

At 30,000 Ft

Queensryche

Whatever happens now
is beyond my control.
Emotion has abandoned me.
Faded away and left me...cold.
The call's been made.
I'm here, dependent on the atmosphere
contained inside this mask I wear.
My breathing is all I hear.
I've got the target switch in hand.
I just feel numb, scanning the
ground at the hell that I'll make.
I'm above it in the air.
Flying high above the city walls
as the insurgents run.
Can't stand their ground against the hell
that 'll make.
I'm above it in the air.
I see it all so clear...
at 30,000 feet above the enemy.
No one can see me.
Press execute.
I'll send the "Pigs" away.
The tortured painful cries
will never fall upon my ears
and never stain my elder years.
My heartbeat is all I'll feel.
Infrared tracks the land as the weapons lock.
There's no defense against
the Hell that I'll make.
I'm above it in the air. I'm above it.
Moving past the speed of sound,
I won't see them when they hit the ground.
No hiding from the Hell that I make.
I'm above it in the air.
I'm a shadow.
Over the rooftops of the city the word
travels fast from cell phone to cell phone.
"They demand to see their faces!"
"Of the women...hidden behind the veil?"
Flaming oil blackens the sky.
I don't know why...their hate is the
reason for the Hell that I make.
I'm above it in the air. I'm above it.
Gazing down at the burning land,
I'm the creator of this new "Promised Land,"
and I wonder.
What the hell did I make?
I'm above it in the air. I'm above it.
What in the hell did I make?