

## Periphery

### "Have A Blast"

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Caught in the mundane  
The day to day, it traps us so tightly  
Escape the cubicle cell enslaving time of the resident  
slave  
Just another clone stamped in the system who cannot  
think For yourself  
Shit  
It's raining pens and staples on the prisoner  
questioning Our real purpose  
Bury your sense of worth beneath the desk you call  
your home

Consistent overflowing with no way out  
Now you're always entertaining thoughts meandering  
Ambition slowly rolling steady downhill  
A puppet never disobeying the strings attached from  
hands to toes  
From head to fucking toes

And it's the thrill of life that enables us to flow  
Locked in the spirit's line  
Souls entwine to journey on as one  
I guess it's the fear of all that keeps us on the road  
Locked in the spirit's line  
Souls entwine to journey on as one

Behold our creation  
A walking dead  
Step back and realize what you are fed  
Escape the mortal mentality  
It's a lesson that can't be ignored for long  
My destination lies within the song

Blistering reality  
Imagining a world in limelight  
Never will it be out of my reach  
I've heard the lies a million times  
But did it ever steal from my soul?  
Bleeding from the lungs I see  
A life complete above the darkest hole

And it's the thrill of life that enables us to flow  
Locked in the spirit's line  
Souls entwine to journey on as one

A world so masochistic  
Envious, broken system  
The infant braving infested waters  
Collecting prominent rage  
Torment in reality, for I leave it

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