

## Modern Life Is War

### "Big City Dream"

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The last words I heard before I slammed the door...  
"You gotta be humble in this life."  
But my shoulders tell me that ain't right  
As I race down the stairs and step out into the night.  
I scan the city skyline...  
Smoking like a neon mechanized Christ.  
So I walk with intent towards my salvation.  
Thoughts rise and fall... sharpen my mind into a razor.  
I try to see into the future.  
I try to sense impending danger.  
There's a bum on the corner with his shopping cart  
filled with plastic bags.  
Somedays I would wonder how he got there.  
Not tonight, I don't care.  
Steam rising up from the gutter... shining in the  
headlights of passing cars.  
The sound of distant sirens drowned out by thick  
concrete walls.  
My state of mind makes me all alone on this platform in  
this subway station.  
If you can make it here... no one will care.  
I see faces cut by lines of weariness.  
Intelligent eyes hardened by cynical resignation.  
I catch my reflection... my face is changing too.  
I find the reasons while I suffer  
Just like all the others.

Up the stairs into a hazy dream.  
I hear the neons scream.  
I hear the billboards scream.  
Fields of concrete stretching infinitely.  
The industries that made us free...  
With money to spend on all the wrong things.

I get down on my knees.  
The crowds rush past me.  
I pray to no one and I feel nothing. [2x]

