The Plastic People

Random Rab

I cripple the cage, The structure starts collapsing, The suit's taylor made. It's the only one that fits me, did i make the grade? i feel the pressure that my bed is already made. So i guess I'll lie here in the grave i made, and decompose...
Those plastic coated people are out to get you...
So save yourself now, or stay, fight, and die...
I'm not afraid, but im a slave to this rat race. Always wanting more, until my cup is more full than the next guy's Ill keep scraping away, I'll keep digging my grave, like a blade to my vein.
Cutting and scraping and carving my life away. Until i just can't take anymore....
Those plastic coated people are out to get you...
Those plastic coated people want to sacrifice you...
This is the slow dying process. Until death...
Burning. This is over.
Those plastic coated people are on to you.
You know your life is over, those plastic coated people are on to you.
This is nothing, to the pain you'll feel
Cut, cut it, cut, cut the cord...

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