

# 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