

# Kids of the Blackhole

## Adolescents

No sound is heard from unit two  
When there was once so much to do  
Was once a green mansion, but now it's a wasteland  
Our days of wreckless fun are through

GO!  
Kids in a fast lane living for today  
No rules to abide by and no one to obey  
Sex, drugs and fun is their only thought and care  
Another swig of brew another overnight affair

House of the filthy, house not a home  
House of destruction where the lurkers roamed  
House that belonged to all the homeless kids  
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Messages and slogans are the primary decor  
History's recorded in a clutter on the floor  
Inhabitants that searched the grounds for roaches or spare change  
Another night of chaos is so easy to arrange

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The nights of birthdays  
The nights of fry  
The nights of endless drinking  
The nights of violence  
The nights of noise  
The nights that had to end for good, still not understood, by the girls and boys

Carefree in their actions as for morals they had none  
When the girls were horny who would be the lucky ones?  
Pushing all the limits to a point of no return  
Trashed beyond belief to show the kids don't want to learn

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