

Final Prayer "Out Of Content"

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Work until we die, another labor-slave.
Fired within minutes, but chained forever.
To the bottom-line of this system
By our own sweat, time and energy.

Let's kill this to keep ourselves alive.
Labor-slave chained to nine to five.

Out of content.

Lost in competition and comfort deprivation.
Within the spinning wheels of this rat race.
All our efforts keep being stolen, born to work or born
to live.
Lifetimes spent serving other peoples greed.

Let's kill this to keep ourselves alive.
Labor-slave chained to nine to five.

I don't wanna live my life out of content.

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