

From Autumn To Ashes

"Y2k"

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From the moment my eyes taught themselves how to
focus

I always knew this world had a terminal illness.
The plot has thickened, the plot has thickened.
You're idolizing, you're idolizing a fool.
A better seller, a better seller, for what?
To sing of razors, and having never been cut.

And if I had a choice I would not be a witness
While they glorify sorrow and loneliness.
The point is missing, the point is missing.
A better message, a better message...
We need, a better seller, a better seller for what?
We need a leader, and not a theatrical drunk.

Now my environment is a product of me.
...Oh what a perfect place to be.

I'm wondering how long I can survive my selfish
tendency to fold.
The hand they dealt is useless.
A better message, a better message
We need, a better seller, a better seller for what?
We need a leader and not a theatrical drunk.
Now my environment is a product of me.
...Oh what a perfect place to be.

The transient, the sailor song,
We move along and on and on
This harbor job, with hours long,
We move along and on and on
[Now my environment is a product of me]
We're here to go, so now I'm gone,
We move along and on and on

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