

A Whisper & A Clamor

Anberlin

Growing tired of bedside resolve
Politics, lay out the pressure
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 of men that believe
Hell is never knowing who they are now
Tell me who you are now Finally saved 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 lives that you save
But what the silence will scream
It's not the lives that you save
But what the silence will scream
It's not the lives that you save
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

Songwriters

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