

Bombs Over Providence

"I've Got Your Revolution Right Here, Wise Ass"

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Here we are; another school night proclamation of the greater good.
And what's more, I've the gall to curse and moan about the state of my upset.
Calling all those who'd hate to grow up.
When we're left to our own devices recalling all our youthful ideals
Without any means to enact a change.
When all we are is what we've been taught;
A curt reflection of what we've bought until we present another way.
No!
We can be more, I swear.
This could be more than 100 bodies silent.
I can't and I won't suggest I'm wasting too much time.
We don't have to meet but we want to.
We don't have to gather but we long to.
We don't sing but we ought to.
We don't have to speak but we need to.
We don't gotta fight but we're going to.
We don't scream but we ache to.
There's more to this than just sound.
Think about what you've heard on your way back home.
The screams, the chants and the romance, that can't exist without noble intent.
I'm so naive.
I'm so naive still.
Don't feel bad if I don't win everything we sang along to in our greater moments.
We're much stronger than the world would have us be.
I'm so naive to suggest there's more to this than us.

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