

# Slave To The Grind

Profane Omen

You got me forced to crack my lids in two  
I'm still stuck inside this rubber room  
I gotta punch the clock that leads the blind  
I'm just another gear in the assembly line - oh no

The noose gets tighter around my throat  
But I ain't at the end of my rope 'cause  
I won't be the one left behind  
Can't be king of the world  
If you're slave to the grind  
Tear down the rat racial slime  
Can't be king of the world  
If you're slave to the grind

Get it?

A routine injection, a lethal dose  
But my day in the sun ain't even close  
There's no need to waste your prayers on me  
You better mark my words 'cause I'm history  
Yes indeed

You might beg for mercy to get by  
But I'd rather tear this thorn from my side

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They swallowed their daggers by turning their trick  
They tore my intentions apart brick by brick  
I'm sick of the jive  
You talk verbal insecticide

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I said slave to the grind  
Slave to the grind  
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