

We Will Not

Paint It Black

This is a sermon for the vermon. A song to draw blood.
A finger in the dam trying to hold back the flood. We are down,
but we're still not out.
We struggle with faith in the face of doubt.

So is it a crime to think that we've found something more subli
me?
That we're somehow more alive?
That we're not just busy dying?
No coincidence, it's by design.
Herded into a pen with the rest of the swine.
Born to shine, or born to stand in line?

You decide.

So you better step up to bat, before your dreams get hammered f
lat. (This is the sound)
Even when your ship has run aground.

Don't let bastards get you down.