

# Rotten Human

## Youth Lagoon

How are we supposed to know what's real?  
The dirt, the bread, the snow, the rusty steel?  
Something in the neighborhood's not right  
Let's stay indoors until the break of light  
The clones, they've always said to stay in line  
But I'd rather die than piss away my time  
A fruit's diseased by altered seeds and dyes  
So take a pill and trust the doctor's lie  
You walk the hours back  
Every night a twelve pack  
Stoned  
They're all stoned  
We walk the hours back  
Television soundtrack  
Drones  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
No I won't  
Here's my box, enveloped in a giant force field  
Down on my knees, filthy  
I made a mistake  
You were the drug that I couldn't shake  
You were the habit that I couldn't break  
Lying awake for 8 hours straight  
Human  
I'm a rotten human  
On your way  
On your way  
On your way  
On your way  
On your way  
On your way  
On your way

You walk the hours back  
Every night a twelve pack  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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