

American Culture Experiments, The "Dead Duck"

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The ideal for the practical
The exchange: freedom for truth
The path you set out on...
Someone will finish it
But it will not be you
(Why don't you fly? Why aren't you alive?)

'Cause you're a Dead Duck
You dug the hole that you've fallen into
Your lost hopes and Broken Dreams

Fallen away, should have fallen asleep
Dark is your path, can't see what stumbles your feet
Seduced by the times you who once were an heir
Our joys should all be doubled and our trials be shared
(If I saw you cry, would you too want me to die?)

You are not alone it seems

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