

When he came to the place where his enemy lay  
He looked down at the body and said, That could be me

You are the sleeping giants in the border wars  
The survivors and the foragers  
(You are) The zombie hunter soldiers  
The children of the white flag  
Shoutin' out the choruses (we heard you)  
Singing from the picket line (we heard you)  
Stop the apocalypse back in 2012  
Just in the nick of time

Mainstream visitors  
Pause and reorient  
Replace the elixir  
Panacea for the poison

Out of our paralysis  
Out of our experience  
Chock full of treasures  
Back to our community  
Back into the studio  
Something grown together

In the club with your cameras  
In the streets with bandanas  
You treat others so justly  
Why do you call yourself ugly?  
Snap you out of hypnosis  
Answer all of your questions  
Gather and listen close, it's  
'Bout to get interesting