

The Rise

Oh, Sleeper

If you can hear this, you are the resistance.
Burn a candle in your window 'til the wick's end.
If you can hear this you're the hope of our mission,
To change the future through the power of resistance.

We are born with the ability to change the world,
Every breath is an option to sink or soar.
Born, hands gripped on a broken sword,
Every breath is an option.

Privilege is a myth.
Trials are just life,
The number of which,
Before you die,
Equal only the chances you had to try,
Only the chances you had to thrive.

So get up!
Get up!
Get up and join us!
Get up and join us!

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There's no mistake in our design and we need no revision to aspire.
Look around, you share the ground with a march of broken swords
and tattered helms.

Let there be no shine to your armor,
Let it speak of the blows received while standing for honor.
Let there be no shine.
Let there be no shine.

You suck the life from every vein we filled
And lick the blood we spilled.
You sold a lie with your alluring guise.
Your words fell dead, now your festering breath's so defined you
cannot hide.

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