

Vanished, Gospel Machine Gun

Tired of the complication
So we birthed a Prozac nation
And fell in love with the CNN
Shoot a man but keep it quiet
Write a book someone will buy it

We search for golden heroes
But in the end no one knows
I guess that's what TV is for my friend
So keep the suit kid you wear it so well
You hate your life but no one can tell, can tell

(Chorus)

Yeah, they got a better way
A better way, you know, you know
Yeah, they got a better way
A better way, you know, you know

Buried in our superstition

Dug by a politician
So raise your hands to the vampires my friends
So dress it up and pull it apart
And if it sells we'll call it art
So find out what's "it" again
And don't worry, surgery can fix it
So we fall in love with ourselves again
We inject some contradiction
We all hate but it's a sweet addiction

(Chorus)

Yeah, what you dream could become
Unless you find yourself too numb again
What you dream could become
Unless you find yourself too numb again, again

(Chorus)