# Death And Taxes

## Kid Dynamite

alarm clock rings, i crawl out of bed. i'm not looking forward to what lies ahead. all day i'm like a zombie, the working dead. today's gonna be a boring day. i know it. i'm not interested in what i'm doing. i show it. i wish that i could walk away. you know? we're all the same. would happiness be worth the wait? would all the mondays be worth the pain? some say they'll see. i don't agree. nose to grindstone. everyday i walk to work and say, i wish that i could go somewhere where time's not despised, clocked in and put in line, but "that's the way it goes." spending our years pinned as slaves. tired and under-paid, while no one ever knows what life's about. work to survive until we're 65 and then it's time to die. nose to grindstone. everyday i walk to work and say, "i wish that i could go." working so hard just to survive, until we're 65 and then it's time to cry with the rest of them. die with the best of them. we lie to ourselves and think that life's exciting. we cry... we die. we lie... we die without ever knowing what we could have done with ourselves.

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