Days Of The New, Independent Slaves

The stop is now , the slaves they're all behind me
I took a step ahead ,I did it all myself
By the power invested I me
I got out of bed this week
Now I am good at what I do
and still a slave, so what if I die?

Would you even care?
Now they think they are fooling me
They just want me to sit here

So what if I die? So what if it was you?
and there's no one to take my place
I am taking the place for you

I could tell you they wouldn't listen
If I couldn't breath they whouldn't care
That just means that I want you to share

Share with me Independent Slaves

Your walk is on , you can go in your own way
I know I've been a pusher
See the shadows dancing behind me
The day is getting old

I ask myself "you want me?"
I am still a slave , so what if I die?

I know you are faking most of the time
and says they want me
but I want you behind me
And the slaves still behind me