The Void

Cursed

He's passed out for the night.
Lived in one house all his life.
You can count the decades in his eyes.
Fifty year old fistfights and the scars they leave.
All the awful liars, all the perfect thieves.
But he trusts in the rule of law and hates the current scapegoats.
Never asked for more.
And what will he have to show for the years of hard work.
Faithful service and standardized routines?
And when he dies alone with nothing in hand.
Burned out shell of a working man.
When he dies alone with empty hands -
How long will the body lie before someone walking by notices the smell.
Calls cops and they come to put him in a box (and mark it with a number)?
Somewhere past the city limits somebody pulls his file.
Stamps it void and throws it on a pile.
We take care of our own, at least on paper.
We take care of our own.
Who gets his number?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/