

## Grunt

## Ingrown

No matter the joint  
I see em all as enemies  
Shocked at their behavior  
Disgusted by their existence

This can't be the rest of my life  
Clock in clock out, grit my teeth  
Bottom of the god damn barrel  
Taking orders from less than me

I'm fucked  
And sick of it

In constant pain, and worsen it just to get by  
Consequence of my impulse is 25 to fucking life

Live a lie to survive