Keep Quiet

The Protomen

I've seen your face in the shadows
I've seen your face in the places I wasn't meant to be
I've heard them whisper about you
I've heard the men in the bars
And I've seen the women lock their doors at night
Lock your doors tonight
They say your eyes are on fire
They say you'd kill a man for walking the wrong side of the line
The wrong side of the line
But men, they say a lot of foolish things
And in the end the only words
I can find to believe in are mine

They say: (This city)
This city (She's been dead)
She's been dead for years now (For years now)
For years now (For years now)
So death is (So death is)
Not something (Not something)
Not something that scares me (That scares me)
That scares me
There's worse things (There's worse things)
Than death here (Than death here)
They told me (Keep quiet)

I will not be told where to stand!
I will not be told what to say
Not by man or machine
Not by you, not by anyone tonight!
You're gonna have to do better than fear
You're gonna have to step out of the shadows and fight!
And when they see your face again
They will know what it means
To have fear dragged out into the light
Drag it out!

They say: (This city)
This city (She's been dead)
She's been dead for years now (For years now)
For years now (For years now)
So death is (So death is)
Not something (Not something)
Not something that scares me! (That scares me)
That scares me

So come on!
Come on!
Step out into the light!

The red-eyed assassin stepped from the shadows. He'd been keeping pace with a motorcycle racing at top speed for an hour, yet he showed no sign of fatig ue. The gray-haired man watched from the alley, tensing visibly as the machi ne revealed itself. Joe slowly backed away from the bike, deliberately withd rawing towards the gray-haired man in the alley. He stopped as his foot brus hed against something solid

The sniper robot's hand never once went for the gun at its side. It leaned i

n, a large blade clenched in its left fist, waiting for the proper moment

And
So this city! (This city)
She's been dead (She's been dead)
For years now (For years now)
For years now (For years now)
So death is (So death is)
(Not something)
Not something that scares me! (That scares me)
That scares me (That scares me)
There's worse things (This city)
Than death here (She's been dead)
(For years now)
There's loss and there's silence and sadness!
(For years now)
Joe's hands were shaking
(So death is) So come on
(Not something) Come on!
(That scares me) Just open your mouths and revive it! (That scares me)
Just open your mouths and revive it!

This city
She's been dead
For years now
For years now
So death is
Not something
That scares me
That scares me
This city
She's been dead
For years now
For years now
This city
She's been dead
For years now
For years now
This city
She's been dead
For years now
This city

Joe leaned forward and charged towards the machine. If he was going to die, he would go down swinging. He plunged his shoulder into the chest of the automaton. With every bit of strength he could summon, Joe thrust upward, and both man and machine left the ground in an arc. By the time they slammed back into the asphalt, the machine was on top, its cold hands tightening around Joe's neck. The impact sent the pipe bounding far from Joe's reach. Joe's fingers clawed at the smooth metal covering the machine, searching for a chink in its armor. His hand found the gun instead

The light of the blast was painful, even through Joe's closed eyes. He opened them slowly. Carefully. He found the machine lying several feet away, immobilized, with a smoking hole in its chest. Its red eye fading and flickering. Joe rose. He approached the machine. He pointed the gun at the robot's head and slid his finger over the trigger, steeling himself for the blast. The gray-haired man stopped him. The man knelt down – his face inches from the machine's – and spoke, his voice gruff and trembling

"I built this. It's mine to destroy."

With surprising speed, his right hand shot to Joe's boot and withdrew the kn

ife. With his left hand he grabbed the machine by the jugular-shaped electri cal conduit at its throat and sliced. A single swift blow. The eye went dark . The machine was dead

The two faced each other in the middle of the street. Joe's labored breaths drowning out the telescreen in the distance

"My name is Thomas Light..."

Returning to the lifeless machine at his feet, Light motioned for the speech less Joe to assist him. Together, they dragged the remains of the murderer o ut of the light and into the protection of the alley. Light sheathed the kni fe into Joe's boot holster and turned back to the machine. He examined the a ssassin for a few seconds and nodded. With a few deft motions, he detached t he dark green helmet from the body of the robot, tossing it to Joe

"Here... try this on."

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