

Dishwalla

"Submission"

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Your desk, your seat,
You dedicate all to your greed
It feeds your hand
Your eyes will starve
In no man's land
You learn, your work, you'll break,
Now swallow shit you jerk
Your life afflicted,
Just pictures of again-addicted
Your time is up
Before you even notice
A social servant
Misused as an account-detergent
Don't you tell me
That's all you want your life to be,
Cause once you made it,
It's already over

You are, you know,
A tangled puppet crawling slow
Misled, misfed
With lies that you
Could not reject
Your mouth keeps shut
Your brain cut off
For you're corrupt
Your mind, your breath
Will serve and finally end in death
Self-esteem, a word you never
Heard it seems
A look, your face reveals
Your fragile life's disgrace
Accept what I think about
Your fucking "life" -
You failed your aim,
You're useless
In this endless game

Submission

