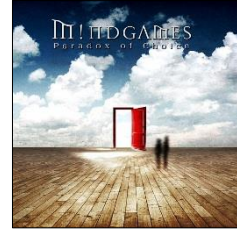


# The Whistle-blower

From the album Paradox of Choice (2015)



A new day breaks, we find ourselves,  
within the fields we once have sown.  
The future's pouring down on us. The dice were thrown,  
but they haven't changed.  
The truth's revealed at the speed of light.  
A million reasons cross our minds,  
day by day!

We ache for secrets they're concealing.  
While our own cards are hidden well.  
We witness things with our own eyes.  
Yet, it's captured in a frame.  
Still we hear the same old song,  
until the whistleblower starts to play...

Change, we demand, for we all go astray.  
Fear comes to us, there's a price we will pay.  
Hope for a world, where the light shines upon.  
Truth is a word we're still trying to define.

All the memories that we have,  
And the need to share  
Our own life is well exposed,  
Just for who may care.  
It's being watched by all our fellows,  
in the empire of the dream.  
They made our shelters turn to glass,  
There is no place you're left unseen.  
A sign, a blast, a slur, a scoop,  
You hit the headlines of the news.  
A post, a tweet, a harsh reply  
The war on words has just begun.

Change, we demand, for we all go astray.  
Fear comes to us, there's a price we will pay.  
Hope for a world, where the light shines upon.  
Truth is a word we're still trying to define.