

The Ghost Of A Thousand "Bored Of Math"

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Can I get a scream, from all the back row?
A teeth shine and a bloodied chorus?
A 'help me, I'm sailing of the edge of fucking feeling, '?
I really really really need forever
All the days I spend in my youth
A black lung, a black time
A generation bored out of their minds

It's a long dead thing
God loves a dealing fiend
It's a long dead thing
God loves a screaming queen
It's a long dead thing
God loves us gold mine kings

It's a long dead war...

Time to start sniffing glue again
Punk rock needs you again
Time to start spitting blood again
Punk rock needs you again

What a dirty war?
Generations over and done
A black lung a black time
A generation bored out of their minds

Punk rock needs you again
Generation X is dead
Punk rock needs you again
Generation X is dead

Lets Ride!
Light a match for the fires of hell
Damn right!
Generation X is dead

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