

# Great Experiment

Good Riddance

Time, sometimes, offers anything but resolution  
Is there a reason why this is never on the front page  
Or a lead story on the cable news?  
We tie it up on the telephone  
With our friends, commiserate as we piss and moan  
And we become spectators  
In the dramas of our own creation

And we're gonna drown our sorrows  
Sweating out the fears just like the rest  
Sentenced to our own tomorrows  
As we elevate the lies and claim success  
And the great experiment carries on

I hear you say that there's nothing one alone can do now  
I've had it up to here with your party lines and settling for less  
Just because I give a damn, people think I'm strange  
Because they haven't got the guts for some real change  
We've been marginalized for the last time  
Now we've got to take this in our hands

And we're gonna drown our sorrows  
Sweating out the fears just like the rest  
Sentenced to our own tomorrows  
As we elevate the lies and claim success  
And the failed experiment marches on

But I'm not going to suck up the fantastic lies that you sell  
If you fuck with our trust, you should end up in Hell  
There's no intent to discover those lines of relief  
And every word we've uncovered furthers our disbelief

This is the end, the finish, with our future at stake  
We can't afford speculation of the choices we make  
They're franchising power, ensuring they'll do their worst  
But in this most desperate hour, we will not be coerced

This is the end  
This is the end