

Expelled

Therapy?

Some live their lives in concrete
Some live their lives in comfort
Some land, others fall
Some poor souls, they are just...

Spat out
Expelled
Let go
Spat out

I wasn't born pretty
I wasn't born rich
Everything I've got
I've had to fight for it

Spat out
Expelled
Let go
Spat out into this wretched world
This wretched world
This wretched world

Demonized as an underclass
Seen as an inconvenience
Pitiful, twisted lumps of flesh
Swept aside by progress
And patronized when restless
And hope?
Hope is a fairy tale
We tell ourselves

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