

Paint It Black **"Labor Day"**

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I know that some days it feels like a 9 to 5 deathmarch.
And that's half the waking day taken away.
I'm pretty sure that we imagined something more.
Don't let that fire in your eyes flicker and fade.
They're experts at extinguishing hope, so you better
hold it and keep it sclose.
It's a one-round match; you better grab it by the throat.
And don't let go...
I'd like to say hats off to the slash-and-burn architects,
They know exactly where despair and commerce
intersect.
They've sloved the equation for the gold rush, soul-
crush;
Three hundred million open mouths choking on the
surplus.

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