

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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