

James Lynn Strait, The Box

Yesterday when I was just a boy in times of youthful hero worship
My kind have been molded by images on the screen
Brought up to emulate the big guns
Another guest on death's best show
The influence cuts deeper than mom knows
Electric waves the demon's fly
Now could we just be bred to kill or die
There must be something else
The blame I place on myself
Behind tired eyes the demons stir
The tears go uncried

In the box - doin' time
Now that I'm grown
Abandoned childhood toys
But still what danger have I retained?
To grab the brass ring
& go in for the kill & covet the goods you know dem got for murder
In the box - doin' time
& the minds are locked down