

Foolsway

Vomitory

You stand up every morning five o'clock
Every day bathroom, breakfast, cardrive to workplace
Every movement again and again

Than you work at the same machine as it has been for
thirty long years
For your son he shall live better but he give a fuck to
your fears

Heel is comin' true right now
Every way every day cry out
Live to work work to live do it
Senseless live every day no

Maybe that your life is not so easy, maybe that your life
is not so good
Who's to blame and what is the reason dyin' fire in your
dyin' blood

Please don't say that you have no solution and don't say
you do what must be done

All these waisted years without protection let this old
man die when he is alone

You look back every evening in your cold bed every night

Old man poor man life in a hard place being alone every
way