Dogma

Septicflesh

All we want is a head-rush
All we want is to get out of our skin for a while
We have nothing to lose
Because we don't have anything
Anything we want anywayWe used to hate people
Now we just make fun of them
It's more effective that wayWe don't live
We just scratch on day to day
With nothing but matchbooks
And sarcasm in our pockets
And all we are waiting for
Is for something worth waiting forLet's admit America gets the celebrities we deserve
Let's stop saying, "Don't quote me"
Because if no one quotes you
You probably haven't said a thing worth sayingSex, drugs, God, cash
Sex, drugs, God, America
We need something to kill the pain
Of all that nothing insideSex, drugs, God, cash
Sex, drugs, God, America
We all just want to die a little bitWe fear that pop culture
Is the only kind of culture we're ever gonna have
We want to stop reading magazines
Stop watching TV, stop caring about HollywoodBut we're addicted to the things we hate
We don't run Washington and no one really does
Ask not what you can do for your country
Ask what your country did to youSex, drugs, God, cash
Sex, drugs, God, America
The only reason you're still alive
Is because someone has decided to let you liveSex, drugs, God, cash
Sex, drugs, God, America
We owe so much money
We're not broke, we're broken
We're so poor we can't even pay attentionSo what do you want?
You want to be famous and rich and happy
But you're terrified you have nothing to offer this world
Nothing to say and no way to say it
But you can say it in three languagesYou are more than the sum of what you consume
Desire is not an occupation
You are alternately thrilled and desperate

Sky high and fuckedLet's stop praying for someone
To save us and start saving ourselves
Let's stop this and start over
Let's go out, let's keep goingSex, drugs, God, cash
Sex, drugs, God, America
This is your life
This is your fucking life
AmericaSex, drugs, God, cash
Sex, drugs, God, America
We need something to kill the pain
Of all that nothing inside
America, AmericaQuit whining, you haven't done
Anything wrong because frankly
You haven't done much of anythingSex, drugs, God, cash
Sex, drugs, God, America
Someone's writing down your mistakes
Someone's documenting your downfall

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