

Future Primitive

Sum 41

Another day, I've got no convictions
Hard to say when it all will end
And either way it's to hell with ambitions
Losing faith is the brand-new trend

I won't believe it
I see no exceptions
We've both been cheated
But you call it free
This social disease is just getting to me
I don't want to waste

So I'm letting go
Maybe we're all to blame
It's all too much now
Whoa, whoa
Lately it's all the same
So I'm just letting go

You're asking me why the future looks empty
Nothing more but some dead-end sights
It's looking bleak and less than tempting
We're just losing our state of mind

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I'll see no exceptions
We've all been cheated
But you call it free
The social disease is just getting to me
I don't want to waste

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Maybe we're all to blame
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Whoa, whoa
Lately it's all the same
So I'm just letting go

It's too late to change your mind
So kill yours, I'll kill mine

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Lately it's all the same
So I'm just letting go

No faith, no waves of sound
No trace of beating, there's nothing
No sound