Area 51

Dead Moon

You and I have the same dream
Caught in the hills where the tunnel screams
Watching the sky come apart at the seams
And the lights of the landing machines
And it's hot like infra-red
Cutting it's way to the burning bed
Then that blurring, swirling heat
Starts to lift me off my feat
Situation's out of handAin't no way turning back
We've been suspended in our past
Breaking planes of the parallel
Under the power of another's spell
Into the crevice of oblivion
Your hands are tied but your mind can run
I can't hear myself cry out loud
Without touching me they hold me down
Situation's out of handWalking on wind in the book of truth
They've been with with us since the age of doom
We are the danger, we are the ones
We are the damage, we are the guns
We are the map of the eternal route
Station 9 on the last hold-out
We are the children of the damned
If we don't start to make a stand
Situation's out of hand

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