A slave to indulgence, a slave who obstains A slave to your pleasure, a slave to your pain A slave to a business, a mistress, a wife Slave to the bottle the needle or knife

An accident of birth or a spin of the wheel Select your next master and feel how it feels On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors

Ensalved by the dealers or the jun kies themselves Ensnared by self pity or the sweet lie of wealth Afraid to stop running or frozen in place Afraid to begin or finish the race Awake from the drugs or asleep from the wine The doors are all open, they close from behind

On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a trhousand oppressors
On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors

Oh, awake from the drugs or asleep from the wine The doors are all open, they close from behind Whatever you choose there's a suicide clause You die of neglect or you die to applause

On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a trhousand oppressors
On your knees
Into the night that you'll never remember
On your knees
Bow to the crowd of a thousand oppressors

Slave to your lovers and slave to your lessers