

Devoid (that's What I Think About It)

Farewell

Smoke and mirrors on a vanity stage,
Assembled for one function.
A cookie cutter caffeinated teen,
Deployed for mass consumption.
Have you ever wanted something more?
Something different from the same old sad display?
Your voice is too loud to ignore.
I remember when the song was all we had.

So when did rock-n-roll become this fucking fashion show?
You talk so much but you don't understand.
That's what I think about it!

A million ankles grabbing knuckles white,
Await a public fisting.
They push the product, shoveled down your throat
Just to show you nothings missing.

Have you ever wanted something real?
Somehow sounding different starts to sound the same.

So when did rock-n-roll become this fucking fashion show?
You talk so much but you don't understand.
I'll smash my radio devoid of any heart and soul,
So now you know exactly how I feel.
That's what I think about it!

Is there anyone who's tired of being used?
Is there anyone who's sick of the abuse?
So don't apologize for what you can't excuse.
Don't throw this all away.

So when did rock-n-roll become this fucking fashion show?
It's all so wrong. Why don't you understand?
I'll smash my radio devoid of any heart and soul,
So now you know exactly how I feel.
That's what I think about it.
That's what I think about you.