

# Nutshell

## [unknown]

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 home

    My gift of self is raped, my privacy is raked  
And yet I find, yet I find repeating in my head  
    "If I can't be my own, I'd feel better dead"

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>