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.

T From me or anyone else.

Н

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.

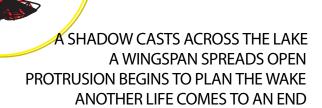
To be the man, you have to BEAT the man.

I guess this is why there are so many killings.

We have the right motives.

Just the wrong ideas.





DISAPPEARING INTO THE SKY
A PULSE BECOMES SILENT
WITH A DEVIOUS 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