

One King Down "In The Blood"

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You think that i'm worthless you call me different a
useless being a waste, a loss i beg to
Differ from where i stand it is you who is lost a
multitude of idiocy an army of weaklings
And drones follow one other like lemmings over a cliff
you all live your lives the same and
You call me crazy poor misguided flock of sheeps i'm
not locked in here with you you're
Locked in here with me i have my own identity who'd
want to be like you trapped in a fantasy
Distortion of reality your manufactured world means
nothing to me you think of me as an
Outcast i think of you as a lost cause i have my own
sense of self in the blood

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