

## Dead Cell - 1/1

**Interprété par Papa Roach.**

Born with no soul  
lack of control  
cut from the mold of the anti-social  
plug them in and turn them on  
process the data, make yourself the bomb  
What is your target, what is your reason  
Do you have emotions, is your heart freezin'  
Seizing the opportunity to speak  
Ya didn't say nothin' but turn your fuckin' cheek  
Dead Cell, Dead Cell

Sick in the head  
living but dead  
Hear What i said  
Learn a leason from the almight dreed  
Jah, nutty warrior nothing's scarier  
Kids are getting sick like Malaria  
Situation get harrier  
throwing up all types of barriers  
I'm telling ya the kids are getting singled out  
Let me hear the dead cell shout

Dead Cell, Dead Cell

**CHORUS:**

Born with no soul, lack of control  
cut from the mold of the anti-social  
plug them in and turn them on  
process the data, make yourself the bomb

Stop pointing fingers 'cause we are the guilty  
Of clean cut lies, and a truth that's filthy

Believe what is the root of the word  
Out comes lie when it's cut into thirds  
I don't believe what my eyes behold, no  
I don't believe what my ears are told, no  
Seizin' this oppportunity to speak  
I'm saying something  
Don't turn your fuckin' cheek

Dead Cell, Dead Cell

**CHORUS**