

A finishing blow for a company man
While sleeping tight, passed hand to hand
Inbound until you're canned
Then hidebound fact slips like sand
A finishing blow for the company man
Time passes through a loop

Self-trained for burning hoop
Spoonfed and proudly stooped
Too low to see the linkwork
Some cut holes some got bricked in
And you've got nothing more to say
Red hand grip slips on cold links
I saw you try to climb your way