# Designed

## Agent 51

Here I am a soldier, slowly sinkin' in the
Quicksand of the past
Got no recipe. Muffins won't rise
And the margarine's goin' fast
My walls are blue
Colors won't with the red door still in sight
I think of you
The sky caves in and my eyes are stabbed with light
Hurt me
Hate me
Help me
Who's gonna save me?
Walk a thousand paths and Babylon itches
With the shifting of the social scale
Like a castaway
Rabbit yells back and the register rings "no sale."
Don't nail the lid
I'm still breathin' and my heartbeat's goin' fast
Not givin' in
Maybe I'll get lucky and I'll find
Inner peace at last
What's my destiny
Whoa no that can't be
Just look and you'll see
Want self sufficiency
Whoa no that can't be
What's my destiny
Slavin' to the grind, workin' overtime
Whoa no it can't be

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