

# Anberlin, A Whisper And A Clamor

Growing tired of bedside resolve  
Public display of depression  
Something's got to give now  
Something's going to break down  
I grow tired of writing songs  
While people listen but never hear what's really going on now  
Tell me what's so wrong now  
Clap your hands all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering  
Clap your hands tonight  
Hear what the silence screams  
Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now all ye children  
Clap your hands all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering tonight  
For most who live and breathe  
Hell is never knowing who they are now  
Tell me who you are now  
Finally safe from the outside trapped in what you know  
Are you safe from yourself? Can you escape all by yourself?  
Clap your hands all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering  
Clap your hands tonight  
Hear what the silence screams  
Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now all ye children  
Clap your hands all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering tonight  
Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now all ye children  
Clap your hands  
There's a clamor in your whispering tonight  
It's not the lies that you sing  
But what the silence will scream  
It's not the lies that you sing  
But what the silence will scream  
It's not the lies that you sing  
But what the silence will scream  
Clap your hands all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering  
Clap your hands tonight  
Hear what the silence screams  
Clap your hands  
Clap your hands now all ye children  
Clap your hands all ye children  
There's a clamor in your whispering tonight