

# Live to Labor

Atreyu

In the cold dead of night  
Wrest your self from sleep  
To face the morning light  
So Pathologically  
Trapped in a system that breaks originality  
In favor of bland safe marketability

Middle of a long day  
Turns into working long weeks  
What are we doing this for  
Whose fucking stocks will increase  
At times we're all just little junkies and whores  
Clawing scratching unattainable dreams

How much can we take  
To labor and to break  
Our backs against the system's walls  
I say smash it fucking down  
In control of our fate  
We produce and we create  
The guns from which we sell our souls  
I say smash it fucking all

How ironic is the plan of our lives  
Working doubles to survive, to get by  
A passionless job in a meaningless lie  
I despise being trite to get by  
What do you offer?  
What can you create?  
What do you contribute?  
What profit is made?

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