

A Dead Generation

Nasum

Through nested layers and veils of distrust
Chained to the formula covered in rust

Open wide and swallow shit
No way to escape from it
You must follow every step
Even if you choke

A predetermined future well described in ink
Fall into the line, don't you ever try to think

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This sad image of reality
Blocks all motivation
Killing the creativity
Shaping a dead generation

Pushed into boredom, one so hopeless state
A red immense glow of slowly boiling hate

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Even if you choke