

Brea

"Generational"

Visit "[Generational](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It seems there's no meaning for what you believe
Now it's all about the things you possess
So for possessions we trade in our values
And fade away into the eternal nothingness
But it's all
Same old same old
Tragic phone call
Sold out and soulless
With no one but yourself to blame
But when it's a selfish
Its not longer a given
Our beings not ours to decide
But poor choice for all this power
Tonight is the hour
To choose how we will be defied
So choose
Dream your visions
Conscious decisions
Well, settle for nothing
And know you're the only to blame
We can sell our cause
We can see the mounting apathy
Just maybe generation will learn
Then it happens again (x6)
Feel like no one
Nothing good will come,
But the stranger,
Only thoughts are not there
Strive to become
Unleash the ties,
They're numb
Im talking about my generation
Just making noise
For all the girls and boys
Its just another song for dying nations

Visit [Brea](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.