

Paint It Black

"We Will Not"

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This is a sermon for the vermon. A song to draw blood.
A finger in the dam trying to hold back the flood. We
are down, but we're still not out.
We struggle with faith in the face of doubt.

So is it a crime to think that we've found something
more sublime?
That we're somehow more alive?
That we're not just busy dying?
No coincidence, it's by design.
Herded into a pen with the rest of the swine.
Born to shine, or born to stand in line?

You decide.

So you better step up to bat, before your dreams get
hammered flat. (This is the sound)
Even when your ship has run aground.

Don't let bastards get you down.

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