

## Vanished "Gospel Machine Gun"

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Tired of the complication  
So we birthed a Prozac nation  
And fell in love with the CNN  
Shoot a man but keep it quiet  
Write a book someone will buy it

We search for golden heroes  
But in the end no one knows  
I guess that's what TV is for my friend  
So keep the suit kid you wear it so well  
You hate your life but no one can tell, can tell

*[Chorus]*

Yeah, they got a better way  
A better way, you know, you know  
Yeah, they got a better way  
A better way, you know, you know

Buried in our superstition

Dug by a politician  
So raise your hands to the vampires my friends  
So dress it up and pull it apart  
And if it sells we'll call it art  
So find out what's "it" again  
And don't worry, surgery can fix it  
So we fall in love with ourselves again  
We inject some contradiction  
We all hate but it's a sweet addiction

*[Chorus]*

Yeah, what you dream could become  
Unless you find yourself too numb again  
What you dream could become  
Unless you find yourself too numb again, again

*[Chorus]*

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