

# Slave

## 32 Leaves

Sick of all the bullshit  
I wonder if we  
Got enough to start our own army  
Sick of all the spindle  
I wonder indeed  
If Satan's sitter sends are we  
One day should we learn to pardon  
Safe inside we'll be  
With no more lost from all this talking  
Of god damned misery  
I will never be your slave  
I can point my finger too  
I won't ever say your name  
From any other point of view  
Sick of being the puppet  
I'm held up by strings  
With one move to put me where they please  
Sick of all the shamle  
I wonder what would be  
If one day we all should come unleashed  
I will never be your slave

I can point my finger too  
I won't ever say your name  
From any other point of view  
I will never be your slave  
I can pull the trigger too  
I won't ever say your name  
From any other point of view  
One day should we learn to pardon  
Safe inside we'd be  
With no more lost from all this talking  
Of god damned misery  
I will never be your slave  
I can point my finger too  
I won't ever say your name  
From any other point of view  
I will never be your slave  
I can pull the trigger too

I won't ever say your name  
From any other point of view  
I won't ever be your slave

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