

Utopianist

No Omega

Riots in the street
as i fold my hands
turn to the side
go back home
to sleep
i've had enough
i never even tried
but the weather's fine
and every day amazing
the shadow of civilisation
hangs over me
i hang my head
so dead
dead on the inside
wasted opportunities
go by the way side
join our side fight a war
but when everything is ruled by
money
and just by breathing
we're contributing to
the ongoing slaughter
of the world