

Cribcaged

Pain Of Salvation

The only cribs that we should care for
Are the ones that we are here for
The ones belonging to our children
That do that we do, scar from our wounds

The only cribs that make a difference
Where the magic really happens
Don't come with a Mercedes Benz
Or a wide screen showing nothing
Showing nothing...

I'm sick of home control devices
Sick of sickening home designers
Sick of drugs and gold and strip poles
Sick of homies, sick of poses

Despite the nodding staff that serves you
Despite your name on clothes and perfume
Despite the way the press observes you
You're just people... you're just people...

Successful people
Dressed up people
Smiling people
Famous people
Red carpet people
Wealthy people
Important people -
But still just people

So fuck the million dollar kitchen
Fuck the Al Pacino posters
Fuck the drugs, the gold, the strip poles
Fuck the homies, fuck the poses
Fuck the walls they build around them
Fuck the bedroom magic nonsense
I don't want to hear their voices
As long as they vote with their wallets

Fuck the silly "throw you out" joke
Fuck the framed cigar DeNiro smoked
Fuck their lack of originality and personality
Fuck this travesty
Fuck this new norm
Fuck conformity
Fuck their Kristal
Fuck their sordity
Fuck the way they fuck equality
Fuck their freebie gear
Fuck the ones they wear

(you're just people - you're just people...)

Successful people
Dressed up people
Smiling people
Famous people

Red carpet people
Wealthy people
Important people -
But still just people

Messed up people
Shallow people
Stupid people
Plastic people
Meta people
Theta people
Therapyople
Entropyople

Oh, fuck the ones they wear

I'm cribcaged
Cribcaged

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