

# Breaking the Back

## Million Dead

on leaving school immersed in philanthropic notions (of a kind these days i find unthinkable) i pulled my frail frame onto my charger and rode off into a sunset with agenda predictable. fresh faced - young dumb and tragically convinced that blind faith could make an infantile normative playground theory on social interaction positive enough to show them all but alas! working the tills put hair on my chest, telesales made me a man. and everything was going to be ok, but the making of the man was the breaking of the back upon the rock of everyday hostility. and i don't mean to seem at all ungrateful, but the air-conditioned life has left me gasping for some real conversation. and just because turing couldn't possibly conceive a machine with this little personality, i'm working shifts in veal-fattening pens, and yet i'm puppy thin because to tell the truth i was hanging on for something more than distant dial tones and a sense of ending. the breaking of the back was the making of the man.

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