

Streets of Gold

Aviators

I see the golden years behind us
I'm getting scared to move along
My inspiration has subsided
Without a muse to keep me strong
I can't remember our last victory
Was it the past or just a dream?
The world we grew to love has crumbled
With my own efforts losing steam

I think I need your hands to lift me
I think I need your light to shine
There lies a trail of fire behind us
From a warstruck, weary time
I'm going to need a guide to show me
To walk me through the streets of gold
When death will meet us at the end
Of our own lost and broken road

I've made mistakes that devastated
Too many battles lost to tell
If I could turn back to time to find you
I'd find our confidence as well
So please forgive the tears and whispers
If you are only in my head
Sometimes I want to think you're listening
When every other voice is dead

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The last survivor of the fall
Without a will to live at all
The sun is setting as
No one remains to hear my weakened call
I've come a thousand miles alone
Passed every kingdom's empty throne
And I can't shake the feeling
You'll arrange the stars to lead me home

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