The Portrait

Oceana

Oh, the humanity
Oh, the perjury
Tell me how it feels to not know
That your children are safe at night
Dear father, dear mother,
I'm leaving you,
GoodbyeDoes it feel familiar to you?
Does it make you cold inside?
Does it feel familiar to you?
Does it make you cold inside?It's safe to say your life's a disgrace.
This is the hope fleeing the scene.
Build your bombs and I'll build my dreams.
The youth is the future, or so they say.But what will happen, if the future is flawed,
From the youth looking back?
Is this the land of the free,
Or a franchise of super stars?
Live for a better life,
Not for dead dinosaurs.Oh, the humanity,
Oh, the suicides.

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