They put on disguises today
To hide the scarlet letters
That each of us has put so far away

In this which trial Modern day

Despite this it seems that the powers be Have decided who I am And who I will be

Who I am who I'll be
Has been decided for me
And they don't even know me

As they pounded in the stake I thought I heard them say "Become like us or you will be slain"

You can't tell me who I am