

Dystopian Fiction

Aviators

Take out all the bad in the world
What's left in it?
Where's the next gleaming hope?
Indefinite
I would like to take a stand
But not alone (but not alone, but not alone)
Gave you what I had to give
And it's not enough
I need a shred of purpose
When living gets rough
I need a place unbroken
To call my home (to call my home, to call my home)

Dark times
Of our war crimes
When the bombs we build come back down through the roof
We are live wires
In the crossfire
And the pages of our lives aren't bulletproof
I'm a dead man
In the wasteland
I'm a soldier fighting for superstition
Under search lights
In the long nights
We've been written like dystopian fiction

Love exists in pain
Even in our tragedy
When the world spins
And we lose our gravity
Nobody can shoot me down
Not just yet (not just yet, not just yet)
Voices of the crowd
We're screaming
Into the rain
When those above us
Have long gone insane
Give me the strength I need
To forget (to forget, to forget)

Dark times
Of our war crimes
When the bombs we build come back down through the roof
We are live wires
In the crossfire
And the pages of our lives aren't bulletproof
I'm a dead man
In the wasteland
I'm a soldier fighting for superstition
Under search lights
In the long nights
We've been written like dystopian fiction

I don't wanna look back now
But I can't find the way out
So I won't do it
On my own

We are stronger now as one
We will never have to run
Or face the world alone

Dark times (dark times)
Of our war crimes
When the bombs we build come back down through the roof
We are live wires (live wires in the crossfire)
In the crossfire
And the pages of our lives aren't bulletproof

Dark times
Of our war crimes
When the bombs we build come back down through the roof
We are live wires
In the crossfire
And the pages of our lives aren't bulletproof
I'm a dead man
In the wasteland
I'm a soldier fighting for superstition
Under search lights
In the long nights
We've been written like dystopian fiction