

## Big City Dream

### Modern Life Is War

The last words I heard before I slammed the door...  
"You gotta be humble in this life."  
But my shoulders tell me that ain't right  
As I race down the stairs and step out into the night.  
I scan the city skyline...  
Smoking like a neon mechanized Christ.  
So I walk with intent towards my salvation.  
Thoughts rise and fall... sharpen my mind into a razor.  
I try to see into the future.  
I try to sense impending danger.  
There's a bum on the corner with his shopping cart filled with  
plastic bags.  
Somedays I would wonder how he got there.  
Not tonight, I don't care.  
Steam rising up from the gutter... shining in the headlights of  
passing cars.  
The sound of distant sirens drowned out by thick concrete walls  
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My state of mind makes me all alone on this platform in this su  
bway station.  
If you can make it here... no one will care.  
I see faces cut by lines of weariness.  
Intelligent eyes hardened by cynical resignation.  
I catch my reflection... my face is changing too.  
I find the reasons while I suffer  
Just like all the others.

Up the stairs into a hazy dream.  
I hear the neons scream.  
I hear the billboards scream.  
Fields of concrete stretching infinitely.  
The industries that made us free...  
With money to spend on all the wrong things.

I get down on my knees.  
The crowds rush past me.  
I pray to no one and I feel nothing. [2x]