

Box Life

Pissing Razors

No shame for living low
Box life is all he knows
face scarred and jagged eyes
he sleeps among the flies

One more drink it soothes the pain
walking the streets nothing to gain
Hoping to live for one more day
The truth remains to guide the way

it's what he lives thru
the costly struggle
compelling torture
The thing he calls

Box life (X 4)

He's dragging day by day
nothing left for him to say
helping hand comes once or twice
living alone he rolls the dice

The path not chosen
Don't know the reason
Never-ending Horror
The constant fall