

Hail The Villain, 16 Cradles

Did not have a chance, fell into line
Ill rot down here for the meantime
Without a voice Ill never change
I slide back down this slope again
The second I began to see
I had my eyes ripped out and fed to me
Without a choice Ill never change
I slide back down this slope again
Until I leave Id love to leave here(3x)
Until I leave alone
Following the wrong lines
Marching forward in the wrong time
Punch the clock, then the wall, punch the clock
Its a longer form of suicide
(And one hell of a ride)
Slave to the grind and no surprise
I might drop dead in the meantime
Without a say Ill never change
I slide back down this slope again
Take the time to breathe it in
For everyday Im born again
And maybe live a life of my own
Tear the face that pulls me down
The human race can march around
Voicing each and everyones tone