Silvercup

Shihad

Who owns the face inside the window?
Who holds the key to your soul
I don't care for the state I'm in
From deep down inside I feel it begin
Who holds the key to your soul?

I met a lamp and a man with a silvercup
Lamb has a grievance, wants to take it up with him
Lamb lies face down, Trampled in the pavement
There's still no reason to criticize
It's all here in black and white
Lay down the law so he can victimize the pack
You won't drag me down

All aboard the future, as he held in his hands
Pennies for the chosen but what about the lamb?
If you got something human that's still stiring inside
I hope it squeezes your heart so fuckin' tight
That it gives you time to uncloud your eyes
If it don't you still won't drag me down

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