

Pilot Speed

"What Is Real What Is Doubt"

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You notice how the talking never stops?
One millions mouths knew what they had lost
We're all looking for a face that we can blame
We'll lie down and ease our shame

We're going to need the wise to dig us out
We're going to need the kind that fill our mouths
The crying shame about all these guns and steel
Is there need and their cold appeal

Seasons change the truth becomes plain
We lost all of our heads then
The lie we defended became easy to ignore
And now we can't see it anymore

(We're going to need the kind that fill our hearts, fill
Our mouth)

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