

Nutshell

Adema

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 homeOoh
Ooh
Ooh
OohMy gift of self is raped
My privacy is raked
And yet I find
And yet I find
Repeating in my head
If I can't be my own
I'd feel better deadOoh
Ooh
Ooh
Ooh

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