

Final Product

Nevermore

The media loves the latest tragic suicide
They exploit it, then package it and profit from the people who
die
Look at the world, look at the hell, look at the hate we've made
Look at the final product, a world in slow decay
I'm told that all your seeds are black
I've learned the question is unanswered and opaque

We're witnessing a famine of the innocent
Did they die for religion or the government?
Because if your god won't do, their god will starve you
Look at the world, look at the hell, look at the hate we've made
Look at the final product, a world in slow decay
I'm told that all your seeds are black
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There are those that believe the world is ending again
That impending Armageddon is inevitable and waiting

The last survivor barely breathing
Should I run or will I fall? How have I survived it all?

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I've learned the question is unanswered and opaque

We live in a time of revolution
We swim the silent seas of sanity gone