

Children 18:3

"Chokehold"

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Mine field is called the place I'm living in,
Carefully watching each and every step I take.
Bright white straight jacket chokes me off
My eyes are tired...

I... feel the cold steel on my forehead.
Like... binding pleasure of being dead.

Downward future! I descend...
Counterblast!
And chokehold til' the end...

I'm flushed like the booze I hammer down,
Like a piece of trash to be kicked all around.
When would be a time for a better day?
My cocked 'n' loaded soulmate leads the way

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