

Slaves to Liberty

Project 86

Your worth is so much more than words
I know the sound of it's absurd
They'll say it's easier to wallow in distress
It might be true but then we'd
Look like all of them

I know you look for clever words
But simple truth's what you deserve
I have a lifetime of this evidence in me
But you don't need a story
You need broken legs

Call
On Me
We'll rise upon our knees
Call
On me
Cause I'm not that far away
Call
On me
We're slaves to liberty
Call
On Me
Cause I'm not that far
I'm not that far away

Let go the contraband, my friend
We cannot gravitate to destination death
I see your legs are broken bones
Maybe instead of running, just crawl right back to home