

Deadline

Banks Arcade

Serve to survive
We are not our own
We are not alive
Serve 'til you die
This is not our home
This is not your life

Keep your mouth closed
Keep your eyes open
The things you want in life
Shouldn't be spoken
We're all dependant and broken

Medicate me
They're about to take me
Sedated and aiding
My dreams are fading

Bind my hands
Drape the cloth over my eyes
And we're only just getting by
Just getting by

Make us mindless, just here to provide
We take what we can to survive
Set me back into a life that you planned
Now I know all along I was dealt a bad hand

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We've had enough of this
Fucking ignorance
I'll keep my thoughts to myself
Say it under my breath
Life behind your fucking desk