

# Pissing Razors, Box Life

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