hands are bound and voices silent  
I'm sure it's not a dream  
I am awake my eyes are open  
I can't accept and won't concede  
In aftermath we find redemption  
The causes that are seized  
And disguised as revolution

Quell the rage that deeply seethes  
The extremes of these devotions  
Dismantle the machine  
The device of their creation

I can't accept and won't concede  
That this is who we are  
The conflict that is seized  
And disguised as greater notions

To the songs that sing of glory and the brave  
Are we dreaming there are better days to come?  
When will the banners and the victory parades  
Celebrate the day a better world was won?

On the day  
The storm has just begun  
I will still hope  
There are better days to come

In the face of what I say  
My words return to anger  
Malevolence in need  
Cannot provide direction  
I won't accept this thought  
That this is who we are  
Positions never change  
Losing all forward motion

Harbour that which deeply seethes  
Temper your devotion  
Dismantle the machine  
The device of your convictions

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