

Offred

Dan Mangan

Between fists of fury and feats of strength
I will not fight dirty. They will not play nice
I give in. I do not have the fight
They changed my purpose. Especially everything
So you say what gives?
What is it, this tunnel vision I'm in?
What is it at all? What is it at all?

I still feel the cadence of a former life
I put faith in mayday but it don't feel right
I will sleep through the bastards, dream in the night
A footnote in history, scholar's delight
I go without. I do not have the fight
They changed my purpose. They changed my purpose
So you say what gives?
What is it this tunnel vision I'm in?
What is it at all?
And is this what lives?
I don't get this strange derision I'm in
What is it at all? What is it at all?