

Aim For The Sunrise "Among Wolves"

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All the preachers, the beaten and the broken ones.
Caged within these walls with all the dreamers,
deceivers, defeaters.

We are the dead, we are the dead.
But we refuse to die.
We are the dead, we are the dead.
But we refuse to stand in line.

But when the dead walk, the living will fill our coffins.

We all stood still as they broke our backs.
We all stood quiet as they tore our hope down from the
sky.

With shattered tongues and broken hands, we kept
singing and singing.
Trying to drown the sound of laughing ghosts.

We are the dead, we are the dead.
But we refuse to stand in line.

And as they lined us up, we hoped for the sun to save
us.
But death came first, and it came with teeth.

We all stood still as they broke our backs.
We all stood quiet as they tore our hopes down from
the sky.

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