

# 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  
Dystopia

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

Dystopia  
Dystopia