Lust

Kyshera

Your world confined to your screens
In a techno-media Aviary
For distraction junkies
To play Celebrity
To be a sham is respectable
And Reason unfair
'Cos there's no time to think
When if you blink you'll be left behind

Trust in the
Lust dealers
Choose your demise

You're everything
You're nothing
Generation of me

Your fickle worship of youth
And disposability
Keeps substance & truth
From killing the party
But as our plastic Mandala's pile
Ever useless, ever higher
This self portrait is all we will leave behind

Trust in the
Lust dealers
Choose your demise

You're everything
You're nothing
Generation of me

Lyrics submitted by Planck.

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