

## **Anberlin**

# **"A Whisper & A Clamor"**

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Growing tired of bedside resolve  
Politics, lay out the pressure  
Something's got to give now  
Something's going to break down

I grow tired of writing songs  
While people listen but never hear  
What's really going on now  
Tell me, what's so wrong now?

Clap your hands, all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering  
Clap your hands tonight  
Hear what the silence screams

Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now, all ye children  
Clap your hands, all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering tonight

For most of men that believe  
Hell is never knowing who they are now  
Tell me who you are now

Finally saved from the outside  
Trapped in what you know  
Are you safe from yourself?  
Can you escape all by yourself?

Clap your hands, all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering  
Clap your hands tonight  
Hear what the silence screams

Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now, all ye children  
Clap your hands, all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering tonight

Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now, all ye children  
Clap your hands

There's a clamor in your whispering tonight

It's not the lives that you save  
But what the silence will scream  
It's not the lives that you save  
But what the silence will scream  
It's not the lives that you save  
But what the silence will scream

Clap your hands, all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering  
Clap your hands tonight  
Hear what the silence screams

Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now, all ye children  
Clap your hands, all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering tonight

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