

Day26

"Sick Design"

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Cold and flatback steel-faced iron-clad Sold like a
priceless piece of real estate so sad Three nights
shacked up shackled down fucked up Starin' over
smoke stacks burning black and piles of crack Living in
the big store shopping in the meat aisle Stick it in your
coat at the checkout counter I'm so insignificant can't
afford to pay my rent I'm kicked out on the street no
food no cash no place to sleep Now I waste away my
time I'm one with this land of mine break free from this
sick design

Break free from this sick design

Garbage cans and remains of every passing day All for
this great big display, wipe your ass and throw it away
People say we live in heaven, heaven for me was never
like this and I don't know where you live

Brown water big rats another day it all turns black and
then we'll have nowhere to stack this misery worn on
our backs

People say we live in heaven Heaven for me was never
like this and I don't know where you live

This sick design Break free from this sick design

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