# Tolerance

## Dezarate

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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