

Xe-None

"Day Of The Dead"

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I close the door in the morning
Close as it was the cover of a coffin
Look at me for the last time
Last kiss good-bye
I meet the dead
When evening comes

Up from your high school
Down to the grave
Triple work
Like sheep in the cattle
Life for the money
Or money for life
It's your freedom of choice
Until 65
Corporate life
Corporate style
Every week-day you must die to survive
Pray for your pay
What is the price for your time?
You become dead and your life passes by

Day by day
You become the dead
Nothing changes
Nothing is to wait
Day by day
From eight to five
You stay dead
To stay alive

The evening fell down
And you came home
With empty cold eyes
And empty cold soul
You swallowed your supper,
You crashed into bed
My life with you
Is like a day of the dead

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