

My mouth is full of your inspiration
Cut me, size me down for your regulation
Nothing stands so close to driving
Nothing gets tense or biting
Nothing stands in the way
It's all right
Your walls are still white
Location is everything, or so it seems
Writing down all your "wrongs" or "rights"
In a book you call your own
Stand down
Silence kills the revolution
All that remains stagnant
Dies submission is your resolve
They've given you all the calls
Sucker punched again
Blind... blind... blind