

# Born Dead

Lenoir, J. B.

You call this a privilege  
No, I call it a right  
There's no respect for life  
No compromising  
Coverage denied  
Coverage denied  
So, sit behind your desk  
And tell me how I'm supposed to feel inside  
You know I'm slowly dying  
How long I have left is for you to decide  
We keep on suffering everyday  
The victims of opportunity  
One nation under God, they said  
We are all born dead  
Dead and rotting bodies fill the  
Fields in the east  
There's no respect for life, it never stops  
Is this what makes us free?  
So flex your muscle as you  
Barricade the whole world piece by piece  
How long until the ocean  
Overflows into our yards and streets?  
We keep on suffering everyday  
The victims of opportunity  
One nation under God, they said  
We are all pawns, we are all sheep, we are all born dead  
We can't escape this  
Until we unify as one  
We'll fight the sickness  
Until my time has come  
We keep on suffering everyday  
The victims of opportunity  
One nation under God, they said  
We are all born dead  
We keep on suffering everyday  
The victims of opportunity  
One nation under God, they said  
We are all pawns, we are all sheep, we are all born dead

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