

Consequence

"Soldiers And Saints"

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Young man, please take the stands
And still your tongue, for those you talk to try to sell
you out.
Young man, please understand;
On heads of martyrs rests a message;
You're the plank of wood in the plaintiff's eye,
Just another kerosene depiction of the price
Paid to burn a 'fool, ' but raise empires, boy
On heads of martyrs rests a message,
So please address the crowd,
It seems that no one now is leaving until
Every stone has had it's say.
(As coats drop,
Accusers stalk,
And every stone
Meets it's mark)
Yet don't recant, we can't recant
Through death we gain an audience
Of open ears and open eyes,
For nothing speaks as loud, lay down your life.
You will yet be made,
A soldier's soul of saints.
So, rise up and be the same, for
To lose your life is gain.
So please, address the crowded
Streets, from every stage that turns into an urn
For every heretic that's burned.
(So please address the crowd,
It seems that no one now is leaving until
Every stone is stilled.)
Rise up and lay down your life.
And don't recant, we can't recant
Through death we gain an audience
Of open ears and open eyes,
For nothing speaks as loud, lay down your life.
Young man, please take the stands
Don't still your tongue, for those you talk to try to sell
you out,
With eyes set like cameras and
With knives held behind their backs
They're watching,

They're watching you.

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