

## Witch Hunt "Life In A Box"

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Every morning's like a funeral procession- And we're  
the dead-  
Abysmal retrogression- How do you earn a living in a  
life you  
didn't ask for?- How do you earn your living when your  
life's  
already over?- Suffer.- I didn't ask for this but now that  
it's  
mine now one's taking it away.- Every morning- Wake  
up red-eyed-  
Future constricts my throat- Always thinking about  
tomorrow-  
Never enjoy the day- The carrot always dangles- Swept  
up in a  
mindless tedium- Cradle. Cubicle. Coffin.- Thank you  
for your  
service- You'll become storage when your deemed  
useless- Suffer.-I  
didn't ask for this but now that it's mine no one's taking  
it  
away- Work and worth are two very different things-  
Whether the  
collar's blue or white the master still grips the leash-  
Pressured  
into the "real world" pf stillborn goals and dreams- Red  
tape stifles  
the alternative so we fade into mediocrity- But it's up to  
you and me-  
It's life or death.

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