

# 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