

Generational Synthetic

Beach Fossils

Hustle in the five old years,
Do you love and do you feel?
All your working inspiration,
Systematic exploration.

We're so great, we're so real,
We're so desperate, make a deal.
All your words are so poetic,
Generational synthetic.

And I will do it on my own again,
I will say what I will.
And I will do it on my own again
And I will say what I will.

All my friends are far away,
Leaves my head in disobey
I can help but to forget
What is now and what is next.

Trade a fortune for a soul,
What we wanted all along.
All your words are so magnetic,
Generation apathetic.

And I will do it on my own again,
I will say what I will.

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