Silent Jury

Fairweather

I'm waking up because of smelling salts that I've been given.
Well that formula for caving in has now seceded,
from a courthouse filled with empty judges.
You've got a plan, you've got a blueprint,
you're plagarizing what you can not be.
It's not a plan, it's not a blueprint,
you're criticizing what you can not be.
A clientele of fools, continues to confuse our history,
with what we're waiting for, a silent jury.
So we can use our every means for progress...
We're set free and who we want to be

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