

Rats in the Cellar

Incendiary

Twilight hangs
Over the town
Eyes dropping to face the ground
There's a feeling in the air
That something's growing
Something's fuming
Something's moving
Something's brewing

Signs glued to the walls
The paint sprayed along the halls
Read the tags across the doors
Soak it in and heed their call

Pouring gas upon the fire
Smashing statues of the martyrs

Are you still one of the living?
With your fist up in the street
Are you still one of the living?
Standing out amongst the sheep

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Tensions rise with the hatred of speech
Crowds assemble, mass panic in the heat
Words of one incite the violence of a nation
Sliding into chaos, death of liberation

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The beast is fed
Now watch as it grows
Power corrupts
And we lose control

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