

## Box City

Pro-Pain

Once there was a promise  
A promise made to me  
That if I keep working hard  
My dream would come to be  
Built a future with my hands  
Was punctual, met demands  
Then suddenly tragedy  
If the system keeps fuckin' me  
I'm going back to the box city  
If patience is a virtue  
Then I am a saint  
Beaurocracy in motion  
Sir  
You're going to have to wait  
It takes a buck to make a buck  
And those with none I guess are fucked  
So we were never really free  
This winter is killing me  
I'm trapped out here in box city