

Financial Zone

J Church

Down in the financial zone,
The steam comes from beneath the pavement,
High on stress or high on speed,
Nobody wants to know,
Broken vending machine and yellow paint,
Smells like nothing and smells like plastic chemicals,
Nobody wants to know, no

Elevator is going down,
It's thirty flights to welcome ground,
Eyes on plastic numbers,
Nobody wants to know,
He thinks of when his father died,
He felt nothing,
It's some kind of psychic suicide,
As the elevator doors open,
It's over,
It's over,
It's over,
It's over

It might as well be in the desert,
The daily killings and the lifeless land,
It's hollow and it's pale,
It's silent as it's blind,
It's not just me or what I see,
But a simple calculation,
Nobody wants to know,
It's over,
It's over,
It's over,
It's over