

# 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 plagiarizing 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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