

Enemy You, Dead

I don't want to go through life in a mundane
existence every day and night
It's always work and the TV screen
One more day of this I'm going to scream

I need to escape
I drink till my head aches
And when I'm done I go to bed
And in the morning I wish that I were dead

I wish I could just sleep late
Stay home in bed and masturbate
Why do I have to work from nine to five
for a bunch of fucking jerks just to stay alive