

Free (The Editorial Me)

Darwin Deez

Life is a greenhouse gas
Half the police in masks
Pretending to be my friend
But nothing can box me in, cause I'm free yeah

I'll be the first to dance
With every new circumstance
I smile at the scene I see
Cause I decide what it means to me, cause I can because I'm free yeah

Enclosed for your review is a picture of you before
you knew and circled in red are the things you said
When you lost your head
And got in bed Cause god is dead

But to whom it may concern
It's no longer that person's turn, it's mine and I'm free

Dear sir(s),
We regret to inform you
The norm you conform to
Does not meet our needs at this time
But of course you may try to reapply for membership
And resubmit your manuscript
When the man you've scripted's hands are lifted to the sky And
the old you dies