

## **The Norwood Family**

### **"Slight Of Hand"**

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This city's broke up, shut down  
It is the last to give up on itself  
Oh how it mocks those who succeed where it failed  
Oh how it's pride quells it's reason

Grind your teeth; gasp for air  
Let's fight for what we hold dear  
We won't be held, submerged under fear  
What good is this scream, if there's no one to hear?

Don't you think your ignorance has cost us all enough?  
Outrage, offense; Say it like you mean it  
That's right, now we're here  
To pick up the pieces of the lives shattered in your wake

Fearless, but searching... make your way to self-discovery  
Cut to the heart of these rhythms and melodies  
Then, curse us again

Let my voice be the fire by which your blood is boiled  
Let this onslaught wring the fear straight from your bones

Why can't you admit that it's your failures that frighten you?

Animated truth spews forth from our throats  
It takes you by yours, overlooked no more

You'll stop at nothing  
To feel nothing

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