Agent 51, Designed

Here I am a soldier, slowly sinkin' in the

Quicksand of the past

Got no recipe. Muffins won't rise

And the margarine's goin' fast

My walls are blue

Colors won't with the red door still in sight

I think of you

The sky caves in and my eyes are stabbed with light

Hurt me

Hate me

Help me

Who's gonna save me?

Walk a thousand paths and Babylon itches

With the shifting of the social scale

Like a castaway

Rabbit yells back and the register rings "no sale."

Don't nail the lid

I'm still breathin' and my heartbeat's goin' fast

Not givin' in

Maybe I'll get lucky and I'll find

Inner peace at last

What's my destiny

Whoa no that can't be

Just look and you'll see

Want self sufficiency

Whoa no that can't be

What's my destiny

Slavin' to the grind, workin' overtime

Whoa no it can't be