

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