

# A Dead Generation

Nasum

Through nested layers and veils of distrust  
Chained to the formula covered in rust

Open wide and swallow shit  
No way to escape from it  
You must follow every step  
Even if you choke

A predetermined future well described in ink  
Fall into the line, don't you ever try to think

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This sad image of reality  
Blocks all motivation  
Killing the creativity  
Shaping a dead generation

Pushed into boredom, one so hopeless state  
A red immense glow of slowly boiling hate

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You must follow every step  
Even if you choke