

KillRadio, Freedom?

We're doing all we can with hands behind our backs, still freedom is all that I demand
Well, paint me in the corner and watch me grow claws
Where survival's at stake, watch morals come undone
Well jump, jump through your hoops, jump in the fire again,
well I've been through so much, still feel I'm nowhere
Escalation, hostility is foaming over as we reach the boiling point,
peak breached, when a coup d'tat is unleashed
Your minimums, your maximums
No fickle, dickle, dickle, daddily dums
No trash talk, shake hands and walk away
We're doing all we can with hands behind our backs, still freedom is all that I demand
A crook I am not, excuse me relax
Just give me breathing room, so I can leave my stamp
Well, who's driving this bus, well I want off now, cause you are the crook running this scam
We're doing all we can with hands behind our backs
Still freedom is all that I demand
It's one common thought
It's one common need
It's one in a million but it's one common greed
You've opened your eyes, don't know what you've seen
It's one in a million, but they're fighting over greed.