

Fairweather "Silent Jury"

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I'm waking up because of smelling salts that I've been given.

Well that formula for caving in has now seceded,
from a courthouse filled with empty judges.

You've got a plan, you've got a blueprint,
you're plagiarizing what you can not be.

It's not a plan, it's not a blueprint,
you're criticizing what you can not be.

A clientele of fools, continues to confuse our history,
with what we're waiting for, a silent jury.

So we can use our every means for progress...

We're set free and who we want to be

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