

I don't believe that we can conceive  
Of an afterlife that's meant to be perceived  
Catastrophes, calamities, catastrophe  
Everyone loves a tragedy

But there's guns, there's guns guns guns  
Pointed at our head every time we close our eyes  
But what are we, Little Folk  
To do about this bickery full of lies

We don't need no one to turn out the lights for us  
When we go to sleep  
Catastrophes, calamities in our dreams  
When we dream we like to dream about tragedy and afterlife  
A perceived reality, a tragedy, a catastrophe

Seems my life is only just pretend  
And dreams are only what you make of them  
And themes are reoccurring so often  
If I were wise I'd see a trend

We don't need no one to turn out the lights for us  
Arguing things that have never been said  
The mail was empty, the books were unread

Progress hindered by arrogance  
Inquiries made in present tense  
Future stars will be twice as dense as ours  
Twice as dense as ours

Repetition shoved down my throat  
Answers given by anecdote  
Crueler Sonnets were never wrote at all  
Never wrote at all

And it seems my life is only just pretend  
And dreams are only what you make of them  
And themes are reoccurring so often  
If I were wise I'd see a trend

One, two, three, four

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We don't need no one to turn out the lights for us  
How can you sleep at a time like this  
The answer was pointless, the question amiss  
To err while conscious the words a mistake  
How can I afford to stay awake