

Skeletal Earth

"Third Worlds Vacation"

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I can get drunk
Working is hell
I got a home, I got food
My parents won't give me more
Meanwhile, somewhere else
Homeless and starving
Like a knife in a swollen belly, hunger is carving
You soak in pity, they bathe in dirt
Uneducated and decrepit
Bodies diseased and ridden with worms
Now we take a little trip down Leper Lane

A new life to live in the land of pain
Beneath the arid sun, between hell and death
On the boiling floor, you take your last breath
Salvaging your insanity for the painful realization that
it's not perfect, but it's the best you got so far
Next time you're complaining - take a Third World
Vacation!

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