

Burnt By The Sun, Human L Steamroller

This is the soundtrack to your life.
This is where it all begins.
Your conscience tried.
Your conscience has failed.
You're going nowhere fast.
Another track please.
On the wrong track, step back please.
You're going nowhere fast.
Another track please.
Another Monday, another week of hell.
And it means little to you.
If anything at all.
And it says even less of you.
This is the sound of the rest of your life.
This is the soundtrack to the rest of your life
and it's ending one track at a time.
Disrobe the occupant of your mind.
Reclaim your life.
Opening your eyes is one of the hardest things to do.
But it's your life.
40 hours a week and nothing to show.
40 hours a week and no way to grow.
Is this all that you're f**king made of ?
Slave away. Meaningless.
I know you're more than this.