

# Raised Fist, Moment Of Truth

The moment when the shield breaks and I know just what it takes  
The moment when the fear breaks and I know just what it takes  
In the moment of the handgun, I'm waiting for you to come  
The moment of trust when you turn into dust.

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We're forced into a position of knowledge it's true  
But you are lying when your claiming that this has nothing to do with you  
And as the old rhyme runs stop selling those killing guns.  
The importance of a reputation has gone way of the limits  
You're in use of rehabilitation instead of a switchblade.  
And as the old rhyme runs stop selling those killing guns

I'm singing this song to prevent a storm.. It's been in my head since I was born.  
This is a great invention i'm doing it with a good intention  
I'm singing this song to the everdawn... Cause I feel sad when you're gone.  
This is a slug of friendship on our relationship.. On our relationship

I'm watching the picture tube filled with violence  
I'm watching everyone answering this with silence  
And as the old rhyme runs stop selling those killing guns  
The glamorous surface that you're provided with is just disturbance and we're lost in the grid.  
And as the old rhyme runs stop selling those killing guns

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