

Papa Roach, Born With Nothing, Die With Everything

Fed-up
Tired
Sick and twisted
One-man army
I'm enlisted
Trust yourself trust no one else
Fuck a hero be yourself
I don't need your lousy hand-out
Clinched fists i'll fight my way out
Fighting my way out
Find my way out

People wake up and sing along
I trust no one
My trust is gone

Born with nothing
Die with everything

In a daze
These days go by
Faster and faster I speed through life
Now I've got to take control
Of my mental and my physical
Never sheltered from life's hard storms
I was cold but now I am warm
Inside I'm warm

Searching and finding the truth inside myself
Inside myself

My soul was starving
I was born with nothing
I'll die with everything