Make It Stop (september's Children)

Rise Against

Whoa, whoa.

Bang bang go the coffin nails, like a breath exhaled,
Been gone forever.
It seems like just yesterday, how did I miss the red flags raise?

Raise these back, the days we left.
We braved these bitter storms together.
Brought to his knees he cried,
But on his feet he died.

What God would damn a heart?
And what God drove us apart?

What God could make it stop?
Let this end.
Eighteen years pushed to the ledge.
It's come to this,
A weightless step.
On the way down singing,
Whoa, whoa.

Bang bang from the closet walls,
The schoolhouse halls,
The shotgun's loaded.
Push me and I'll push back.
I'm done asking, I demand.

From a nation under God,
I feel it's love like a cattle prod.
Born free, but still they hate.
I'm born mean no I can't change

It's always darkest just before the dawn.
So stay awake with me, let's prove them wrong.

Make it stop.
Let this end,
Eighteen years pushed to the ledge.
It's come to this,

A weightless step.
On the way down singing
Whoa, whoa.

The cold river washed him away,
But how could we forget.
Gathering candles, but not their tongues.

And too much blood has flown from the wrist,
Of children shamed for those they chose to kiss.
Who will rise to stop the blood.
We're coming for,
Insisting on, a different beat, yeah.
A brand new song.

Whoa, whoa.
Whoa, whoa.
Whoa, whoa.

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