In The Trash

Artillery

Born in the trash - it's the pain that I feel
You men with power - can't you see that I'm real
You call yourself civilized - treat me like a slave
It feels like I carry - my own cross to the graveYou leave me no chance - to live my own life
You force me to live - my life by the knife
And up there you sit - you've locked up your doors
Chossin' my fate - in the name of the lawI'm alive - but I'm not free
I might as well be dead
Life in the trash - beyond all compare
Life in the trash - hope's not enough for meYou fight wars with words - and act so polite
But sill you decide - what is good and right
But don't you forget - that time conquers all
Usurers die - and empires fallI'm alive - but I'm not free
I might as well be dead
Life in the trash - it's filthy ant mean
Life in the trash - only the strong survive.

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