

# Area 51

## Infected Mushroom

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 feet  
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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