

# RAMP, Like You

I'm straight in line  
Like a machine  
Down numb's parade  
Now I have to be... like you

Strictly deprived  
Of will, liberty  
I think about all the freedom of choice  
In all this crap that we call democracy

Captive thought your bind  
Engaged forced to "fight";

Chained by your sense  
Why? Can't you see?  
I have my life  
My own war my moral dignity

And this ain't the right place for me, to be

Here I'm now so brave  
A servant a maid  
Blinded, castrate  
Manhood outraged... like you

Deep I feel so abased  
And I think all about the prank  
That is gonna face the same

Free will, choice could find  
Right soldiers for this "fight";

Chained by your sense  
Why? Can't you see?  
I have my life  
My own war my moral dignity

Like you

Call me slacker call me scum  
But don't love a gun... like you

Chained by your sense  
Why? Can't you see?  
I have my life  
My own war my moral dignity

I don't wanna be... like you