

Voice Of Our Age

Radical Face

The voice of our age is singing sad, sad songs
I'm doing my best to keep from adding yet another one
I've heard it said that the writing's on the wall
But I must read through glasses 'cause the words are out of focus
Pick it all apart until there's nothing left but pieces
Makes it easy to forget just what it looked like when it was whole

And time is not a doctor so get out of the rain
It spreads the sun across the sky
It interferes with radio waves, the cancer makes you sick
The words become art, and the meaning fades away (away)
So speak your mind and dig your grave, and then decide to die a
nother day
The villains turn to heroes and the spiders turn to flies
The cats and dogs all eat themselves, the sight it moves our eyes
The days all fade away and we're all rotting in our skin
Don't pick a fight with time, my friend, you're guaranteed to never win

[illegible]