

These four walls and fate nights brooding
Never changing, never moving
It seems, it seems.
Momentum's at a crawl.
The ants are in the kitchen
The mice are in the walls
This noise in my head
Could make this building fall

I've got to get out of here
And I gotta get out now before I crack

Mac & Cheese and Minute Rice
And instant pleasure's always nice
It seems, it seems
Real things take much to long
And I say now's the time to take a stand
And sit back down hasty young man
Did you really think the world
And all it's offered
Could have done you so much wrong?

SE 101 forever
SE 101 till I die