

No Trigger "Call It A Day"

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headfirst with a wrecking ball, our lifeless bodies lonely
remains left lying on the floor. sweet. stolen time,
asking for more benefits. they know the weakness the
only means on which the working class can ride, our
pride wasted time and dead stares bleeding ears
pressed to the railroad tracks these speakers scream
attack attack attack rendered useless while the bosses
drive the nine to five express through our lives. straight
through our lives. still trading our minutes for money
we could only take pictures through windows. for mere
pennies on the dollar trading lives for pocket change
sit back fill out the punch-card tell your kids to do the
same.

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