

Labour issues in the toy department

Dillinger Four

"Know your place"
It's like a voice
That won't go away
Live vices we hold to tradition
Like children not allowed to across the street
Starving for some recognition
Where want and honesty meet
Nothing known can match the bitter pain
Of knowing happiness is just beyond the reach of your chain
And the overwhelming feeling it will be the same forever

Now here I'm looking down a hole again
Treating damage and despair like they're long lost friends
With no remedy at all
I'm just waiting for the fall
Staring out the window
Like what's outside's unattainable

Cover me with roses for the funeral pyre
Shoot this dashing carcass out to f**king sea
I can't wait, in this state
This voice, these hands
Don't feel like they're really
Me

I'm the blinded who can feel that he's surrounded by walls
And relief is very seldom cheap
Now I think I'm gonna snap
Like prey in a trap
Watch as desperation takes a seat
Forgive me my trespasses
Like I know I'll trespass tonight
Don't want to hear any voices at all
Even if they're saying I'm alright

Memories beating soundly on the body
Cursing what's left of the sorry shell
I'd give anything to make this heart stop pounding
Staring out the window
Like what's outside's unattainable

Now life's like a b-movie
That no one wants to see
Here comes the zombie
Portraying me
What was once so crystal clear
Is now cranked past the norm
And I can't take it anymore