Call It A Day

No Trigger

Headfirst with a wrecking ball, our lifeless bodies lonely remains left lying on the floor. sweet. stolen time, asking for more benefits. they know the weakness the only means on which the working class can ride, our pride wasted time and dead stares bleeding ears pressed to the railroad tracks these speakers scream attack attack attack rendered useless while the bosses drive the nine to five express through our lives. straight through our lives. still trading our minutes for money we could only take pictures through windows. for mere pennies on the dollar trading lives for pocket change sit back fill out the punch-card tell your kids to do the same.

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