

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...