

# Burning Heads, Glass Ceiling

I'm stucked in the social elevator,  
I cannot reach the upper floor,  
I try to touch all the buttons,  
But the machine doesn't seem to work,

I know what it's all about,  
Now the only way is a way out,  
I'll take the stairs, nevermind,  
I wanna live so i'm gonna climb,

Seems like we're stucked to the ground,  
We're still waiting for the next round,  
It's been a mess since we were born,  
Maybe it's just because we're brown,

I'm out of the so-called elevator,  
I've found the stairs i was looking for,  
I see the way but there's a door,  
Don't have the key don't have the code,

I've talked to the walls for so long,  
But never matched to get a sound,  
Just want to make this place a home,  
That's why i keep on singing songs,

Seems like we're stucked to the ground,  
We've been waiting for too long,  
Too many things had been so wrong,  
And now there's a riot going on.