

# Tolerance

## Grenadier

The still and silence is torn with violence  
A loud breaking sound in the night is made  
Hear it grow, hear it fade  
The sound you're hearing, the sound you're fearing  
Is the hate that parades up and down our streets  
Coming within bounds and within reach  
Now, inside the place we hide away  
We hear it near and hope it turns away  
Turn away

There's something seething in the air we're breathing  
We learn slash and burn is the method to use  
Set a flame, burn it new  
We're overpowered  
We kneel, we cower, we cover our heads  
Feel the threat of blows that will come  
And the damage that will be done in it's wake  
Now, inside the place we hide away  
We hear it near although it's miles away  
We hear it near and hope it turns away  
Turn away

This house divided, we live inside it  
Hate's dwelling place is behind our door in fitful nights  
Hear it walk the floor and hear it rave  
As it moans and drags along it's ball and chain  
As it moves through this house it can't escape  
Now inside the place we hide away  
We hear it near and hope it turns away  
Turn away, turn away, turn away  
Turn away, turn away

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