

Brazil, It Keeps The Machine Running

we are born
from one institution
into another
falling asleep
listening to the poetry
of steel

and we are chained
arm to arm
pulling each other down

the irony of quitting time
can you really stop?
inhale deeply because its your last breath
so enjoy whats left

and we are chained
arm to arm
pulling each other

seasons change
from green to red
seasons change
inside my head