

Fifteen, End Of The Century

Sometimes I just want to Fly, Sometimes I just want to Die
Life is so full of dichotomy, It's so plain to see
The only sane choice is insanity
Welcome to the land of plenty, We are all so busy
In our quest for permanence, we lose sight of the relative
unimportance, of our conquest to see who can produce the most trash
Before you Die
Welcome to the end of the century, Life is so easy
Wouldn't it be nice, if we could find a compromise, between technology
And the well being of the Earth that grants us every goddamned thing we need
You can't see the sun rise
When the buildings have grown too tall to see the skies
And the smog is too thick to be pierced by your eyes
You can't feel the rain come down
When you're locked in a box, nailed to the ground
And the muffled cries for help are the only sound