

Dystopia

Simone Simons

Leaders speak (Speak, speak), from their hallowed halls
They promise freedom, they lie
Drums of war in the distance sound
We're marching on to our decline

Machines awake with dreams of their own (Our vision blind)
Their promises divine (We're seeking hope)
They calculate, their eyes on the throne
As they wait for us to fall

Dystopia
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Rivers black (Black, black) with the greed of men
The lands are burning, all dead
Feel the weight of the path we chose
The future hanging by a thread

Machines awake with powers untold (Our vision blind)
The dawning of a new age (We're seeking hope)
They promise us a future of gold
Every saviour can betray

Dystopia

Our vision blind
Their promises divine
We're seeking hope
A future of gold

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Dystopia