

Daycare Swindlers

"Whiskey Dick"

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Cold grey is the cement where I lay watching the pig in
his uniform take a slug from his coffee He bought with
the money that he earns watching making sure that you
and I stay on cold grey cement

So serene the inner being stares back at me my eyes
forced open the set the sounds the fucking knobs it
floods it fills it floods it fills oceans of plain brains
washed with bullshit media hatred toward people who
stray away refusing to be sedated

Your freedom relies on this fight to exist You buy you
buy the price to me is nothing

Guilty am I, I sigh with a smile Of nothing more than
being broke A crime with the punishment of a lifetime
of you can't and the eternal denial of my freedom

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