

...And You Will Die Alone

War Of Words

Five years digging a ditch
Only to be left at the bottom of it and for what?
A crime I didn't commit
No answers just a line of shit
more office politics and condescending pricks
forever banished to a state of confusion, anger, and hate
work climb and climb
you're climbing to nowhere (there's) no end to this line
Your only crime was too much time
you just kept showing up,
so if time is money and money is time
I guess my time is up
So step out from that booth
It's time you learned the truth that you're not a human being
You're just part of the machine
I see past empty eyes. See your infertile cries
see that the only real therapy for your pain
is this scapegoat target game
These thoughts on a page make for poor execution
because violent revenge is my only solution
Just a brick thru the window or do I continue
Would I be less than disturbed by your blood on the curb?
Would I be undisturbed by your blood on the curb?
When all is sorted out and material's all you can show
You haven't pissed away your life just the people that you know
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Your bean count fell one short there's no license to your quarrel
why would science or a god allow a child into your world?
So this fabrication of misinformation
led to my termination without validation
So my real revenge without initiation
is the outcome of your lives