

We Are The Union

"You Can Have This Microphone When You Pry It From My Cold, Dead Fingers"

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It starts with a tactic called confuse and control
And shut down basement shows
Don't let anybody leave
Silence all forms of the underground
So not a trace is found
Cause I guess modern speech ain't free

This time I refuse to be silenced
This time I refuse to give in

We are, we are
Not just trying to fit in
We are, we are
Not just screaming for attention

It's time to spark a much needed revolution
A fight for better days
Days where we are truly free
Desperation keeps us in chokehold
Refusing to let go
And let us choose what we hear and see

This time I refuse to be silenced
This time I refuse to give in

We are, we are
Not just trying to fit in
We are, we are
Not just screaming for attention

Let's say we stand up for ourselves
And fight for what we believe

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