

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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