

Letter to the Sleeping

Fight The Fade

They say that
He who has the money makes the rules
But I say that if you eat that garbage
You'll have the belly of a fool
Broken rules leave us
Convicted, tried, beaten and bruised
Who's the fool? Who's the fool?
They say
The nail that sticks out
Get's hammered the hardest
He who's message is the weakest
Now get's paid the largest?
Call me an arsonist
Cause I'll burn it to the ground
In a crowd full of unsaved people
You're no where to be found
But I'll stand my ground
Cause I hear the sound
Of a thousand empty souls
Screaming from the ground
And my chest pounds
Like the beating of a drum
And you're pews are worn
And your butts have become numb
The frozen chosen have yet to thaw
And in the mean time you get mad at me
Cause my lyrics rub you raw
Little white picket fence
And the American dream
Safe and secure
Even your gutters don't have a seem
Don't get me wrong
I'm thankful for what I've been given
But to whom much is given
Much is required
So there's some things that I must say
It's just the things I've seen
From these broken teens
And these broken homes
To these broken dreams
And the prostitutes and bangas and feens
And nothing that you see is ever really as it seems
And time is running out
And I will be stolen away
But what if we believed the very words that we say?
What if we believed the very words that we say?
Would we all become an American missionary?