

Mudvayne, Silenced

Sticker this, censor this, ban this

We've got something to say

Police this, condemn this, damn this

We'll be heard anyway

Middle finger is the flag that I wave when I'm silenced...

Listen here...

Is it a possibility?

That we're all just equal,

Slam the power down

Abusing...

Does it piss you off to be beat at your own game

You lead us with false morals and shelter reality

No more...we're not buying your product when

You're selling

The words preaching silence

Insult me in my home,

When you were never invited,

To live life on your curve

Frustrating,

Throw sticks into the spokes,

To relieve insecurities,

Stifle all ascension and sticker our freedom

Of speech

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Don't tell me what I want

Don't tell me what I need

Don't tell me how I need to feel
I feel, goddamn nothing
Dig the eyes out of my face and I can still see right
Fuckin' through you,
Fuck you and everything you are,
I'm me, we're us and that's all
Closed mind with a forum to criticize,
Keep your policy and I've got mine
Exploit me, fabricate your lies
We empower these cowards just to be left in
Silence

Listen here...

Stand on my soapbox,
And speak my own peace,
Whatever you may think,
It's real,
Prevail through what is me,
And step on your beliefs
Thieving spineless sellouts, robbing our integrity

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