Dogma, Nothing To Sell

Don't know who I am or what I want
I thought I knew what to say, what to do
Well I'm not rich, I don't come from money
I'm not poor, I never lived in the street, yeah

But I've got no time for this desperation
I'm not on my knees, I've got nothing to sell

I've got a heart that pumps blood through my veins
And I've got my father's name
I've got today, I've had a lot of yesterdays
Made mistakes that shape the things I've said, the things I say

But I've got no time for this desperation
I'm not on my knees, I've got nothing to sell

I've got nothing to sell
I've got nothing to sell
I've got nothing to sell
Act and run like machines till there's nothing left to live for

Like a snake that eats its tail
To ignore your heart is to fail

But I've got no time for this desperation
I'm not on my knees, I've got nothing to sell, yeah, yeah
Well I've got no time for this desperation
I'm not on my knees, I've got nothing to sell