

# 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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