

# Against the Odds

**Richard Wright**

(the way of life that must change)  
In the court of kings I look around  
My blood runs cold, I close my eyes  
Out of my head a vision flows  
I'll make the rules I need  
For my survival, for my survival  
I pull the strings, you take the glory  
I load the gun, you shoot me down  
I'm on the edge about to fall  
Destructive power will make you  
Lose your mind, use your mind

Trapped inside my nightmare  
You are there  
As I turn I feel your evil stare  
We give our life, invest in time  
To only fools who take controll  
I spend another cold day in hell  
Against the odds I fight  
For my survival, for my survival  
Your useless life gets crushed  
Into the ground  
The time has come  
To turn it all around

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