

Unbroken, Razor

brought down before you and I'm feeling the feeling
of not wanting to be like you I refused to be trapped
it molds us like a clone never thinking for ourselves
it's time to break this sterile tradition time to crack
take a crack to let us breath
before I consume your filth consume your product
consume this genocide consume your media
give me a razor and with this
I give my wrists a kiss of steel.