

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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