

# 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.