

Blown

Sinkane

I'm a hyper-sonic day dreamer
Kicked out of the world
My come down was amazing
Like your burnt out cultureRgress sonic sun man
 Kick start it and reload
 The fire now burning
 Like your world out of control
Why so cold`Cause you`re blownThe wicked try to own ya
 Economic styrofoam
 Used to be dreaming
Now I'm locked in a strangleholdThe regress is defiant
 Like the aging of my face
 Crowned in hatred`s glory
 Just like the human race
Why so cold`Cause you`re blownPut the money where your mouth is
 So I can shove it down your throat
 Like a hot shot made of plastic
With a shattered egoThe ticket to the white house
 Is not a blow job for the poor
 The rich man gets a suck off
 `Cause the president`s his whore
Why so cold`Cause you`re blownThis generation descends as witches
 All that I once loved
 Now silent in the sun
 Feel as you scorn thee
 As your tomorrow`s burning
This generation lies dead before me

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