

Soul Trap

Trey the Ruler

I can't help but to think when I see people living on the street that they could be the future me
And that their past was filled with artistry
And that we made the same discovery
Their greed can be like gravity
Pushing us down constantly
Controlling our everything
But if everything in life is navigated by
Dead presidents
I'm bound to die
Broke And early
Because the world will be whirling with our without us
And the idea of God will always be a wolf in the forest
But we don't know who to trust or who to believe
So we trade our soul for money
Because money is the power
But who's really in control when every hour is an hours
Subconsciously altering our personality as we strive for safety but settle for job security
Where on the daily people break their fingers back for a chance that they big break when they're already broken
to begin with
And a new start is an old myth and a business tactic to keep your feet planted
It's all a trick just to get you to stay
There's no way they can say it straight to your face that you're a slave to the pay and that your future's at risk
And if you don't leave know you may never get out
Of this soul trap
And I feel so low
And I don't know if there's any coming back
And I don't know if I keep my ideas intact after all the tax
After all the percentages
My ninety-nine problems is that ninety-nine percent of my creativity will never exist
That you won't be able to see because of my financial bounds
For maintain the real life for when I am out of town
It's like I'm splitting in two and only half is allowed to have themselves all figured out
While the other half of me is stressing how
The fuck did I end up
Draining every cent into every month
It makes no sense to me
Where it all goes
I just know
That it does

And the best trap they can set is the one they have you built
And the best way to sell your soul is just to pay your bills
In due time, time will be due and standard is The only currency universally misused
Think about it
How many time have you spent clocked in but mentally checked out?
And how many checks are missing on your bucket list right now
You're working for the weekend
We should be working for the reason to escape the bounds
How can you understand the world if you never see it?
Same goes for yourself
What better way to know your life than to leave it
I'm talking to myself but finally I fucking believe in it
But I'm still stuck in the economic clutch
And looking for a loophole is like trying to fight gravity
Because while I do isn't much
And I prove it in poverty, hopefully still wealthy in thought
It was learned through, it was learned through pain this year
I've learned a lot
The bakers can't be choosers but the bakers choose to bake
And if my future fits in a shopping cart, it's in the sidewalk that it paved
Not over any graves, not the cost of any other life
And I know that if my best friends die, their kids won't recognize me
I'll just be another guy living on the side of the street
using his creativity to find a way to eat
To find a place to sleep
Sometimes your own life is the cost of ever living

Lyrics Submitted by Renna

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