

## The Last Song

James Dean Bradfield

Bondaged citizens  
Make the best revolutions  
Asking questions  
The deepest answer  
The blood paints our protest

Untie the noose  
Here is the ladder  
One step at a time  
Be unafraid to climb

They took your hands  
But they could not silence your tongue  
The darkest night  
The last song

So the wounds purify  
Our purpose to unify  
We fall between  
Dialects and time  
Like pilgrims we will find

Untie the noose  
Here is the ladder  
One step at a time  
Be unafraid to climb

They took your hands  
But they could not silence your tongue  
The darkest night  
The last song