

Everyday Life

The Old Dead Tree

Wake up
A new day has come
Bringing new fears
It's time to face the crowd
Outside the sky is wearing grey
The clothes are worn
Colours faded away
I wish I could stay standing
I wish I could stay strong
But I can't stand on my own
Everyday life, everyday death
A strength forever gone
(The) outside world reveals my distress
Dead man walking the streets
Doing a senseless job the live
Perpetual motion of fears
Buried alive: everyday life
Those feeling of confinement
Bring me down
Six feet underground
Help me
Because I can't stand upright today