

Blindfold

Old Man Markley

(One, two. One, two. One, two, three, four!)

Form a line and wait your turn, you only get what you have earned

The less you know the more it burns, keep filling up the oil in that old lantern

Trading years for an hourly wage, ripping out the following page

These walls feel more and more like a cage, you're looking older than your age

Is this what you wanted to be?

Don't you think it's time to rip off the blindfold

Or just keep doing what you're told?

Wake up, close your eyes, step into the crowd

In your head you're screaming, but you're not making a sound

Time is ticking; it's the only thing you hear

The smile on your face is insincere

Another hour gone, it's adding up to years

Every passing minute, you're holding back your tears

Your heart beats faster every second through your chest

Until you're gone, don't count on any rest

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