

No Trigger, More To Offer

Let 'em hear you in the back.

The muffled whispers from the back of the hall resonate right through the crowd.
The wall of sound takes aim and quickly shoots it down.
Right to the floor stuck under boot prints a million people strong,
an awkward eye connects that something has gone wrong.

It must have been a mistake, get up, get up, get up, get up.
Listen to the sound in the underground as it calls out your name.
And then one voice sings, I have much more to offer.
The true heroes without the microphones start storming the stage.

There's a better place to hang your coats and your voice.
Glances received, they are as tired as me.
One step to rid the world, to spread the word.
Let's take a crossbow to the heart of this narrow bullshit mentality.

It must have been a mistake, get up get up, get up, get up.
Listen to the sound in the underground as it calls out your name.
And then one voice sings, I have much more to offer.
The true heroes without the microphones start storming the stage.
A transformation of generations betrayed to acclaimed.

March on to the beat of your drum.
Headfirst, climbing stories above the waste that dominates the air
we live on forcing us to choke.

It must have been a mistake get up, get up, get up, get up.
Listen to the sound in the underground as it calls out your name.
And then one voice sings, I have much more to offer.
The true heroes without the microphones start storming the stage.
A transformation of generations betrayed to acclaimed.
We hang our heads and realize there's been a mistake.