

## Common And Unknown

The Briggs

Here is the face of common and unknown  
Spends life shaving his fingers to the bone  
High are the dream, so loud is the drone  
of those forgotten voices  
that carry him back home

Don't want your freedom  
Don't want your peace  
Just want the pleasure of being on my knees  
A pound of flesh, bought and sold  
It grows back, it's only bone

So who are you? Just a fool?  
The shortest straw is for you  
now don't you waste it

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Trade his collar for your dime  
Can't make the money, can't do the time  
No longer good, innocent or evil  
Don't cross the line and you'll remain equal

What is the price? Has he paid?  
If that's the way it must be done  
Then I don't want it!

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You don't bleed just like me  
Does it suit your needs when I stop breathing?

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