

Papa Roach, Dead Cell

Born with no soul, lack of control
Cut from the mold of the anti-social
Plug them in and turn them on
Process data, make yourself the bomb
What is your target
What is your reason
Do you have emotions, is your heart freezing
Seizing this opportunity to speak
Ya didn't say nothin but turn your fucking cheek
Dead cell
Sick in the head, living but dead, hear what I said
Learn a lesson from the almighty dread
Jah nutty warrior, nothing's scarier
Kids are getting sick like malaria
Situation get harrier, throwing up all types of barriers
I'm tellin ya the kids are getting singled out
Let me hear the dead cells shout dead cell
Born with no soul
Lack of control
Cut from the mold of the anti-social
Plug them in and turn them on
Process the data
Make yourself the bome
Stop pointing fingers cause we are the guilty
Of clean cut lines and truth that's filthy
Believe what is the root of the word
Out comes lie when it's cut into thirds
I don't belive what my eyes behold, No
I don't believe what my ears are told, No
Sezin' this opportunity to speak
I'm saying something don't turn your fucking cheek
Dead cell