

Corporate Ladder Match

With the Punches

Stuck in this dim lit hell hole from 9 to 5
Chasing my dreams to survive
I'm sure to you this seems like just a fantasy

Some might say that I woke up
On the wrong side of the bed
I'd rather feel a barrel to my head
Than to fake contentment
And I could care less if you get this
'Cause by now I'm breaking out

I just stopped pretending that there's more for me
Within these four white walls than my misery
No matter what they say they can't control my brain
'Cause I still reserve the right to dream and breathe

You let your lies cut through blue eyes
And they bought it all right down to the bated breath
That you seem to hold
But by now this game is getting old
And you can't hide the fact you've got no spine
So with this lit match and kerosene I clearly draw the line
Stand back and watch this burn to the ground
You shook off all my warnings like you never heard a sound
But I could care less if you get this
'Cause by now I'm breaking out

We don't know where we're going but we're on our way
To cross the Atlantic Ocean
It never seemed so far away