

# Pride

## Rozalla

I see you clinging, stereotyping  
Just to feel comfort, just to belong  
Desperate for meaning to make sense of your life  
Let me try to make you understand  
You got it wrong  
You're not gonna catch me waving flags over my head  
Looking straight and standing tall  
I refuse to build the wall by adding my own bricks that separates us all

I'd rather die than be a part of your pride  
This ain't the homeland they've written books on  
Never have been there, how would you know?  
Following footsteps that will get you nowhere  
and living by some rules that were made up  
One hundred years ago

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