

## Letter to the Sleeping

Fight The Fade

They say that  
He who has the money makes the rules  
But I say that if you eat that garbage  
You'll have the belly of a fool  
Broken rules leave us  
Convicted, tried, beaten and bruised  
Who's the fool? Who's the fool?  
They say  
The nail that sticks out  
Get's hammered the hardest  
He who's message is the weakest  
Now get's paid the largest?  
Call me an arsonist  
Cause I'll burn it to the ground  
In a crowd full of unsaved people  
You're no where to be found  
But I'll stand my ground  
Cause I hear the sound  
Of a thousand empty souls  
Screaming from the ground  
And my chest pounds  
Like the beating of a drum  
And you're pews are worn  
And your butts have become numb  
The frozen chosen have yet to thaw  
And in the mean time you get mad at me  
Cause my lyrics rub you raw  
Little white picket fence  
And the American dream  
Safe and secure  
Even your gutters don't have a seem  
Don't get me wrong  
I'm thankful for what I've been given  
But to whom much is given  
Much is required  
So there's some things that I must say  
It's just the things I've seen  
From these broken teens  
And these broken homes  
To these broken dreams  
And the prostitutes and bangas and feens  
And nothing that you see is ever really as it seems  
And time is running out  
And I will be stolen away  
But what if we believed the very words that we say?  
What if we believed the very words that we say?  
Would we all become an American missionary?