

We Are The Sound

Alexisofire

Children roam these empty streets
With lust filled eyes and jagged hearts
Narrow frames and crooked teeth,
The whole more valuable than each part. And the grasp you have upon this group
Is as fragile as a pile of ash.
They know your lies and weakness
With each open hand you bluntly lash. Oh, these soft legged girls
And hard faced boys.
They know no God,
They have no voice. [Dallas:] So what is this I see?
There is nothing but anger
Burning inside of me. Oh, these soft legged girls
(Do you wish to feel complete?)
And hard faced boys.
(Say you want it, you need it.)
They know no God,
They have no voice. [Repeat: x2]
We are the sound.
We don't belong.
So raise up your hands
And sing along. Girls with fire in their eyes.
Boys with will and aim that's true
Living in a jilted world
Contempt spreads just like the flu. So let's all take some solace
In one thing that we all can trust
Adults can be fucked up, too.
Sometimes even more than us. Oh, these soft legged girls
(Do you wish to feel complete?)
And hard faced boys.
(Say you want it, you need it.)
They know no God,
They have no voice. [Repeat: x2]
We are the sound.
We have no voice. [Repeat: x2]
We are the sound.
We don't belong.
So raise up your hands
And sing along. And sing along.

Songwriters

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