

Silent Jury

Fairweather

I'm waking up because of smelling salts that I've been given
Well that formula for caving in has now seceded
From a courthouse filled with empty judges

You've got a plan, stole a blueprint
You're plagiarizing what you can not be
It's not a plan, it's not a blueprint
You're criticizing what you can not be

A clientele of fools, continues to confuse
Our history, with what we're waiting for, a silent jury
So we can use our every means for progress...

We're set free
And who we want to be
We're set free

We're set free
And who we want to be