

A tired assertion  
A sordid affair  
A record repeating  
With no one aware  
Ooooooh, does it scare?

Layered like an onion  
Cut pole to pole  
Left for the vultures  
Out in the cold  
Ooooooh, is it old?

Caught on a snare  
Spotted the scene  
Waters will rise  
Drowning the sea  
I fill my cup  
But it's not enough

The tide is high  
A casual observer  
A room full of stares  
A subtle unnerver  
Out of its lair

Stuck in a cycle  
Foreign to most  
Acidic environs  
Sicken the host  
Ooooooh, far too close

Stuck on a snare  
Spotted the scene  
Waters will rise  
Drowning the sea  
I fill my cup  
But it's not enough

The end is nigh  
Layered like an onion  
Cut pole to pole  
Left for the vultures  
Out in the cold  
Ooooooh, is it old?