

I Kept Silent

"Mobilizer"

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I was told to march
Armed with my beliefs
Not a soul will stand
Between me and my hunt for thieves
All the while you sit on your horned throne and please
Only yourself with puppets of greed

Oh sweet Contortionist, your act plays no part
In this grand scheme of ending means
And when the voices begin to gather
All will come gather 'round together
And we will sharpen our knives, our tongues, our minds

We will win this war
We will win this war we wage

Our misery will be lifted with the end of a bounty
All our wounds mended with angels in harmony
All our fears melted away at the sight of our history
And our name will be one with
No pain, no suffering, lifted up on the throne of victory

Until the day I die
I'll make sure that our fears left behind us are left with
your name
And when the violence of producers meet
I'll be sure that you're left weeping at our feet.

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