# Lighthouse

## Pitch Black Forecast

Welcome to the land of hopeless envy. Self-absorbed and empty. Hollow hearts and starry eyes where fame is viewed as a birth-right. Plastic surgeon messiahs and shallow self image. Substance abuse and eating disorders at the altar of insecurity. Everything is for sale. Everything is for sale in the glorious 21st century...It burns like staring at the sun / What have we become?
Blank empty and numb / Complacency takes its hold
Despite this ongoing despair / No one seems to care
They just bite their tongues / While they forfeit their soulsWe need a lighthouse for the lost / And a beacon for the broken
Don't let go / Now your soul is on trialBow down. Bow down to the war machine. All in the name of liberty. Live for happy hour and die for oil. Shoot to kill on foreign soil. Feed your greed and forfeit your soul. Then pick an addiction to fill the hole. We are the cosmetic generation. A nation of surface without substance except those that we abuse.We gotta stand up / We gotta fight back
We gotta man up / And say fuck that
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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