

# Ammunition

## Aviators

The broken cities we knew are gone  
We're taking the place where we belong  
We rise tonight  
We're born to fight  
Not rebels but defenders  
Of our rights  
Through clouds of smoke, and the burning skies  
Singing out with our freedom cries  
We couldn't see  
We're meant to be  
The soldiers who  
Set our brothers free

We are the ammunition  
Bullets set on shooting down the lies  
This is the acquisition  
Taking back the silenced, stolen rights  
We're making history tonight

The faces that we wore have changed  
We're marching through a nation all too strange  
From red and white  
To envied green  
Words constructed  
By the men behind the screen  
We take our place now to restore  
The purpose that we shared before  
Our path ends here  
Now make them fear  
Our cause to wipe the record clear

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When we all  
Stand as one  
We have power  
We can't run  
We're taking on a sea of faces  
Raise your flags  
Lift your voice  
Take your side  
Make your choice  
To move along to better places

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