

# 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