

There's an open sky and an empty city
Where the rain falls every night
Upon precious flames we once found so pretty
Our frail and only light
Love is all that's left and I'm emotionless

You won't read it in the papers
In this time, keep your hands clean, just read my mind
We're trapped between the nightmares
And I fear the future's here
It's 1985 (and it feels like, feels like survival)
It's 1985 (and it feels like, feels like survival)
Can you read my mind?
Can you read my mind?

Oh, the emptiness overfills this city
So you'll be queen tonight
As you overthrow, looking pale and pretty
I welcome your requite
They told us love can save
So we prepared our graves

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Will you hold my hand as we count the hours... the hours
Will you hold my hand as we count down the hours... the hours
Standing beneath the meteor showers?

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