

Ghosts of Our Fathers

Aviators

Searching for direction
Aimless and afraid
You dread to see the future come
And take your home away
It's cold and unfamiliar
An outmoded charade
The hope of generations
Tossed aside, betrayed

You've been waiting for the truth to come find you
Are you speaking for yourself or your pain?
Do you sleep in the silence to wane the passing shame?
You are more than what your history made you
Let the ghosts of our fathers pass on
There's a new dawn to come when the past mistakes are gone
And now they're gone

Raised by hate and anger
Fueled with nation's pride
The time of change is coming
When the old beliefs have died
Make your choice enlightened
You can't trust the lies
Don't choose their side of history
Leave the old world far behind

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And you feel misunderstood
Not succeeding like you should
But the game says you aren't strong enough
Work hard enough
You've been blaming friends you knew
But we all are victims too
Restricted by the ghosts of days
Long passed away

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