

1999

Stuck until the end
Suffer till the end
Masochistic trend
Carson MTV
Bizkit NYE
Fuck fuck fuck

Throw out all the joy and show me metrics for my failures
I live in modern times, give me a modern sense of worth
I told myself there has to be a better quality of suffering
There has to be fatigue worthy of something but there's nothing

Now it's 1999
Stuck until the end
Suffer till the end
Masochistic trend
Carson MTV
Bizkit NYE
Repeat and then repeat
You can never really leave
Your friends aren't real
They're the company you keep
Talking shit in a room long after you leave
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Fuck fuck fuck

Oh it's fine, oh it's fine
Never mind, never mind

The days become a massive green sargassum void of meaning
The minutes have deflated in their value next to nothing
I thought the future would be old things set on fire
But now everything worth immolating is insured

Constant shame
Constant fatigue

Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue

Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue

Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue

Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue
Constant fatigue

Constant fatigue

Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?

Is this all that there is?
Is this all that there is?
Don't you know, don't you know?
It was never more than this
Don't you know, don't you know?
It's a cultural eclipse
Don't you know, don't you know?
Never mind, never mind
Don't you know, don't you know?
Oh it's fine, oh it's fine

Oh I'm fine, oh I'm fine