

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

Oooh...Oooh...  
Oooh...Oooh...

My 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 dead

Oooh...Oooh...  
Oooh...Oooh...