

Program The Dead

"Stein's Theme"

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Rising up above this wickedness
And unfazed by your endless myths
Hands all around reach to slow him down
He's all about this sound

We aren't playing by your rules
We'll never play the fools
So, no, you can't take what's inside of me

All about the sound from way out
He's got the scars just to prove he's "down"
No apologies to confuse his brain
His argument is sustained

He's walking, non-stopping out of the shadows
Sounds of the new-he's got a look in his eye
(that says) There's something more than you're
feeding him
He's not afraid to say...no
You're talking, non-stopping echoing voices
But nothing you said made a dent in my head
I'm hearing you fearing him 'cause he's not afraid
He's not about bowing down to what you say

You hate us 'cause we'll never go away
And like some sort of fungus we're growing everyday
And our knuckles aren't dragging so I guess that
leaves to say
Our message isn't stopping until you drag us all away

Hear the silent ignorant voices spew:
"You're all a pack of disoriented youth"
He lives to see the day those vices end
But until then I'll send this...

Off to you

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