

Clawfinger, Prisoners

It's all in your head the thoughts you have that build your world illusion,
the faith you need so you can proceed & build a saine solution
is it the truth, is there any proof to back up the things you believe in,
or is it a dream to make it seem like a goal that you're achieving

Chorus:

We are the prisoners, of the system we create

We are the prisoners, stuck inside the space we made to escape

What can you do to make it through the mindtricks you're producing
learn to live with the faith you lack, the hope that you're reducing,
you can be cruel & ridicule the current situation,
but what will it take for you to break the self humiliation?

Chorus:

We are the prisoners, of the system we create

We are the prisoners, stuck inside the space we made to escape

We're stuck in a rut,
we keep on mixing things up & we can't tell what's fiction from fact,
the more we all try to live up to the illusion
the more we all fall through the cracks.

Chorus:

We are the prisoners, of the system we create

We are the prisoners, stuck inside the space we made to escape