

Independent Slaves

Days of the New

The stop is now, the slaves are all behind me
I took a step ahead, I did it all myself
By the power invested I me
I got out of bed this week

Now I am good at what I do
And still a slave, so what if I die?
Would you even care?
Now they think they are fooling me

They just want me to sit here
So what if I die? So what if it was you?
And there's no one to take my place
I am taking the place for you

I could tell you they wouldn't listen
If I couldn't breathe they wouldn't care
That just means that I want you to share
Share with me, Independent Slaves

Your walk is on, you can go in your own way
I know I've been a pusher
See the shadows dancing behind me
The day is getting old

I ask myself, "You want me?"
I am still a slave, so what if I die?
I know you are faking most of the time
And says they want me but I want you behind me
And the slaves still behind me