

Livestock

From Our Hands

we were all brought up in the same town buddy
here in this concrete hell

its up to you if you sell drugs or study
none of us will end up well

life is butchery
and we're the livestock
face the truth
no eulogy this time

all i see everyday
and everynight
won't ever look better
nevertheless we're strongly defined
with uncertain pride
we keep rollin further
the children of the eastern block

what is the point in having loads of monney
if you dont use em well
don't be a narrow-minded fool my buddy
find a way how to help

you are human breed
don't be the livestock
be yourself and carry on this time