

Biohazard, Cornered

Sometimes I feel it's a waste of time
To listen to your shouting a wordless pantomime
Can't you see it falls on deaf ears
Filling me up with your point of view
Your opinions are your own, I got mine too
What I think don't mean nothing to you
When the shit hits the fan
And you're forced by the man
Who holds the key to our promised land
Don't misunderstand what's in the man's hand
'Cause it's all been laid out in the New World Plan
Makin' me feel like a laboratory rat
Without a mind of its own - diseased and fat
I can't let my life go out like that
'Cause I'm an extra skeptic, a true eclectic
I find it hard to trust all the people we've elected
Take a look around, do you feel protected
Like garbage in a dump our lives have been rejected
A blind man leading the not so blind
Creating false truth to fill our minds
To listen to yourself would be a crime
It all comes back to you some time
Like it or not, they got a number on me
I will not break for your demands
Rabid, defensive, in the corner I stand
Caught in a trap, the bait was free
Like it or not, they got a number on me
I can't trust anyone, they're all out to get me
Gonna run until I can't run from the laws that ruin me
Faster and harder so God help me flee
From the lies that we're free and the powers that be
That push the rich forward between you and me
But agree to agree with no guarantee
Of something to live for I'll die if need be
I stand up for all as I fight to be free