Confessions

Embodyment

Call me consumer
The entertainment hunter
I bit the hook
That I will never be good enoughThere's nothing new, under the sun
This ain't good enough, not goodI'm catching up to those around me
Secure my uniform
Babbet, I could use a kiss
They said, "I'm insecure"There's nothing new, under the sun
There's nothing new, under the sunFall in line, fall in line
Fall in lineThey believe the lie in hair clubs
Fashion, gyms, cleansers and creams
One day, we all will be the status quo
The status quoThere's nothing new, under the sun
There's nothing new, under the sunUnder the sun, under the sun
There's nothing new
There's nothing new, under the sun

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