

A Protest Song

Sophie Hunger

You are the answer, you never talk
You have no question, you are a thought
You are the answer, you're shaped and emblazed
Through the holes in my cover, you're something I made
You are the answer, my truthful response
My final saying when everyone's gone

You're my illusion, my pattern of wrong
A hollow idol on the tip of my tongue
You're my disgrace, my self-made war
And I don't want to remember faith anymore
I'm wasting myself in the name of a fake
You were made for me by mistake

I had nothing before, then I had you
I was denying, now I refuse
I've never been young, you'll never grow old
My life's In my words and my hands they are cold
I never made sense but now I disturb
I'm bashing my goods against the door of the world

Oh wash away
Oh wash away
You had nothing to say
You were made for me by mistake