

Gatsbys American Dream, The White Mountains

The thing is we live in fear - fear of the monsters in control
Three-legged machines that haunt my dreams
Machines made of metal so cold
Could there be something to believe?
A place where we can find the refuge we need
Dwarfing the trees, the machines block out the sky
Machines fueled by ugliness and greed
Could this be something to believe?
A place where we can find the refuge that we need
A place where their long arms can't reach
Up in the mountains where we can still believe
From the heights we'll wage this war for all the things we long for
So we can think the way we like
This could be something to believe
A place where we can live the music that we breathe
Our lungs are strong as is our song
Up in the mountains where we can still believe
From the heights we'll wage this war for all the things we long for
So we can sing the way we like