

Allred

"Hard World"

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I'm not your target market
Don't live with a sitcom mom and dad
I'm a different kind
Don't identify, no

So go build another billboard
That's telling me how I need to think
Or how to fix my skin
I'm not buying in

You'll never touch my soul
Never penetrate
Can't get inside my skull
My body is yours to break

I'll be incarcerated
Manipulated left and right
Tortured for my pride
Even if I die

You'll never touch my soul
Never penetrate
Can't get inside my skull
My body is yours to break

I see too many people die
Looted, by somebody else's notion of a lifestyle
Taking the place of a single cell
Can anyone tell me
They've never been influenced by propaganda?
The casualties of this consume my culture
Fall into line with a silent cry

As we speak there's a temperature rising
A child who is barely alive
One beyond just the physical something survives
Something survives

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