As Cities Burn, 1:27

when will the weak shame the strong and not collapse into our own arms when will we raise our flags past half-mast and not collapse into our own arms but shame will keep us who we are

shame is the anchor tied around my ankle shame keeps me low and close to the bottom where i am the least at the bottom

where pride has never been and never will the swell of my chest i stand on this where pride has never been and never will the swell of my chest i call this brave but how dare i call this love and not bear my cross to the end

how can i call this love when all that i am is because your love endures my back to it your love endures my back to it your love endures my back to it