

Inconsequential

Rare Americans

How can you wake up every day, bullshit yourself like you're a-okay?
And I'd off my fucking self today if I thought it would help in any way
The world just don't work like this
No, the world just don't work like this
Have a kid? Glad you did? It's blind faith with the future hid
This illogical urge to procreate
Guilt for the pile of my daily waste
I don't understand this fucking place, I don't understand this fucking place

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm a kid with conviction
And my heart's on a mission
I'm a kid with a vision
I know the world I wanna live in

Inconsequential
It's a full time job not going mental
Inconsequential
What makes you so fucking special?
Inconsequential
It's a full time job not going mental
Inconsequential
What makes you so fucking special?

The reason the addict can't stop using
The reason the wino can't stop boozing
Advertising, potent, insidious
A beautiful mind turned into something hideous
Complete and utter meaninglessness
Countdown, extinction, what's your best guess?
It gets so depressing, need drug or drink
Blackout, life story, invisible ink
We're all gonna end up in the exact same spot
In the big cosmic map, not even a dot
Not even a dot, not even a dot

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm a kid with conviction
And my heart's on a mission
I'm a kid with a vision
I know the world I wanna live in

Every who in Whoville takes the shit, so you will
We all got a lil' list of people we wanna kill
For payback, for money, or just for the thrill
A girlfriend for the night, a rolled up dollar bill
There's so many out there just like me
Inconsequential
Disenfranchised with this sick reality
You see this beautiful innocence, like a toddler, or a river
Inconsequential
These pockets of wonder that make you reconsider
Maybe there's some higher meaning
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In being a 21st century digital human being

I feel this guilt every time I drive my car, I hear
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A voice that flattens me with guilt and fear
You glutton, you pig, take the bus or the train
Inconsequential
I'm too afraid again last week another mother slain
Right at the tracks, a random attack by a zombie in psychosis
Inconsequential
Bad combo, cartel meth, bipolar diagnosis
Inconsequential
And where it hits the closest its right here at home
Where the kids at the dinner table, and soon they'll be alone
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In a world that's spinning violently off its axis
Seems God's been staying out late and skipping practice
Bombarded and frustrated, aimless, alienated
Now on to the next generation, congratulations, you made it