

High School Was Like Boot Camp For A Desk Job

Death By Stereo

My life
This time
I'm gonna choose to fight.
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Yeah!
Routine
Killing me!
I'm chained to a desk
Down on my knees.
9 to 5
ritual of death.
Sucking life right out of me.
Rolled up in a flag.
Will somebody please burn meeeeeee?

This time
I'm gonna choose to fight.
My life
This time
I'm gonna choose to fight.
There's got to be much more than this
And if you see this raise your fist and fight!

Killing myself slowly
For this my life I give.
I'll die for my country
Fill my mouth up
With your piss!
All hopes and aspirations
Keep on falling out of life.
Happiness in America
Equals dollar signs
Tell me why?

No!
I never wanted any of this.
I reject your lifelessness.
I want to live
I want to fly.
I won't let my dreams just die.

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There's got to be much more than this
And if you see this raise your fist and
FIGHT!