

Death Of A Salesman

If Hope Dies

This is the final countdown.
The hands on the clock.
Become the hands upon your throat.
Take a hard look at your time card.
Add up all the hours.
The weeks, the months and years.
Think of all the time that you've sold away.
Of all the smiles, laughter and passion.
You've left behind.

One of many, you file into the lines.
Your hopes and dreams diminished.
Is it worth what you're being given?
Can all the moments torn away ever be replaced?
Is the one life you've been given.
All going to waste?

Success is meaningless if you've sold your soul to accomplish it.
All the money in the world won't be able to lift this weight from your chest.

This is the final countdown.
The hands on the clock.
Become the hands upon your throat.

Neckties are like the subtle noose.
Hanging from the gallows.
Swaying in the winds of progress.
A lifetime of subservience.
Swept away by this
hurricane of deception.

One of many, you file into the lines.
Your hopes and dreams diminished.
Is it worth what you're being given?
Can all the moments torn away ever be replaced?
Is the one life you've been given.
All going to waste?

The hands on the clock.
Are the hands on your throat