



BORROWED TIME

Encore V

Canceled

A homage to Stephen Colbert

They dimmed the lights, but not the truth,
unplugged the show, erased the proof.
A chair still warm, a voice made still,
one quiet choice, against their will.

It never starts with chain'.

Freedom fades when we don't speak.
Silence cuts far more than we think.

If they can mute the ones who try,
they'll close our mouths with quiet lies.
They don't need walls, they don't need guns.

Just doubt and fear
to make us run.

But I was taught to stand and say
"The truth don't move,
when pushed away!"

They'll tell us what we shouldn't hear,
dress up control to look sincere.
And when they say "It's just a show",
we know too well how silence grows.

Truth don't needs a crown,
just air.

You don't need to shout to fight,
but don't stay quiet,
when they rewrite.

If they can turn the lights to low,
they'll guide our steps
without us knowin'.

A laugh removed, a truth denied
and soon, what's wrong
won't feel like lies.

But I was raised to hear and feel,
the things they fear
are often real.

A desk goes dark, the curtain drops,
they call it fair when the message stops.
But one small voice still shakes the floor
and one clear word
can end a war.

It don't take fire
to make it burn.
Just one more truth
we never learn.

If no one stands,
then all will bend.
But I won't kneel
to reach the end.

If silence builds the tallest throne,
then let me break it
stone by stone.

I won't be part of quiet harm,
I'll hold the line
when they disarm.

And if they come to still the sound,
I'll sing it low
but I'll stand my ground.

Tyranny needs no iron gate.
Just hearts too tired
to bear the weight.