

## Roots Manuva

### "Slaves"

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Every wants to think serve some kind of purpols in this world  
And everyone wants to make someone cry and bring flowers at their funeral  
But everyone's a slave to them self  
Everybody thinks they get some special magic from all of these icons that we make of glass and stone  
And everybody reaches to the sky to trick themselves into believing that we're not alone  
But Jesus was born in a barn that's why he leaves the door open  
I'd rather be a murderer than to be a murder victim  
Everyone's a slave to them self, and everyone's afraid of them self.  
And nobody has ever loved no one except maybe them self.

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