

# 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?