

Modern Life Is War

"Midnight In America"

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I sit on my roof and I smoke.
Stare across the street at the funeral home.
And drive out past the factories on the gravel roads
where it gets so dark.
And I can see all the stars and I feel so small 'round
midnight.
The paper says the whole world is on fire. But this
street is quiet.
The paper says the whole world is on fire. But this
street is quiet..
And the silence is the violence of sex and dying in the
middle classes.
The silence is the violence of sex and dying in the
lower classes.
The silence is the violence of sex and dying in the
upper classes.
My love overflows. My skull overflows. But my heart
never breaks.
We pray for petty things in our petty lives as if god has
the time.
There is a reason we feel so small when we've lost our
reason to thrive.
Everyone is fucked. Everyone is damned. But no one
will open their eyes.
Have you ever heard a joke like this before? I raise a
toast to a genius god.
I live in a big house with all of my friends. I sing these
stupid songs.
I roam all these highways. I hope it never ends.
And when I think about it all it's almost too much to
bear.
It's hell and it opens your eyes.
When I think about it all it's almost too much to bear.
It's heaven and it opens your eyes.

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