

## **Program The Dead**

### **"Open Hand"**

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Intersect; cross the lines Grip this man and fill the land  
None are better; so send the letters Break the barriers;  
link the areas Unify our stakes; take my hand Rectify  
our states; stand together Vilify the walls Freedom is to  
come as one To take hold of this day, no other way You  
won't find me gone Raised hands surround us Raised  
hands surround us Three nails to protect us Three nails  
to protect us I'll find my way back home Loss of self, no  
demands I place my fate in your hands So to give my  
years I'll relent and drop my pride Laid hands on my  
head Cross the fence so to confide Sense of self long  
since dead You ask me what's the point to scrape and  
fight Sever words got my back So let off, and set off  
and snap my shame away To win another day to live My  
answer is to stand united, we can't live divided Until we  
die and gain what's ours to claim

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