

Sum 41, Confusion And Frustration In Modern Times

Up in smoke, pop goes the culture
The tension blew it up
We're choking from a bleeding ulcer
We eventually threw it out so
What went wrong? Where's the voice of reason?
It's long gone, we lost it long ago
Apathy plus ice fill the void of motivation
I can hardly breathe at all

Confusion's all I see
Frustration surrounds me
Solution, bid farewell
Sedation, what the hell?

I broke the mirror to the past
To find what I was looking for
The bleeding heart of broken glass
Is all I found and nothing more regrets
Short of no correction
Paid my debts, to anxiety
The iron lung collapsed from the pressure and the swelling
I can hardly breathe at all

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Dead-end roads
And warning signs
Destination nowhere
In sight
So!

Divided we stand
Together we fall
There isn't a God
That can save us all
So don't pray on your knees
Just, beg on your hands
There is no belief
In this promised land

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