

# Mayday!!!

## Flobots

Born in the flood, bloody finger-paint sets  
Black marketed fresh water canons, forget me not  
Epitaph, airbrush with death  
White T's, wife beaters, button up, reattach flesh  
In between the lines, outside of the law  
Underneath the veil we dig our foundations  
We navigate the globe trying to find a pattern to break the mold  
With a family to feed there's nowhere we won't go  
But what if were caught?  
They said I'm a snitch  
Shot at the check point  
Found with his throat slit  
There's spray paint on the teleprompter  
(But what if were caught?)  
Anchorman screams that he's seen a monster  
(They said I'm a snitch)  
Mayday, there's bloodstains on his shirt  
(Shot at the check point)  
Mayday, they say that he's gone berserk  
Sometimes, when I wanna shut out this world  
Wanna rip up this page  
Wanna pour out this heart  
Wanna get up on this stage  
And my lips become percussion  
And my fists become the rage  
And I pound on this table  
Till it gives me something to say  
Then I think about things  
That I've seen right in front of me  
That I don't wanna believe  
Gimme one of these mikes  
Let me let 'em know the way that it is  
Is not how it's gonna be  
Not if we don't let 'em get ahead of us  
The present tensions, no threat  
It's just a fence across the path  
That we're already ready to walk  
Rock solid footsteps, let 'em put up obstacles  
And prove that it isn't possible, fuck that

We don't give 'em any weight  
True liberty and freedoms at stake  
Peace will never become pass

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