

We're slaves to saving time, as if we didn't have enough  
We're slaves to the hormone, we're men and must be tough  
We're slaves to the dollar, and the happiness that it brings  
tradition rules from the start generations running round in rings

I want out I want to escape the human role  
They teach us we're fulfilled, when we've done what we're told

Now I feel an emptiness whenever I act out on my own  
Now i'm going to break these binds, and get my life back on track  
fulfill the expectations with others behind, and fulfill my life  
with what you call crap  
(2x)