

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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