

Lagwagon "Lullaby"

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Waging war on the arms race of sound turn it down pull
the plug imminent surrender ringing in the new dark
age shut down the noise-aholics put down the quiet-
ophobics in a daydream of peace in a calmness too
brief my lullaby is killing my lullaby be stilling it could
be such sweet silence from static from violence from...
volume is the modern currency everyone competing
for air space everybody's dumb shouting muddled
words as though they're deaf big brother isn't watching
anymore he knows we are distracted and absorbed
broadcasting our grief our imagination's atrophied we
can't think if I could sing them all to sleep if I could sing
myself deaf wouldn't it be lovely? doesn't it sound
perfect? every generation hates the next I will save the
millions from a slow insufferable death I'll put them to
sleep save them from progressive misery I'm counting
if I could sing myself to sleep if I could sing myself
deaf wouldn't it be lovely? doesn't it sound perfect? my
lullaby is killing my lullaby be stilling memorized.
involuntary I think I can change the world

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