

Self Made Soul

"Walls Made Of Glass"

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Let's get out of here
Money hungry hands await
Blood thirsty mouths just want more
There's no escape
It's not enough that our flesh
Feeds half their hunger

These shackles and chains
Keep changing their names
But we're still their slaves

If only these walls were made of glass
We'd have a second chance

We can't speak but we can scream
And when we're dead our cries are louder in your head

Without regret it's easy to forget
What we're living for
What are we dying for?

We are consumed by those we answer to
Bought and sold and swallowed whole

We're buried in your body
You're living in our skin
What are we living for?
Let's get out of here
Greedy hands await blood thirsty mouths
What are we dying for?

Just who do you think you are?
Just who do you think we are?
Get off your throne

You get away with murder

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