

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?