

# Marks of a Slave

Me vs Hero

we're all born defined by our cultures  
set loose to be caught  
and stripped of our thoughts  
another possession of monsters  
worked to the core  
to feel safe and secure in our walls

I've been  
bound and silenced by deceivers and liars  
my cut of your profit is minimum wage  
i'll push aside my urge for defiance  
the burns on my arms are the marks of a slave

I still dig myself up every morning  
clock my body in

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safe and secure in our walls

I'm serving my sentence but get no release  
I've been chasing paper since my early teens  
my minds set i'll take my chances and leave  
my appetite for life won't be run by greed

convinced that you own me  
locked my mind in my body  
i'm nobodies trophy  
I Know i'm not perfect but i hold my own

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the burns on my arms are the marks of a slave