

Marks of a Slave

Me vs Hero

we're all born defined by our cultures
set loose to be caught
and stripped of our thoughts
another possession of monsters
worked to the core
to feel safe and secure in our walls

I've been
bound and silenced by deceivers and liars
my cut of your profit is minimum wage
i'll push aside my urge for defiance
the burns on my arms are the marks of a slave

I still dig myself up every morning
clock my body in

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I'm serving my sentence but get no release
I've been chasing paper since my early teens
my minds set i'll take my chances and leave
my appetite for life won't be run by greed

convinced that you own me
locked my mind in my body
i'm nobodies trophy
I Know i'm not perfect but i hold my own

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