Unplugged

D.H.T.

Ain't no room for us in your alternative nation
It seems you've had control for much too long
Your greed and your dishonesty only add to my frustration
Can't you see the powers that be
Don't give a fuck about you and me
Somebody better say this
'Cause there ain't nobody trying to save us
Just enslave us and leave us
Hanging on a rope that they just gave us
Victim of your mistrust
You, your dance, your stupid cash advance
No, I'm not a victim of circumstance
Not gonna leave my life to chance
Rape the harts of us, the artists
You reap the benefits
Your pockets, they get fat
While our souls bleed
You're getting away with murder
"Son, you failed to read the fine print"
Label whores like festering sores
Keep coming back, they got a deal for you
No it's not just good enough to hate this
'Cause we all know the ones in charge

Are all so shameless
And wasted energy on the hate defeats our purpose
Victim of your mistrust
You, you take, our livelihood at stake
And ain't no fake gonna steal my cake
Our spirits much tough to break
Victims of your mistrust
Need to stop and read between those lines
Behind that smile the greed still shows in their eyes
That's part of their disguise
Don't believe the lies
The more I learn about your game
The less I wish to be involved with you another day
Just where do we fit in
It looks like we'll never win

And with the next big trend
The cycle starts again
Don't let them turn you 'round and fall out of trust
You got to take control, don't let them have
They've got to work for us
Don't let them forget
They've got to earn the thrust

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