

Can we say that we are free?
Our hands are bound and voices silent
I'm sure it's not a dream
I am awake my eyes are open
I can't accept and won't concede
In aftermath we find redemption
The causes that are seized
And disguised as revolution

Quell the rage that deeply seethes
The extremes of these devotions
Dismantle the machine
The device of their creation

I can't accept and won't concede
That this is who we are
The conflict that is seized
And disguised as greater notions

To the songs that sing of glory and the brave
Are we dreaming there are better days to come?
When will the banners and the victory parades
Celebrate the day a better world was won?

On the day
The storm has just begun
I will still hope
There are better days to come

In the face of what I say
My words return to anger
Malevolence in need
Cannot provide direction
I won't accept this thought
That this is who we are
Positions never change
Losing all forward motion

Harbour that which deeply seethes
Temper your devotion
Dismantle the machine
The device of your convictions

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That this is who we are
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