

Lackluster

Funeral Diner

this is from the sinkholes of the uninspired this is the result of the loss of luster on life and my unsteady hands reach forward for something luminescent to grasp but my begrudging feet move to carry me back to my blue collar veracity this is planned when we're born our lives are mapped you know the formula follow the herd I can't feel any gratification and I don't want to feel any passion or duress no one should have to experience the suffocation of their livelihood but we do and we build these prisons for ourselves be it children credit cards houses or whatever else we think we need we toil to support our own hells well I refuse to be part of a perpetual labor heartache

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