

Faded Grey, Dot-Dot-Dash

Ten years down the road
What will we have to show?
Except a few empty words and hollow songs
Big slogans and catchy tunes
Are all well meaning schemes
But it's up to us to live our dreams
Dot-Dot-Dash
I'm calling out an S.O.S.
Are we a threat?
Or is our revolution dead?
Out of touch but I still believe
So where does that leave me?
Searching for a method to all this madness
Do the answers even exist?