

Rishloo, Fames

Listen all you tired, you cold, you bitter masters
Starving the weak
The stories you have told cannot stifle the voices of need
So wager your tales against our dreams

Strangle, stall, monopolize, steal and separate
Keep us all at odds and keep us all in hiding
Drifting from the relevant we can learn again
Orders enliven and take us down lightly
Fold these wings I know they've failed you
One more leap to fall beyond my knees
Leaving sordid idols in our wake
Lay them down side-by-side in visceral exchange
These, oh, these wraiths
Love them now forever as eyes consume the flawed
Holding on to, holding on
And stay awake
Bury your heads and lock up your cage
Lie so quiet and still
But know you can't hide from positive change
When questions burn inside the unfulfilled
So how long do you think we'll wait and see our dreams denied
When each and every one of us has felt this
Tempest rise?
Rise

Here we are at peace if only for a time
To sleep perchance to scream
In silence for our crimes
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