

## 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

I won't believe it  
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

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

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

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 all been cheated  
But you call it free  
The 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

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