

Who owns the face inside the window?  
Who holds the key to your soul  
I don't care for the state I'm in  
From deep down inside I feel it begin  
Who holds the key to your soul?

I met a lamp and a man with a silvercup  
Lamb has a grievance, wants to take it up with him  
Lamb lies face down, Trampled in the pavement  
There's still no reason to criticize  
It's all here in black and white  
Lay down the law so he can victimize the pack  
You won't drag me down

All aboard the future, as he held in his hands  
Pennies for the chosen but what about the lamb?  
If you got something human that's still stirring inside  
I hope it squeezes your heart so fuckin' tight  
That it gives you time to uncloud your eyes  
If it don't you still wont drag me down