

Hope For The Dying

"Acceptance"

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Stand tall, we are surrounded by hatred
Left to defend our rights and wrongs
We're segregated to other worlds
Classified as the blind

We are part of the living breathing
And we are not the only ones
We are more than self-righteous patrons
And we are not the only ones

Shattered, we must pick up the pieces
Misrepresented and libeled
Decorated with shame

I am appalled
At the animosity we have created
I am appalled

Look at all we have become
Look at all we have become

We are part of the living breathing
And we are not the only ones
We are more than self-righteous patrons
And we are not the only ones

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