

# 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 are Shame is the anchor tied around my ankle  
Shame keeps me low and close to the bottom  
Where I am the least  
At the bottom Where 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 brave But 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 I How 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 it My back to it

Songwriters

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