

It appears that we have reached the edge  
That zenith where stimuli and comatose collide  
Forty years ago the man proclaimed  
The age of the gross to be upon us  
And even though the man was destroying our heritage  
And insulting our intelligence

That era has become very real  
We labor for pleasure and abhor the guilt of pressure  
My generation will go down as the architects  
Of contemporary disgust

Some have fought and died  
Others have allowed the strong to be butchered for a price  
They themselves don't care about and will never understand  
I myself am beleaguered by the selfish face  
Of a kind of man that is not mankind

Distrust in information  
Fundamentalism of opinion  
Catastrophic boredom and a fanatical devotion  
To that which does not matter

Where is your glory now, people?  
Where are your Gods and politicians?  
Where is your shame and salvation?  
You rage for no reason because you have no reason

What have you ever fought for?  
What have you ever bled for?  
The face of the earth is scarred with the walking dead  
The age of the gross is a living virus

This is the future you have created  
This is the world you have set ablaze  
All your lies are coming true  
All freedom is lost, all hope is gone