

# The American Culture EXperiments, Dead Duck

The ideal for the practical  
The exchange: freedom for truth  
The path you set out on...  
Someone will finish it  
But it will not be you  
(Why don't you fly? Why aren't you alive?)

'Cause you're a Dead Duck  
You dug the hole that you've fallen into  
Your lost hopes and Broken Dreams

Fallen away, should have fallen asleep  
Dark is your path, can't see what stumbles your feet  
Seduced by the times you who once were an heir  
Our joys should all be doubled and our trials be shared  
(If I saw you cry, would you too want me to die?)

You are not alone it seems