

## Rotten Human

## Youth Lagoon

How are we supposed to know what's real?  
The dirt, the bread, the snow, the rusty steel  
Something in the neighborhood's not right  
They'll stay indoors until the break of light  
The clones, they've always said to stay in line  
But I'd rather die than piss away my time  
Our food's diseased by altered seeds and dies  
So we take a pill and trust the doctor's lie

You want the hours back  
Every night, a 12 pack  
Stoned, they're all stoned  
We want the hours back  
Television soundtrack  
Drones, no I won't  
No I won't, no I won't  
No I won't, no I won't  
No I won't, no I won't  
No I won't, no I won't

Here's my box enveloped in a giant force field  
Down on my knees, filthy, I made a mistake  
You were the drug that I couldn't shake  
You were the habit that I couldn't break  
Lying awake for 8 hours straight  
Human, I am a rotten human

On your way, on your way  
On your way, on your way  
On your way, on your way  
On your way

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