

Papa Roach, Between Angels And Insects

There's no money, there's no possessions
Only obsessions, I don't need that shit
Take my money, take my obsession
I just want to be heard, loud and clear are my words
Comin' from within man, tell 'em what you heard
It's about a revolution in your heart and in your mind
You can't find the conclusion, life-style and obsession
Diamond rings get you nothing but a life long lesson
And your pocket-book stressin'
You're a slave to the system, working jobs that you hate
For that shit you don't need
It's too bad the world is based on greed
Step back and stop thinkin' about yourself
Start thinkin' about
There's no money, there's no possessions
Only obsession, I don't need that shit
Take my money, take my possessions
Take my obsession, I don't need that shit
Cause everything is nothing and emptiness is in everything
This reality is really just a fucked up dream
With the flesh and the blood that you call your soul
Flip ti inside out, it's a big black hole
Take your money, burn it up like an asteroid
Possessions they are never gonna fill the void
Take it away and learn the best lesson
The heart, the soul, the life, the passion
Present yourself press your clothes
Comb your hair and clock-in
You just can't win
Just can't win
The things you own, own you know