

# Youth In Trouble

## The Presets

I slept through my alarm  
There's something wrong with it  
I look down my skin, my sheet's soaked wet I had the wildest dream  
Was non to subtle  
About a world on fire and a youth in trouble Up out all night, in bright lit wonderland  
Communicate online with, I don't understand it  
With the music taste abominable  
Man I'm worried sick for a youth in trouble Inside all day it's buried in the screen  
Seen pictures that I pray I never had to see  
Like the á¹—ros make me so uncomfortable  
God I'm terrified of youth in trouble

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