

Hanging The Giants

The Advent

Where are they now, these giants of my dreams
The ones that seek to kill me?
They run and hide, they see the fire behind my eyes
And they feel the anger that boils beneath my skin

Come out, come out
Come out and say something real
Come out 'cause I feel the apathy in this air tonight

Do you hear the wind?
The trees whispering their deepest fears to me
They can feel the fire burning at their limbs
Burning at their limbs, burning at their limbs

The voice of anger, it screams in the wind
The voice of anger blows in the wind
Do you hear the sound of the nothing
Of everything tossed by the wind?

The sound of the war drums beating on
In the war for the hearts of every man, of every tongue
I see them coming down on the clouds, the clouds of black
The clouds of war, clouds of war

I see it creeping in, I feel it creeping in
I feel the apathy creeping in

Where is your fire? Where is your anger?
Where is your blood?
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