

# 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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