Lullaby

Lagwagon

Waging war on the arms race of sound turn it down pull the plug imminent surrender ringing in the new dark age shut down the noise-aholics put down the quiet-ophobics in a daydream of peace in a calmness too brief my lullaby is killing my lullaby be stilling it could be such sweet silence from static from violence from... volume is the modern currency everyone competing for air space everybody's dumb shouting muddled words as though they're deaf big brother isn't watching anymore he knows we are distracted and absorbed broadcasting our grief our imagination's atrophied we can't think if I could sing them all to sleep if I could sing myself deaf wouldn't it be lovely? doesn't it sound perfect? every generation hates the next I will save the millions from a slow insufferable death I'll put them to sleep save them from progressive misery I'm counting if I could sing myself to sleep if I could sing myself deaf wouldn't it be lovely? doesn't it sound perfect? my lullaby is killing my lullaby be stilling memorized. involuntary I think I can change the world

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