

Without A Cross, Seedfinesse

To this day I scream out my blood
No more misery
To my world it's all about this
No more empty thoughts

You live sheltered by life's hard storms
No one stands by me
You won't listen to what I'm saying
I was born with nothing

You we're given all they would give you
I would take all I could get
You we're handed a silver platter
I was handed shit

You poor little man
Cry about your money and your wealth
You need time to stop and think
About what you haven't done for the good of man