

We're slaves to saving time, as if we didn't have enough
We're slaves to the hormone, we're men and must be tough
We're slaves to the dollar, and the happiness that it brings
tradition rules from the start generations running round in rings

I want out I want to escape the human role
They teach us we're fulfilled, when we've done what we're told

Now I feel an emptiness whenever I act out on my own
Now i'm going to break these binds, and get my life back on track
fulfill the expectations with others behind, and fulfill my life
with what you call crap
(2x)