

# Sons and Daughters

## VERSE

We're the sons and daughters of the poor man, the middle class man,  
Forced down to serve by the rich man's hand. This is the perspective  
Of a poor dead man's son, another kid that had to run, another life  
Struggling in the age of the gun. Running was only temporary, I tripped  
Up and I fell. I've learned from what they wanted: Silent people living  
In hell, where we're taught there's a price for every man and a price for  
Every piece of land. Thrown into a life of stagnance, your mind's a Jail.  
You're raised for profit and you were born to fail. Sometimes stepping out  
Of line and walking away from all you know is the hardest thing to leave  
Behind. A new life defined, now we can defy the greedy men with the greenest  
Of minds. We never wanted to be seen as a commodity, I refuse to be an  
Object of a vision that blinds me.

Aggression.

I gotta break the mold.

Aggression.

Never let them take control.

Aggression.

Hands in shackles, Mind's confined to a cage.

Aggression.

I won't stop until I've broken every chain.

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