

Die Young

"Lonely At The Top"

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He sprayed his brains upon the wall - another
masterpiece
May he rest in peace...

Behind flimsy facades of safety, comfort and luxury,
Their hearts hearken the call of siren songs in their
secret dreams
To lust and squander all
When the last horizon is reached, the final challenge
won,
What then will fill the void of at last being content?

Glut yourselves, there's no escape from the pain
How many lives have been betrayed by American
Dreams?

The obituary reads: another wealthy man paints his
masterpiece
Why is it that those who sleep on the streets would
rather live to see another day?

We need the struggle to survive

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