

# No Use For A Name, Insecurity Alert

emergency dispatch i think something's wrong  
with words its so hard to construe  
the images follow a dream through a song  
the nightmare has finally come true

rhetorical speeches are made on the screen  
to shut us up and rest assure  
an obviously panicked media machine  
is testing the will of a country so unsure

mission complete we lost control  
suddenly frightened by it all  
to put it simply we will never be the same  
there is no redemption in this war  
so please don't forget what this is for  
cause that's how our history is made

security cop with their hands in the air  
the lock on the gate was destroyed  
now everyone rises from the lassiez faire  
we can empty the cup but we cannot fill the void

without an enemy to kill  
the blood of the innocent is spilled  
to put it lightly we are not one and the same  
prepare yourself for disaster now  
so few are sane here anyhow  
i realize that words don't justify the pain

set up the guillotine  
and televise the execution  
we have to ask ourselves, can we feel safe?

you can't spell believe without lie