Open those eyes, wake from peace Open those eyes, wake form peace

Orders are some favorite color Same old same old is their battle cry Why don't we keep searching, searching for a new flavor?

Our hearts have become routine Our hearts have become routine Our hearts have become routine

Worthy kings have broken backs for nothing Worthy kings have broken backs

Unless we cherish all with pride The lines on our face will turn into canyons of sorrow instead of hope

They didn't die from cold without but they died from cold within

They didn't die from cold without but they died from cold within

They didn't die from cold without but they died from cold within

And I just can't stop denying that our brothers are in miserabl e pain

And I just can't stop denying that our brothers are in miserabl e pain

Open those eyes, wake from peace Open those eyes, wake from peace

Stop short

Lend a hand and break the chains of regularity from which you hold, you lean so closely upon, so closely upon

Your little Suburbia is in ruins, is in ruins

Tear down all the assumptions you hold, tear them down Tear down all the assumptions you hold, tear them down Tear down all the assumptions you hold, tear them down

For I guarantee they are false. Sometimes the best feeling may be the one that kills