

Hear The Sirens, Dead End Response

Walk along the same streets and what does it mean to me?

Dead ends, corners and apathy;
familiar failures and regrets for a lifetime:
these moments, they are mine.

We will rise with the movement,
walk into dead ends and breaking through;
everything they built for us to fail.

Leave them trembling and speechless,
so shocked they no longer believe:
this can't be happening to me.

Every second that we sing, it's something more to me,
and draw the lines between hypocrites and thieves.

Well this hope, our words, our thoughts are something we hold true.

If we fall, I'll take your hand and I'll fall with you.

Four walls: they will fall but we'll still be here
singing these words will speak to me.

Speechless and no regrets,
but we'll still be here singing these words will speak to me.

When you hear the sirens, know now that we can't be stopped.

Have we lost ourselves now? Echoes ringing back to me.;
we'll make them see, we'll make them see!

But if this falls beneath us, and the balance it all comes undone;
the battle lost, the war was won.

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familiar failures and regrets for a lifetime:
these moments they are mine. We will rise!

Four walls: they will fall,
but we'll still be here singing these words will speak to me.

Speechless and no regrets,
but we'll still be here singing these words will speak to me.

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