

Riot, On Your Knees

A slave to indulgence, a slave who abstains
A slave to your pleasure, a slave to your pain
A slave to a business, a mistress, a wife
Slave to the bottle the needle or knife

An accident of birth or a spin of the wheel
Select your next master and feel how it feels
On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors

Enslaved by the dealers or the junkies themselves
Ensnared by self pity or the sweet lie of wealth
Afraid to stop running or frozen in place
Afraid to begin or finish the race
Awake from the drugs or asleep from the wine
The doors are all open, they close from behind

On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors
On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors

Oh, awake from the drugs or asleep from the wine
The doors are all open, they close from behind
Whatever you choose there's a suicide clause
You die of neglect or you die to applause

On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors
On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors

Slave to your lovers and slave to your lessers