

# 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  
And go in for the kill and covet the goods  
You know dem got for murder  
In the box doin' time  
And the minds are locked down

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