

The Wild

"Our Cities"

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Waking up in a Southern state with a song burnt in my chest. Screaming out 'til our throats all bleed, baby I'm an anarchist. I can hear Atlanta crying out as she looks for hope and change, but we can't count on a government to create a life we wanna see. So please tie your strings around my wrists and let me hold your hand. We'll swarm the gates and smash the state and take our cities back. We'll mend the rags we loved so hard; we can take down every wall. No fences, no borders, no gods, no more masters, we'll make love our only law. So please tie your strings around my wrists and let me hold your hand. We'll swarm the gates and smash the state and take our cities back. We will stand up and fight for change, grow like weeds above the grass and refuse to be divided by our race, our sex, our class. So please tie your strings around my wrists and let me hold your hand. We'll swarm the gates and smash the state and take our cities back.

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