Utopia, Welcome To My Revolution

There's too much music, too much light

These endless broadcasts into the night

Petty seizures of money and drugs

By some official or unauthorized thugs

Now it's gone, the whole world's gone

There's the army at the front door, guerrillas in back

Why do I always have to take up sides

I had no plans to be conscripted today

I am no use to them anyway

So what the hell's going on

When they took my bed for the good of the state

I had to rest my head and took to levitation

Welcome to my revolution

Every morning they confer with the press

Just to point a few fingers

Fix the blame for this mess

The spokesmen waffle and the jerk-offs complain

In a stream of rhetoric

Piss themselves down the drain

Then it's time to go home

Time to go home

What will they say when it's gone

The whole world's gone

So they call a cease fire to bury the dead

And just delay it for an hour or so

Loose talk of cowards and leaders that lied

What does it matter once we're vaporized

Say what the hell's going on

Then it got so bad I couldn't breathe the air

So I became my own church and begged for sanctuary

Welcome to my revolution

This is the dream that I have every night

I wake up screaming to the left and the right

Is this my vision of the end of the world

The faces looked smoldered, the edges are curled

Tell me what is the reason we can't look at ourselves

And realize everybody creates his own hell

And if we put it together to make them all real

And then forget how to think, forget how to feel

Until it's gone, the whole world's gone

Are we damned if we do and damned if we don't

Could we be suckered into thinking that

Or get too greedy, afraid of the loss

And wind up fighting for a worthless cause

What if we died and had to come back

How may times would we have to go 'round

What if tomorrow was the end of the line

Don't want to feel like I wasted my time

So what the hell's going on

When the noise gets so dense