

# Confessions

## Embodiment

Call me consumer  
The entertainment hunter  
I bit the hook  
That I will never be good enough There's nothing new, under the sun  
This ain't good enough, not good I'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 sun Fall in line, fall in line  
Fall in line They believe the lie in hair clubs  
Fashion, gyms, cleansers and creams  
One day, we all will be the status quo  
The status quo There's nothing new, under the sun  
There's nothing new, under the sun Under the sun, under the sun  
There's nothing new  
There's nothing new, under the sun

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