

# Box

## Pandora Scooter

Once I had this box  
It was just covered with all these locks  
    There was no key in sight  
Kept it hidden, with all my might.  
    Did not want to know whatâ€™s in it  
        Did not want it to exist,  
        Dust built up and buried it  
        Dust it off, and I would flip.  
        Sitting in the middle of me  
        Sucking down my history  
    Taunting me with what could be  
Laughter, hissing â€œOpen Me, Open Me, Open Me, Open Meâ€•  
    Grew too big filled up my chest  
    Could not know it was my test  
        Would I ever get to rest  
        Never taking on its quest?  
Searched and searched the lands I knew  
    Looking for that key or two  
    To break, unlock that box that grew  
Laughter hissing â€œOpen You Open You Open You Open Youâ€•  
    No key, no code, no breakthrough sword  
        Looking at my life got bored  
        Thinking that there must be more  
        Trapped inside this box is stored  
            A part of me that Iâ€™ve ignored  
        Girl, oh, girl was I mad floored  
        When the key was in my thoughts,  
        Thinking them dissolved those locks,  
        Inching toward that steaming box  
            Blew away its weighted top  
            A stench that was unbearable  
            A light that wrapped me terrible  
        Couldnâ€™t move, couldnâ€™t run, couldnâ€™t stop what Iâ€™d begun  
            Knew that I would be undone  
Even as that box hissed â€œFun, this is Fun, this if Fun, this is Fun,â€•  
    That stench it grew and took me over  
        Planets turned in a different order  
        Time stopped, then it jumped around  
            Four then Nine then One then

POUND POUND POUND POUND

Through my chest and out my eyes

Out my rib cage down my thighs

Through my pores and in my mind

That light that burned forced me to fine

All that had be sucked away

Each and every single day

My self my voice my need to play

My light, My light! My light! My light!

In sight! In sight! Insight! Insight!

[sigh]

My stench it still does stink

And it pushes me onto my brink

Of throwing up and then my light

Burning me in my insight

Holds me tighter in my grip

On my holy insight trip.

Once I had this box

It was just covered with all these locks

I did not know it help my light

I tried to hide it, with all my might.

Now I have this box

It has been freed from all my locks

And awaiting me inside does sit

Shit.

Pandora looks deep into the box.

Another box...but I won't ever quit.

Lyrics provided by

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