

Waiting Games

Aviators

Wishing for faith
When faith isn't real
Nothing is sound
And no lips are sealed
Spiraling down
The end that I crave
The holes left behind
Are filled by the brave

I don't want to play these waiting games
All I need's a chance to clear my name
Giving up is part of how we move along
No one's going to miss me when I'm gone

Language of hate
Love is for sale
State controlled thought
We're too scared to fail
Bricks laid by fear
Walls holding me in
Expenses of truth
Affordable sin

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Mutual greed
Is all that we know
Justice is ignorance
And life is for show
I'm not a pawn
Of men on the hill
Nobody knows
The strength of my will
Nothing is real
Nothing is safe
I'm reaching for emptiness now
I know an escape
I see what's beneath
Belong to the whispers, the only way out

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