

Lagwagon, Lullaby

Waging war on the arms race of sound
Turn it down
Pull the plug
Imminent surrender
Ringing in the new Dark Age
Shut down the noise-aholics
Put down the quiet-ophobics
In a daydream of peace
In a calmness too brief
My lullaby is killing
My lullaby be stilling
It could be such sweet silence
From static from violence from...
Volume is the modern currency
Everyone competing for air space
Everybody's dumb
Shouting muddled words as though they're deaf
Big brother isn't watching anymore
He knows we are distracted and absorbed
Broadcasting our grief
Our imagination's atrophied
We can't think
If I could sing them all to sleep
If I could sing myself deaf
Wouldn't it be lovely?
Doesn't it sound perfect?
Every generation hates the next
I will save the millions from a slow insufferable death
I'll put them to sleep
Save them from progressive misery
I'm counting
If I could sing myself to sleep
If I could sing myself deaf
Wouldn't it be lovely?
Doesn't it sound perfect?
My lullaby is killing
My lullaby be stilling
Memorized.
Involuntary
I think I can change the world