

You're average you're nothing much
they like you cold and untouched
killers of dreams and self esteem
human being or work machine?

There is an empty space
right where your soul should be
there's only dark disgrace
right where the sun should be

Close confined
slaves to the grind
all defined
by narrow minds
afraid to fall
afraid of pain
only born
to die again

There is an empty space
right where your soul should be
there's only dark disgrace
right where the sun should be

Left over lives still in their cages
left over lives
unwritten pages

There's only dark disgrace
warn out and wasted...