

Alive?

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Working, these bodies unconscious, all slaving for a lifetime with nothing to show. Hours injected, with years invested, for these martyrs with a dying wage-death wage. Alive-yet lifeless. Tired of breathing, tired of living, tired of slaving, alive- yet lifeless! Tired of breathing, tired of living, tired of slaving, born-dead new world slaves. Dying for notions of progress, a manufactured caste of actors displayed demands rejected, the bosses connected, in this inbred power play- death play.

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