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Outbreak "(Work)ing Dead"

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Working class or working dead? slave away to get ahead. forty hours, five days a week. month in, year out, the cycle repeats. (it's a) feeding frenzy to reach the top. the rat race, no, it won't stop till them bones push through the skin. but can

Society's creations really feel anything? bottom of the barrel ain't so low (success is measured so fucking shallow). strive for ourselves, don't make amends, no room for friends when the rats can scavenge. (it's a) feeding frenzy to reach the top. the rat race, no, it won't stop till them bones push through the skin. but can

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