

# Broken Youth

Bad Omens

What's left to say that hasn't been already said before?  
Did I ever have a purpose?  
I can't feel it anymore  
If ignorance is happiness please steal me from my head  
Because the voices once so soothing make me feel so fucking dead

I'd give anything for something  
To feel anything at all  
It just seems so goddamn meaningless  
It all seems so devolved

We're drowning in irrelevance  
We're hiding from the truth  
We are the numb complacent  
We are the broken youth

What's left to say that hasn't been?

We are the numb  
We are the broken youth  
We come undone  
We are the ugly truth

I can't stop

Medicated, sedated in the back seat of our lives  
It's so fucking hard to swallow, will we make it out alive?  
I can't stop

What's left to say that hasn't been?