

The Box

Snot

Yesterday, I was just a boy
In times of youthful hero worship
My kind have been molded
By images on the screen Brought up to emulate the big guns
Another guest on death's best show
The influence cuts deeper than mom knows
Electric waves the demon's fly Now could we just be bred to kill or die
There must be something else
The blame I place on myself
Behind tired eyes the demons stir
The tears go un-cried In the box, doin' time, now that I'm grown
Abandoned childhood toys
But still what danger have I retained?
To grab the brass ring

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