

Nutshell

Soapbox

We chase misprinted lies, we face the path of time
And yet I fight and yet I fight this battle all alone
No one to cry to, no place to call home

My gift of self is raped, my privacy is raked
And yet I find, yet I find repeating in my head
"If I can't be my own, I'd feel better dead"

Lyrics provided by
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