

# 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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