

Don't say that you're believers when you're punching in the dark
While censoring receivers that would propagate the heart
Are you blind to all the creatures that could lead you to the light
With an open disposition and a sense of what is right

Don't say that you're a leader when there's bloodshed in your eyes
In a chamber of deceivers, sending bullets through the night
How I long to see a future, in a land that only cries
For the beauties that we're given, and a peace that never dies