

Zero Down "A Million More"

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12 years of education and this is what I'm worth.
Back breaking labor I endure every day to fill my purse.
A subordinate life not one I choose a hatred of the man
that I answer too.
Disposable man that's all I am and there's a million
more to fill the shoes I stand.
The American dream skipped me it seems pointless by
design a story with no theme.
There's a million more just like me disenchanted
unenthused.
Overlooked in the mindless shuffle to make way for
something new.
I'm a face without a name I'm a man without a place
after a lifetime of my loyalty on a whim to be replaced.
27, Ivy League CEO with his job bought and paid for by
his family's tow.
Bred to believe that he's above the rest
while the sweat from my back is clearing his checks.
A factory floor filled with human machines for
minimum wage we sacrifice our dreams.
And while supply of this labor exceeds demand
the room for this injustice will only expand.
Disregard my sacrifice push me out in the cold.
Move my job south of the border while my family pays
the toll.
I have silenced my contempt I've restrained my bitter
rage
and now I choke to death on the words I didn't say.

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