

## We vs. Us

### Birds in Row

How long do you think these times will last  
Before we become total strangers?  
The prophets are dead  
In our hands they rust

I know we've promised  
I know we've lied  
Hell, our voices sounded much better  
Divided we sink, together we rise

This costume will have to look good on me  
Before I die  
There's no award, no reciprocity  
In all we try

Nothing seems clear  
I can't sleep  
You know I'm not the one encouraging prayers  
But please join your hands and make this one the last

This costume will have to look good on you  
And if the ridicule kills  
We'll die facing the laughters  
I'm just sick of them all  
Sick of confusion, certitude and norms  
I guess the shadow is a good place to hide  
Let's turn on the lights

I'm just sick of them all  
And we can be more  
We can be more, I know

My hand in your hand

And the world to grasp  
Something made it holy  
And in a way we liked that  
There was truth inside our silence  
And anger in our eyes

For every step there is a doubt  
And understand it's ours to fight  
So keep my hand in yours and yours in mine  
For we'll make it if we try  
It's us against ourselves and the rest can f\*cking die

I'm just sick of them all  
And we can be more  
We can be more, I know

The ceiling rains down on us  
And it weights on the rich, the poor and all in between  
Nothing is sacred  
Nothing but the hands that protect  
And i protect you  
And you protect me

We had been dreaming in the shape of a nutshell  
And in the fortune boat we'd have secured them all  
We set sails away from the sharks

This costume will have to look good on all of us  
Before it dies