

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