## Caliban "Open Letter"

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Corporate cunts and pencil pushers Prostitute your mind for cash This way of live, it made me suffer Trade your given time for trash

You all work jobs you badly hate To keep the bills at pay For sh\*t you bought, but you don't need What self-deceptive way

Right from the cradle
Straight to the grave
They want to tell us
How to behave
Right from the cradle
Straight to the end
They want to force us to pretend

An open letter to you all Your greed will take its toll We're with our backs against the wall But it's only built to fall

You tell me dreams are made to fail,
Like there is no escape
Prepared to walk
The longest trail
Away from mental rape.
Intimidate me with your lies
I'm paying any price
And when I come to say goodbye,
Can't look me in the eye

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But I chose not to live like that I'm fighting my way back!

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