Spineshank, 40 Below

You don't have to sell
You don't have to sell
You don't have to sell
You don't have to sell

Well it can be only a mistake
Excluding all that seems to be before
Recollecting minds that intake
When I contemplate it gets sore
Prosecution by the minds that make me feel
Have only made me commit that crime
It's been said that it's better to hate than steal
Still we all do time, still we all do time

Sold, no I don't belong to myself
Sold
Well you fucking can't believe
Everyday I run to this place I feel
It's still taking over me

Sold

You don't have to sell
You don't have to sell
You don't have to sell
You don't have to sell

If I sold you my life the way it was
Cause that's all he does, he tries to make a sale
Would you speak to me, an excuse to fail
An excuse to fail, it's still sore
Everything couldn't be happening to make me right
Cause my soul has already gone sour
Explain the vision that you still call mine
Now we all do time, now we all do time

Sold, no I don't belong to myself
Sold
Well you fucking can't believe
Everyday I run to this place I feel
It's still taking over me

Crawling, crawling
Crawling, crawling
Crawling, crawling
Crawling, crawling
Crawl
Crawl
Crawl
Crawl

You come crawling
You come crawling
You come crawling
You come crawling

Sold, no I don't belong to myself
Sold
Well you fucking can't believe
Everyday I run to this place I feel
It's still taking over me

Crawling, crawling (Crawl)
Crawling, crawling (Crawl)

Crawling, crawling (Crawl)
Crawling, crawling (Crawl)

You come crawling (Crawl)
You come crawling (Crawl)
You come crawling (Crawl)
You come crawling (Crawl)