

Live to Labor

Atreyu

In the cold dead of night
Wrest your self from sleep
To face the morning light
So Pathologically
Trapped in a system that breaks originality
In favor of bland safe marketability

Middle of a long day
Turns into working long weeks
What are we doing this for
Whose fucking stocks will increase
At times we're all just little junkies and whores
Clawing scratching unattainable dreams

How much can we take
To labor and to break
Our backs against the system's walls
I say smash it fucking down
In control of our fate
We produce and we create
The guns from which we sell our souls
I say smash it fucking all

How ironic is the plan of our lives
Working doubles to survive, to get by
A passionless job in a meaningless lie
I despise being trite to get by
What do you offer?
What can you create?
What do you contribute?
What profit is made?

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