

# Dreams Are Dead

Star Fucking Hipsters

Missiles soaring through the skies  
Misled by a thousand lies  
And when they touch down we'll be dead  
With melted skin, imploded head

I found a way to show  
My blackened mind and bloodied soul  
I found an ugly thing  
Beneath my charred and shattered skin

It's here again  
To break the living bodies  
From ninety-eight degrees  
Of nuclear destruction

Don't dream the day is done  
Apocalyptic rising sun  
In this, our made-up bed  
Our ashen corpses dreams are dead

Explain humiliation  
What is greed? What's apathy?  
Where went the understanding?  
From empty lives exploded shells

The silo stands alone  
Right next to the abandoned homes  
Scorched down and blown away  
The entrails of our judgement day  
Running free outside the door  
The fires of hell and dogs of war  
The shadows etched in stone  
Around the ones that stood alone