

A Product of Society

Deliverance

(Jimmy P. Brown II, George Ochoa)

What kind of society do we have
Where doing the wrong is right?
Living by rules pressured in
Throughout time
The lies are always being fed
While the world is going to hell
Do all you can to please one, please yourself
A product of society, feelings are not inbred
I'm made to feel no sympathy
I may as well be dead
I know my life means more than this
But selfishness has been my creed
Is there a way to feel again
To remove this rotted seed
I was born this way, can I change
Or will I remain a product of society
Lust and power, insidious greed
A make up of what I am
I owe society for who I am
A selfish child in the form of a man
Feelingless, I could care less
About what happens to you
Repent, recant, change my ways?
Contradiction from what I knew
Society's sick, the one were in
Where doing the wrong is right
Pollution of the mind, its now time
Rise up against the filth
That's being fed to you and me
Do all you can to please one, please yourself

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