

# 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