

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 many 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