

A Global Threat, Pass The Time

Raced for months in circles don't know where to go
So nauseous nobody's near me, antisocial
Ahead I catch my breath and again I'm behind
It somehow works itself out in the back of my mind
4..3..2.. First to First, womb to hearse get by
Is there nothing you want worse than to pass the time?
Am I stubborn, selfish or scared of stability
Part of a rotten useless, unproductive minority
(all this thought to responsibilities,
redundant schedules carved in 30 years mortgages
for a financed wife some to buy kids,
what's in your wallet, where do I sign up)
4..3..2 first to first, womb to hearse get by
Is there nothing you want worse than to pass the time?