

Ghosts of Grenfell 2

Lowkey

Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible
In such a sudden way

Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible

Twelve months, no arrests made
The image in our heads stayed
Stressed faces pressed to windows, looking for an escape
Seems they underestimate this corner of the west way
Witnesses to the crime we fear a whitewash is the end game
Minister, what was your relationship with Mark Allen?
Been waiting twelve months for answers, still we can't have them
Windows to our soul witnessed anguish that you can't fathom
No disrespect intended, Troubled Water wasn't our anthem
Carnival on the soul of Kelso Cochrane
What do you think will develop, on the strength of those names?
Over seventy everyday people
No celebrities were left here, picking up pieces of broken memories
No more to big business, fiddling regulations
Grenfell Action Group, the most tragic of vindications
From sympathy of a nation, to most uncomfortable of issues
Our dearly departed please know we love you and we miss you

Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you

When invisible violence becomes visible, thinking is uncritical
Listen to some, thinking we're simple and dumb criminals
Hardened battered hearts, having laughed in a good while
But Stormzy at the Brit Awards made the neighbourhood smile
Out of your mind, if you think we're satisfied with platitudes
Questions for RBKC, Celotex and Sajid Javid too
As nihilism sets in and the breakdowns start
Slow creep of bureaucratic violence strains our hearts
Feeling like an empty vessel, staring at an empty vessel
Corporate hijack of regulations, very detrimental
Human life, the cost - how can we not be feeling sentimental?
Goosebumps cross your skin when you feel the breath of death against you
Bet you never went through that cursed night of haunted sounds
That wretched cladding falling down, since then death is all around
They say that every storm there is a dawn
Knocking on Heaven's door, we mourn forever more

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A place where the flames took everything that is sacred
We're planting seeds for trees we might not sit in the shade of
Combustible and still legal, regulations feel feeble
Never again, moment neoliberalism kills people
For innocence tarnished and beauty that was lost
Regulations disregarded, it's the human that's the cost
Hotels, hospitals and schools
How could we forget that
Up and down the country there's people sleeping in death traps

We're (calling)
For an end to the disdain
Better bow your heads in silence when we're mentioning their names
We are (calling)
For survivors rehoused in the best place
Still we demonstrate against bonfires of red tape
We're (calling)
For the companies and council held accountable
Climbing up the mountain though its height seems insurmountable
(Calling)
From the bottom of our lungs -
Truth, justice and peace for all of the lost ones

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The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise
The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise