

Bad Meets Evil

"Losing Generation"

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The systems of life hum accordingly
Every day, every year, every century
But, everywhere humans go things get worse
Cant you tell through the smoke in the dirty city
The jungle was once a tranquil hideaway
For the kind of trees and the mountains themselves
But man those things sell a million dollars a pound
Cut them up, dry them out, good display for the
shelves
Why cant we just leave them alone?

Who is the animal?
Who is that dangerous beast?
Why were the other ones made?
I know it wasnt just for our feast

And now theyre down to 250 lone souls
Theyre a breed of a losing generation it seems
The killers are ourselves so you know who to blame
It was man with his plan and his frightening greed
I dont think well ever leave them alone.

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