I found no people for killing time so I found time for killing people I found no rhythm I would rhyme so I'm the rhythm for the people

And if you wait on me I'll be free one day And if you wait on me I'll be free one day

Contemplating genocide upstairs waving, scared of people Afraid that feeling hasn't died it gets lonely for my people

And if you wait on me I'll be free one day And if you wait on me I'll be free one day And if you wait on me I'll be free one day And if you wait on me I'll be free one day I'll be free one day

People always drifting out of pain.
They cannot hold onto nothingness
Fingers bleed on the concrete walls
leaving only one nail for someone to see
Only one nail screaming to me
so many fingers pointing at me
so many fingers pointing at me
so many fingers pointing at me

I found no people for killing time so I found time for killing people I found no people for killing time so I found time for killing people Killing people, killing people

I found no people for killing time so I found time for killing people Killing people, killing people Killing people, killing people