

## Tax on Death

Middle Class Rut

The government says you better pay tax on death  
They're gonna come and find all the money you hid  
Life's a business like a sickness  
You play the game or you end up on the shit list  
I look and see you running right now  
Ready to fight now, I'm scared white now  
Dreams I slept through are outta sight now  
Hook in the water 10 years no bite now  
I'm living and dying ok  
Strangler days with no sick pay  
Weeks and months without no say  
I move ahead but in my head I think

I don't even know anymore  
Where I want to go anymore  
What I want to do anymore  
Emotional lock down ahead  
The prison gate shuts  
The vision is dead  
I don't even know anymore  
Where I want to go anymore  
What I want to do anymore  
The world is hungry and sick  
Of the fucked kings and the lies that run it

The warning signs, they don't stick  
So get a cup make a sign get rich  
Shit on the side of the road in a ditch  
Live on a freeway exit the taxpayer gets it  
But there's a new knot in your chest  
So hold the phones the heart needs rest  
Hook up machines and run your tests  
The devil came home and your god just left

I don't even know anymore  
Where I want to go anymore  
What I want to do anymore  
Emotional outbreak ahead  
Riots on the yard and the warden is dead  
I don't even know anymore  
Where I want to go anymore  
What I want to do anymore  
The world is sick and it's torn  
The rules just bend and the people move on...