

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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