

Slave... you get what you bring
Tried... or you get what we give
I feel like I'm stuck in between
Again, again, again and again
Loath, I've been subjected to what you've said ,
You're pissing harder than what you know is right,
A joke where you stand, no thought overflow ,
Look down on the upside ,
Take, you've taken more than enough away ,
You say tomorrow is just another world ,
That'll choke in you throat, so you dope up the flow ,
And look down on the upside ,
Slave ... you get what you bring ,
Tired ... or you get what we give ,
I feel like I'm stuck in between
Again, again, again and again
Break, a broken spirit is what you gave
You hold the pieces of what you know are mine
Crawl back in your hole, and choke on the bone
Of what's left on the outside
Never again, never again
Just leave what is mine, throw you away
Test me over time
To bad things aren't what they seem my friend
To be my friend
Too bad this is all I try
To bad things aren't what they seem again, seem again
I've washed right out, of my dear old past
that was the filth on me