

Once again, I have fallen short,  
to the expectations of my peers.  
Once again, I was one number off the lottery.  
No matter what I do, it will never make the grade.  
From me or anyone else.  
Society judges and sentences,  
each of us to our own hells.  
We don't want to see or be told reality.  
We want to live in dreams, while we slave away  
our lives to make someone else richer.  
If everyone is equal,  
then why doesn't the man in the mansion  
open his door for the man in a box?  
Why go to church to be persecuted for our sins,  
when life does it for us?  
It seems everything I create,  
is for my self enjoyment.  
Life's too short, play hard!!  
Yea right! You have to be in the game first.  
To be the man, you have to BEAT the man.  
I guess this is why there are so many killings.  
We have the right motives.  
Just the wrong ideas.



A SHADOW CASTS ACROSS THE LAKE  
A WINGSPAN SPREADS OPEN  
PROTRUSION BEGINS TO PLAN THE WAKE  
ANOTHER LIFE COMES TO AN END

DISAPPEARING INTO THE SKY  
A PULSE BECOMES SILENT  
WITH A DEVIUS LOOK IN HIS EYE  
CAN WE CALL IT AN ACT OF VIOLENCE

WHATEVER ARENA THE GAME IS IN  
IT WILL ALWAYS BE PLAYED  
WHETHER IT BE AN ENEMY OR FRIEND  
THE DEMISE IS ONLY DELAYED

SITTING HIGH ATOP HIS THRONE  
HIS TROPHY BECOMES THE FEAST  
TO THE GROUND PLUNGE THE BONES  
CAN WE CALL HIM A BEAST

THIS IS COMMON IN ANY LIFE  
WE ALL SIT AS PREY  
WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO DO IT RIGHT  
WAITING FOR OUR FINAL DAY

LIKE A ZEBRA  
WATCHING OVER HIS FLY INFESTED BACK  
WAITING FOR THE LIONS  
TO BEGIN THEIR ATTACK