

# Headhunter, Born In The Woods

Born in the woods, where breeding is a foe  
Where one on one is a hard row to hoe  
The only way out is a job payed really well  
Where you don't have to think  
But give people hell  
Get everything told, no decision's up to you  
Without instructions you'd never know what to do  
Hidin' yourself in the uniform that you wear  
It's so paradox, you're the one we should dare  
How can you tell me  
What is wrong or right?  
With the tools that you wield,  
You will die in the field  
It is your lifestyle,  
That you all shall yield  
Don't play the strong  
If it's freedom you long,  
Now is the time  
That you must move on  
The clothes you wear  
Hide the weakness of your soul  
No comprehension no liberty at all  
The same mistake, we should learn from history,  
The uniform can't replace your personality  
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