

## **Advent, The "Hanging The Giants"**

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Where are they now, these giants of my dreams  
The ones that seek to kill me?  
They run and hide, they see the fire behind my eyes  
And they feel the anger that boils beneath my skin  
Come out, come out  
Come out and say something real  
Come out 'cause I feel the apathy in this air tonight  
Do you hear the wind?  
The trees whispering their deepest fears to me  
They can feel the fire burning at their limbs  
Burning at their limbs, burning at their limbs  
The voice of anger, it screams in the wind  
The voice of anger blows in the wind  
Do you hear the sound of the nothing  
Of everything tossed by the wind?  
The sound of the war drums beating on  
In the war for the hearts of every man, of every tongue  
I see them coming down on the clouds, the clouds of  
black  
The clouds of war, clouds of war  
I see it creeping in, I feel it creeping in  
I feel the apathy creeping in

Where is your fire? Where is your anger?

Where is your blood?

Where is your fire? Where is your anger?

Where is your blood?

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Where is your fire? Where is your anger?

Where is your fire? Where is your anger?

Where is your fire?

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