

Useless Generation

Modern Life Is War

Cut through the haze.
The loneliness won't last.
Staring down the future.
Choking down the past.

Time is of the essence.
Watch the clock tick.
Youth is a waiting room.
Pills to numb your fits.

I damn myself again.
Another egotrip.
Crawling sideways just to scratch the itch.

Now I'm running through the streets at dawn.
That hellhound is still on my trail
But the darkness is almost gone.
Most people never really come to know how fragile sanity is.
My doctor tole me to remember the good times
When I feel like I'm hitting the skids.
So I remember that Brooklyn rooftop.
I remember walking the tracks.
I remember everything I said
And I ain't taking nothing back.

Useless Generation: I sing your song against your will
Useless Generation: I am your prince of paranoia and thrills.
Useless Generation: I'm kicking over trash cans for your sins.
Useless Generation: As lights go on and another workday begins.