

Slave

32 Leaves

Sick of all the bullshit
I wonder if we
Got enough to start our own army
Sick of all the spindle
I wonder indeed
If Satan's sitters send us we

One day should we learn to pardon
Safe inside we'll be
With no more lost from all this talking
Of god damned misery

I will never be your slave
I can point my finger too
I won't ever say your name
From any other point of view

Sick of being the puppet
I'm held up by strings
With one move to put me where they please
Sick of all the shamble
I wonder what would be
If one day we all should come unleashed

I will never be your slave
I can point my finger too
I won't ever say your name
From any other point of view

I will never be your slave
I can pull the trigger too
I won't ever say your name
From any other point of view

One day should we learn to pardon
Safe inside we'd be
With no more lost from all this talking
Of god damned misery

I will never be your slave
I can point my finger too
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I will never be your slave
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