One: Twentyseven

As Cities Burn

When will the weak shame the strong
And not collapse into our own arms?
When, when will we raise our flags past half [Incomprehensible]
And not collapse into our own arms?
But shame will keep us who we areShame is the anchor tied around my ankle
Shame keeps me low and close to the bottom
Where I am the least
At the bottomWhere pride has never been and never will
(The swell of my chest)
I stand on this
Where pride has never been and never will
(The swell of my chest)
I call this braveBut how dare I call this love
And not bear my cross to the end
But how dare I call this love
And not bear my cross to the end
How dare IHow can I call this love when all that I am
Is because your love endures my back to it
Your love endures my back to it
Your love endures my back to it, my back to itMy back to it

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