

Gunpowder

Strike Anywhere

I see you staring out from the printed page
The calm before the storm in your breath
The sunset on the side of your face
The moments between life and death
One truth for the men who pushed you into death
And one truth for the rest of us
We may be down, but not out
We're standing right in back of you
Static quotations, historical lies
Don't mean nothing when your children die
Just one more breath, the last word on your lips
The dust and the bruise, the gunpowder we choose
The gunpowder we choose
We choose
The gunpowder we choose
Soldiers of the hopeful masses
Option-less working classes
Sending money home to keep illusion alive
They're standing right in back of me
Static quotations, historical lies
Don't mean nothing when your children die
Just one more breath, the last word on your lips
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