

Slave to the Grind

Sebastian Bach

You got me forced to crack my lids in two
I'm still stuck inside this rubber room
I gotta punch the clock that leads the blind
I'm just another gear in the assembly line - oh no
The noose gets tighter around my throat
But I ain't at the end of my rope
Won't be the one left behind
Can't be king of the world
If you're slave to the grind
Tear down the rat racial slime
Can't be king of the world
If you're slave to the grind
A routine injection, a lethal dose
But my day in the sun ain't even close
There's no need to waste your prayers on me
You better mark my words 'cause I'm history
Yes indeed
You might beg for mercy to get by
But I'd rather tear this thorn from my side
Won't be the one left behind
Can't be a king of the world
If you're slave to the grind
Tear down the rat racial slime
Can't be king of the world
If you're slave to the grind
Swallow their daggers by turning their trick
Tore my intentions apart brick by brick
I'm sick of the jive, talk verbal insecticide
TOKYO!
Swallowed their daggers by turning their trick
Tore my intentions apart brick by brick
I'm sick of the jive, you talk verbal insecticide
I won't be the one left behind
Can't be king of the world
If you're slave to the grind
Tear down the rat racial slime
Can't be a king of the world
If you're slave to the grind
Slave to the grind
Slave to the grind
Slave to the grind
Tokyo!
Tokyo!