

Beneath The Massacre, Society's Disposable Son

The air is humid and the floor's cold. Prisoner. Crime unknown. Prisoner.
Awaiting my sentence. Society's disposable son. Outcast. Grown apart.
Institutionalized since day one. Society's unwanted son.
Raised by emotionless TV screen, this is everyone's crime.
Go ahead pull the trigger if this is how you want it.
Anywhere but here is where I want to be right now.
I am the reflection of your mad world and system.
Anywhere but here is where I want to be right now.
Go ahead pull the trigger on your own creation.
When I'll leave, I'll watch you right in the eyes.
Society's disposable son. Outcast. Grown apart. The air is humid and the floor is cold.
Prisoner. Crime unknown. Sentenced, leaving with my eyes wide open