Green Day, Panic Song

Ready for a cheap escape
On the brink of self destruction
Widespread panic

Broken glass inside my head
Bleeding down these thoughts of
Anguish... mass confusion

The world is a sick machine
Breeding a mass of shit
With such a desolate conclusion
Fill the void with... I don't care

There's a plague inside of me
Eating at my disposition
Nothing's left

Torn out of reality
Into a state of no opinion
Limp with hate

The world is a sick machine
Breeding a mass of shit
With such a desolate conclusion
Fill the void with... I don't care

I wanna jump out! [x4]