

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