

Slave To The System

RAT BOY

We say freedom!
They say, what you want that for?
We say justice!
They say, you don't know what you're asking for?
Fuck this!
I'm gonna take my own stands thanks a lot
Here we go, no turning back
So cut the crap!

Now, I'm a dead end soldier in a dead end job
In a dare down world where they treat me like a yob
I'm a fighter but you know I'm at the last round
I was quick on my feet but now I'm slow and steady to the ground
Propaganda like I see from they live
They give fuck all to those beneath the six
Sometimes I feel like free speech means nothing
'Cause we're fucking screaming and no one's even listening

(Don't) don't be a slave to the system
(Won't) I won't be coming back to Britain
What's my decline
I'm running out of time
Before the heartless government
Try to take what's mine

Privacy your liberty what's that?
Gentrified London and kids in daddy's money flat
I heard he works for some sort of advertisement
You're the next product of your environment
I'm forgotten like the rotten plans for the future
Wrapped in cotton who's been shotting for my posture
I'm not a posh one yeah I'm still a lost one
And if you want I'll send my rust for your retina

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