

Wasteland

Direct Hit!

Mask on, howling alarm, you've got a sick, sad way about ya
Mask on, home with the germ, you've gotta sit by yourself and just suck

You're on the bus spaced out thinkin when'll you learn to not swallow, open up and just spit straight shot center in the back of a throat to teach a lesson everyone just won't get

Mask on, tired of your cough and your snot, you're fuckin tired of the news, fuckin tired of all the sadsack shit suits sayin 'live by yourself'

You're fuckin tired of the life that you've got

You're in the wasteland - cover your face
You're in the wasteland - cover your face
You're in the wasteland - cover your face
You're in the wasteland waiting for the end of the day

Sink in this abyss and think about all the lies that you're told by the sick and tired mass
Sink in this abyss and think about how you're tired and fall asleep on the top of your sheets

Mask on, tired of your cough and your snot, you're fuckin tired of the news, fuckin tired of all the sadsack shit suits

"Keep an eye on the screen"
You're fuckin tired of the way that they say it

You're in the waste - are we even alive?
You're in the waste - are we even alive?
You're in the waste - are we even alive?
We're in the wasteland waiting for our death to arrive

First things first: gotta lie to yourself about whether or not you need somebody else to feel good

No use in complaining about it
Time to lock all your doors, turn to your walls and just shot
Now you're a live wire lit up on the virus electric in this sick, sad, world
Daria'd be impressed with your attitude
(Dour at best) so put your mind, blood vessels, and your lungs to the test

Now your mask's off, spent on the floor
You're crawlin out like a worm to your street
Mask off, ready for more
Metamorphosis to stupid complete

Mask off livin like you'll never expire
You're sick and tired of the glow of screens electrical wire
All you want is just to sit an talk your shit at the bar
The same show, same set, same place that you are right now

But first thing's first: gotta lie to yourself about whether or not you need somebody else to feel good
No use in complaining about it, time to lock all the doors, turn to your walls and just shout now you're a live wire lit up on the virus electric in this sick, sad world

Daria'd be impressed with your attitude
(Dour at best) so put your mind, blood vessels, and your lungs to the test

It's just a wasteland, tired of it
(Meant for getting rid of your shit)