

## Better Luck Next Time

### "Crisis Of Man"

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I walked down to the park where I once played  
The trees have been uprooted  
No grass, just brick, a factory  
And a stench that fills the air  
And the stream nearby  
Where we laughed and cried  
Has sadly been polluted  
I stand stunned, my body is numb  
Nobody seems to care  
CRISIS OF MAN-Crisis of a generation  
CRISIS OF MAN-degeneration

I walked to the church in the village green  
The church it seemed deserted  
The shiny mall, it attracts us all  
It's the center of our town  
Outside look around, it's upside down  
It seems so perverted  
Technology-has it made us free?  
What we found?

CRISIS OF MAN-Crisis of a generation  
CRISIS OF MAN-degeneration

We are disenchanted with our situation  
And disenchanted with our modern dream  
Yeah, disenchanted with our generation  
Now's the time for us to intervene

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