

# Voices Of The Dead

Flobots

When everything we thought  
Meets everything we know  
And everything up top  
Meets everything below  
When every plainclothes cop  
Meets every angry soul  
And all getaways are stopped  
And all debt is paid in full

Then everything we're never saying  
And never said will yet remain  
Hidden shame and bitter pain  
Will fill the air and weathervane  
'Til by and by the sky will cry  
With bitter pain so let it rain  
Let it stain whichever angels  
Seek to be forever changed

Message reads rest in piece  
Sleep in solace  
F police except celena hollis  
Say her name  
And pay respects to her daughter  
Black woman cop  
But none of that was why he shot her  
He was scared  
I don't wanna die  
I was there too  
When you're buried alive nobody can hear you  
But spirits can  
There's more souls in the cosmos  
More peace plans than oslos gacacas quilombos  
Dig a path tunnel out  
I sail boats and drop hidden tracks  
For the underground railroad  
There's blood in the river  
But moses parted waters  
Martin at the mountain top  
Followed higher orders that required slaughter  
If it it please the court or please the lord  
What's the procedure for the ouija board  
Get me vincent harding  
They said he's in the garden  
Singing with the holy ghost  
Squeezing our hands tight  
Til all of us are fully woke

All is said and done

Crisis up ahead  
Lift this up instead  
Voices of the dead  
Voices of the dead  
Rise above the threat  
Lift this up instead  
Voices of the dead  
Voices of the dead

I put my hands up  
Not a seeking an escape  
I put my hands up to better seize the day  
Outstretched to carpe diem  
Carpal tunnels  
To mausoleums  
Trying to write a way to the voices  
Of my heroes  
Tearful  
I was stronger when your hands were on my shoulders  
Taught me  
To be a warrior before a soldier  
You got me  
And that's why I'll push this boulder forward  
Many hands light work  
That's why all of us are chosen  
So stop drop and roll out  
Stop frisked and hostile  
When the police game is ving rhames  
My contacts go nazghul  
When I pocket dial  
I ring wraiths  
Black ops in the talent pools  
Brothers dropping out like  
Under funded high school  
So less jails more doors  
Why excel in failure  
Losing ground every since four score  
And hold the door  
Stuck in a loop that predicts the final scene  
But the very worst of them won't get the best of me  
With archery able arrow sight  
Big voice from narrow mics  
Knowing I am clothed in the feathers from a sparrow's flight  
Fearing no fahrenheit  
Parallel or paralyzed  
Building up a world where I can hear your voice as clear as mine

And where the rainbow stopped  
That's where they gained control  
And left him hanging on a cross  
And left her laying cold  
Now everything we lost  
And everything we stole  
Awakens ancient gods  
Who make our language whole  
So let us sing the lettering  
And let it ring no better thing  
Visions of coretta king  
Delivered life instead of dreams  
And by and by the sky will cry  
For all of us so let it rain  
Let it stain the feet of those  
Who seek to be forever changed!

A voice mail from the summer of your senior year  
A secret note read aloud you didn't mean to hear  
A hundred windows in a ten story building side  
A hundred stories go dark when you kill the lights  
The shadow of another person living parallel  
A glimpse of somebody riding on a carousel  
A vision of a better life than I chose today

The time you told me that love never goes away