

My sentence is end like this  
By hacking and digging with the spoon and a shiv  
Tunneling inch by inch  
My strategy hinges on the fact you've missed

Too long coming locked down I'm breaking out  
Oh oh so long  
Served my days, but now its coming round  
Oh oh so long

Confinement gives birth to reflections  
I wish I could trade ill-fated decisions  
My penance has earned these offences  
I'm crawling my way to independence

Too long coming locked down I'm breaking out  
Oh oh so long  
Served my days, but now its coming round  
Oh oh so long

Wait for moonlight  
Time for searchlights  
Lay in the shadows  
Preparing for flight

Wait for moonlight  
Time for searchlights  
Lay and prepare for flight

My captors convinced that I'm pinned  
Down in dependence on the system that fostered  
An institution of thieves  
But I live to see  
The shock in the faces when my cell is empty

Too long coming locked down I'm breaking out  
Oh oh so long  
Served my days, but now its coming round  
Oh oh so long

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