I'd like to welcome all my people here
But listen, everything you love is about to disappear
I feel it coming there's something in the air
But this is living, oh it's modern living, yeh

I feel it coming there's something in the air But this is living, oh it's modern living, yeh

How can you never be nervous?
How can you never consider the risk
Consider a hideous end?
On every face a filter
Masking weakness, masking woe
You're the picture of composure
You're tossing a coin, getting heads twice
And then expecting it thrice
We're Apocaholics Anonymous
Our fear is bottomless
Now God's forgotten us

I'd like to welcome all my people here
But listen, everything you love is about to disappear
I feel it coming there's something in the air
But this is living, oh it's modern living, yeh
Yeh, yeh, yeh
Yeh, yeh, yeh

We're Apocaholics Drinking gin and tonics Lying in the flowers Counting down the hours We're Apocaholics Drinking gin and tonics Lying in the flowers Counting down the hours We're Apocaholics Drinking gin and tonics Lying in the flowers Counting down the hours We're Apocaholics Drinking gin and tonics Lying in the flowers Counting down the hours, yeah