

# Sunspot, 2012

The fault lies not within our stars,  
This is the whimper,  
that sounds the end.  
The fault lies not within our stars,  
This is the death rattle,  
of the condemned.

I spent my life high on the notion,  
that I could do something great.  
But I bravely ran away,  
and gave myself a Section Eight.  
Daydreaming my life away,  
and bored with everything,  
Slouching towards Bethlehem,  
and tied to apron strings.

This is the end,  
of the bloodline,  
that had a purpose,  
that had a spine.  
A generation,  
on the bread line,  
runs out of purpose,  
runs out of time.

We're picking up the pieces,  
of the Baby Boom chaos,  
who navel-gazed in a purple haze,  
and became the new Boss.  
We Ragnaroked and Rolled,  
and passed the buck and pissed the time,  
the revolution was webcast,  
the execution was half-assed.

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This is the end,  
of our time,  
We ran out of rope and The Cosmic Joke,  
has hit its punchline.

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that sounds the end..