Lie there and wallow in decay Watch the surroundings turn to grey Pick apart every piece of the past so you Can justify the feeling if you're guilty or not It's like your locked up, monitored by your thoughts Ready to testify against you cause you can't seem to stop Just hold up, stand back, think clear The irony is You won't get out of here The irony is You won't break me My note to cell, I'm screaming You won't make me A criminal So empty Reliving history But you won't make me A criminal A criminal See I am not my mind So my thoughts will not define Any part or piece of poetic justice this time I've done my time Losing it inside The crypt I call my mind So I'm leaving it behind I'm leaving it behind Imma hold up, stand back, think clear The irony is You won't get out of here The irony is You won't break me My note to cell, I'm screaming You won't make me A criminal So empty Reliving history But you won't make me A criminal A criminal You won't break me My note to cell, I'm screaming You won't make me You won't make me! So he's staring through the bars Waiting til his time's right Might only get one chance Give a fuck about the limelight He bides his time til he's in line to get something to eat Then stops, stands back, starts thinking on his feet Looks up, finds the biggest thought guarding the place Walks over with a smile as he dashes the plate

Rocks back his arms, cause he's ready to break

Then fucking bangs him round the face with a dinner tray Grab the keys, makes his way straight to the gate You can hear the hounds barking as he makes the escape But every dog has his day and this bitch won't break So he changes the direction but he slips on the plate

You won't break me
My note to cell, I'm screaming
You won't make me
A criminal (the irony is)
A criminal (the irony is)
We're not criminals, not criminals
We're not criminals, not criminals (the irony is)
We're not criminals, not criminals (the irony is)
We're not criminals, not criminals
We're not criminals