

## Open Letter

Caliban

Corporate cunts and pencil pushers  
Prostitute your mind for cash  
This way of live, it made me suffer  
Trade your given time for trash

You all work jobs you badly hate  
To keep the bills at pay  
For shit you bought, but you don't need  
What self-deceptive way

Right from the cradle  
Straight to the grave  
They want to tell us  
How to behave  
Right from the cradle  
Straight to the end  
They want to force us to pretend

An open letter to you all  
Your greed will take it's toll  
We're with our backs against the wall  
But it's only built to fall

You tell me dreams are made to fail,  
Like there is no escape  
Prepared to walk  
The longest trail  
Away from mental rape.  
Intimidate me with your lies  
I'm paying any price  
And when I come to say goodbye,  
Can't look me in the eye

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But I chose not to live like that  
I'm fighting my way back!

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