The Will The Message

Bombshell Rocks

Creative movements, some say they're destructive
A way of self expression
Now, give me some soulful rock
Without hesitationAs I walk through the street art gallery
The colors are like a blessing for me
The concrete has captured and left space
Can't disarm the bomb and it's a colorful victoryCity of variety is there any place for me?
Can't stop a way of living, down on multiple street
Is there any place for me?
The boys and girls are singin'The will the message
And a request for something to do
Watch the movement
It attracts the fighting fewThere's fear in their eyes
Fear of something new
Fear of the conviction
Of me and you

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