

# Good Riddance, Spit You Out

rejection  
like a promise unfulfilled  
from an emptiness distilled  
as one final sign  
perpetuates our solo decline  
we've failed  
the systems we've created drag us down

on crowded streets  
we'll die alone  
our dreams are only flesh and bone

one day some way  
when you fall apart and waste away  
you'll see no doubt  
this world is gonna spit you out

drained  
no sign of life  
this world of lies  
is gonna cut you down to size

they'll spit you out  
like a spoke in their machine  
some people break like glass  
it just might be your final chance to feel  
can you distinguish fate from what seems real  
enamored by the romance of regret