Artillery, In The Trash

Born in the trash - it's the pain that I feel You men with power - can't you see that I'm real You call yourself civilized - treat me like a slave It feels like I carry - my own cross to the grave

You leave me no chance - to live my own life You force me to live - my life by the knife And up there you sit - you've locked up your doors Chossin' my fate - in the name of the law

I'm alive - but I'm not free I might as well be dead Life in the trash - beyond all compare Life in the trash - hope's not enough for me

You fight wars with words - and act so polite But sill you decide - what is good and right But don't you forget - that time conquers all Usurers die - and empires fall

I'm alive - but I'm not free I might as well be dead Life in the trash - it's filthy ant mean Life in the trash - only the strong survive.