

# Digging Graves

## Brothers Through The Hill

Senseless injustice, tread on heads like dust of the earth  
Cut off the hands of the ones that are reaching out  
Are we so calloused, these cries are going unheard?  
This blood covers me just as much as you They say this world is what I make of it  
Am I the only one that wants to see a change?  
I've turned my back on all my brothers dying in their broken homes  
I dug the graves of the ones I am called to love We are forsaken, empty shells still fill our seats  
How quick we choose to forget the desolation in the streets  
I can't believe this that we still won't see the truth  
I won't quietly sit and choose not to be moved They say this world is what I make of it  
Am I the only one that wants to see a change?  
I've turned my back on all my brothers dying in their broken homes  
I dug the graves of the ones I am called to love Come stand with me, I'll never walk alone  
My words are not enough, I will love the unloved  
Come stand with us, we'll never walk alone  
Our words are not enough, we'll love the unloved  
We'll love the unloved They say this world is what I make of it  
Am I the only one that wants to see a change?  
I've turned my back on all my brothers dying in their broken homes  
I dug the graves of the ones I am called to love

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