

# Pain Of Salvation, Cribcaged

The only cribs that we should care for  
Are the ones that we are here for  
The ones belonging to our children  
That do what we do, scar from our wounds

The only cribs that make a difference  
Where the magic really happens  
Don't come with a Mercedes Benz  
Or a wide screen showing nothing  
Showing nothing...

I'm sick of home control devices  
Sick of sickening home designers  
Sick of drugs and gold and strip poles  
Sick of homies, sick of poses

Despite the nodding staff that serves you  
Despite your name on clothes and perfume  
Despite the way the press observes you  
You're just people...

Successful people  
Dressed up people  
Smiling people  
Famous people  
Red carpet people  
Wealthy people  
Important people  
But still just people

So fuck the million dollar kitchen  
Fuck the Al Pacino posters  
Fuck the drugs, the gold, the strip poles  
Fuck the homies, fuck the poses  
Fuck the walls they build around them  
Fuck the bedroom magic nonsense  
I don't want to hear their voices  
As long as they vote with their wallets

Fuck the silly "throw you out" joke  
Fuck the framed cigar DeNiro smoked  
Fuck their lack of originality and personality  
Fuck this travesty  
Fuck this new norm  
Fuck conformity  
Fuck their Kristal  
Fuck their sordity  
Fuck the way they fuck equality  
Fuck their freebie gear  
Fuck the ones they wear  
You're just people...

Successful people  
Dressed up people  
Smiling people  
Famous people  
Red carpet people  
Wealthy people  
Important people  
But still just people

Messed up people  
Shallow people  
Stupid people

Plastic people  
Meta people  
Theta people  
Therapyople  
Entropiople

Oh, fuck the ones they wear  
I'm cribcaged  
Cribcaged

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