

No More Heroes

Aviators

You're a stranger
I'm a native
In the wastes we're born afraid
We're born afraid
Hunt the wicked
Chase disaster
In the world our sin has made
I'm not afraid

Are you ready for the thunder?
Are you ready for the freak show yet?
When the curtains hit the floor
I will leave you wanting more
So you won't forget
No more heroes left to save you
Just the keepers of the bleeding sun
When the sky above us fell
We descended into hell
Into kingdom come

Taste the venom
Feel the fire
I'm the outlaw in the wild
In the wild
Under crushing
Opposition
The immortal angel's child
Angel's child

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Idols labeled sacred
Greed has left us naked
When the last stand comes
I'll take them on again
City underwater
Reddened by your slaughter
But the time has come
To meet your vicious end

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