Apocalypse Fetish

Lou Barlow

Remember when the clock was nigh on midnight, from the tender age exposed
They promised you a world war, undelivered, apocalypse on hold
So raised on fear, expect the fear, don't you ever let it go
They left it up to you to light the fuse and watch it burnDon't trust anyone, when it's us who can't be trusted, more perverse
More perverse
The safer we are, the more unsafe we feel, that's the curse
That's the curse
That's the curseNow when you grow it on your own, they're happier to give you more
No one's gonna take your pickup truck, your bullets, or your porn
And what about the doomsday fantasy, when you gonna get your turn
The self fulfilling prophecy that told you so you've earnedThe safer we are, the more unsafe we feel, that's the curse
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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