

Pissing Razors, Born to Serve

Born with his innocence
Nurtured only to serve
To serve as a mother's son
Childhood denied
Had to become a man while still only a child
Education taken away made to work instead

Sun up to sun down
Money earned money spent
Not in his name or by his choice
Change left in his pocket
Saved to no end one day to buy his dream
A simple dream earned

Dreams not allowed here
Born to be his mother's son
His mother's slave
The abuse mistaken, mistaken for love
Deeply scarred, but not for life

(chorus)
A true-life champion he made it through
Brought into this life and was taught to fail
Where others failed he never quit
Mistakes were made along the way
My father's son I'll always be