

End Of The Century

Fifteen

Sometimes I just want to Fly, Sometimes I just want to Die

Life is so full of dichotomy, It's so plain to see

The only sane choice is insanity

Welcome to the land of plenty, We are all so busy

In our quest for permanence, we lose sight of the relative

unimportance, of our conquest to see who can produce the most trash

Before you Die

Welcome to the end of the century, Life is so easy

Wouldn't it be nice, if we could find a compromise, between technology

And the well being of the Earth that grants us every goddammed thing we need

You can't see the sun rise

When the buildings have grown too tall to see the skies

And the smog is too thick to be pierced by your eyes

You can't feel the rain come down

When you're locked in a box, nailed to the ground

And the muffled cries for help are the only sound