

Dog Whistle

He always made himself out as something bigger
As if repeating it would make him a born leader
In her heart, it's not enough, it's not enough
It's not enough, it's not enough to say the words he'd hear
In his youth, he stumbled in a hall of mirrors
Each reflection bigger than the one within him
Is it enough to make yourself above the others, is it
It's not enough to wring the necks of those that wander near

Arms wide open till you reach the sun
Grind it down till there's nothing left
Take what you can, there's always something more

In the blink of an eye, were receiving
All the anger and resentment they're concealing
It's not enough to rebuff all the heated faces
Breathing in and breathing out, just to soak you in

There's no one stopping you

Arms wide open till you reach the sun
Grind it down till there's nothing left
Take what you can, there's always something more
Arms wide open till you reach the sun
Grind it down till there's nothing left
Take what you can, there's always something more

One person lines up behind the other
One hand pulls the thread that sucks you in
Great ruin starts with a little thing

No one's stopping you
No one's stopping you
No one's stopping you

M. Chiles - Bass, Vocals
E. Russelle - Guitar
P. Naylor - Drums

From the album "Listen with Two Hearts" by Rhinoceros III