Whispers and Rumors

Harmjoy

Look out. Somehow.
We're on their radar now.
They've got their sights
Trained on us day and night.
We're under attack.
We've got to watch our back.
This is no drill.
They're playing shoot to kill.
We run from the fragments
That fly through the air.
The pieces rain down around
Everywhere, upon us.
You can hear all the voices
And see how they stare
But whispers and rumors
Will never ensnare the honest.
They think they're smart.
They feel it in their heart.
They don't realize.
They're just believing lies.
They see what they want.
They feel compelled to taunt.
By taking the offensive
They feel less apprehensive.
Don't scream. Don't hide.
Don't sacrifice your pride.
But don't resort to
Using the tactics they do.
Be strong. Be fluid.
Be immune to their stupid.
Stand tall. Don't fall.
Just stay above it all.
Must outrun them
Or confront them.
Show no distress.
They'll lose interest.
Stare them down then
Run around them
Shine our mirrors

At their fears.

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