

40 Below

Spineshank

You don't have to sell
Well it can be only a mistake
Excluding all that seems to be before
Recollecting minds that intake
 When I contemplate it gets sore
Prosecution by the minds that make me feel
 Have only made me commit that crime
It's been said that it's better to hate than steal
Still we all do time, still we all do time
 Sold, no I don't belong to myself
Sold
Well you fucking can't believe
 Everyday I run to this place I feel
 It's still taking over me
You don't have to sell
 If I sold you my life the way it was
 Cause that's all he does, he tries to make a sale
 Would you speak to me, an excuse to fail
An excuse to fail, it's still sore
 Everything couldn't be happening to make me right
Cause my soul has already gone sour
 Explain the vision that you still call mine
 Now we all do time, now we all do time
 Sold, no I don't belong to myself
Sold
Well you fucking can't believe
 Everyday I run to this place I feel
 It's still taking over me
Crawling, crawling...
You come crawling
 Sold, no I don't belong to myself
Sold
Well you fucking can't believe
 Everyday I run to this place I feel
 It's still taking over me
Crawling, crawling...
You come crawling