

1. The factory buys their soul,
they sell one day of life at a time.
Too late they finally see the toll;
their heart once joyful, ground to grime.
Nothing in this life is free,
though virtues can't be bought like stock;
by hopeless jackals of the factory,
who mortgage out their life in hock.

REFRAIN

AS TIME, CRACKLES OUT ETERNITY,
IN THE FLAME OF WHAT OUR LIFE COULD BE.

2. If life leaves with no trace,
but that I squandered it to make a dime.
I would rather wet my face
and walk into the winter wind for a lifetime.
Than to sell five more years of me,
to the handcuffs of the hiring man,
or the mind-shackles of society,
in a town where human dreams are banned.

AS TIME, CRACKLES THROUGH-OUT ETERNITY,
IN THE FLAME OF WHAT MY LIFE COULD BE.

INSTRUMENTAL

3. No, life was given me,
but to enhance the lives of fellow souls.
Where we could all live free
to reach for dreams that bridge purpose to goals.
To not waste life is splendor's key;
no hour unaccounted for
—it's vanity tackles my plea
to give to the good of mankind, more.

AS MY LIFE, CRACKLES INTO ETERNITY,
LIT, BY THE SPARK OF WHAT WAS MEANT TO BE...

AS LIFE, CRACKLES AWAY INTO ETERNITY,
AS THE FLAME, OF WHAT LIFE WAS TO BE...

INSTRUMENTAL FADEOUT

END

Dedicated to South Lyon, Michigan and its
people struggling against the factory-
mentality strapping their hearts to its
limited way of life, forever...

~~[The song that cost me my life in prison for writing the
poetry of verse 2, in the U.S.A., 20th Century].~~

MARKET: Soundtrack/Limited audience.

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