

RAMP, Like You

I'm straight in line
Like a machine
Down numb's parade
Now I have to be... like you

Strictly deprived
Of will, liberty
I think about all the freedom of choice
In all this crap that we call democracy

Captive thought your bind
Engaged forced to "fight";

Chained by your sense
Why? Can't you see?
I have my life
My own war my moral dignity

And this ain't the right place for me, to be

Here I'm now so brave
A servant a maid
Blinded, castrate
Manhood outraged... like you

Deep I feel so abased
And I think all about the prank
That is gonna face the same

Free will, choice could find
Right soldiers for this "fight";

Chained by your sense
Why? Can't you see?
I have my life
My own war my moral dignity

Like you

Call me slacker call me scum
But don't love a gun... like you

Chained by your sense
Why? Can't you see?
I have my life
My own war my moral dignity

I don't wanna be... like you