

I've been screaming for so long. Woah oh oh. Does anything ever change for me? My throat is red like the blood that flows from my heart. I gave it my best shot and I did it from the very start, AND I'M STILL GOING! Do i deserve to be a voice in the aftermath, criticism takes it's toll in a different path. I do what I can to set myself apart. I've been trying to make sense of, Woah, oh, oh... the little things that you push my way. So you can say. What you want, say what you will, at least I can say I do what I feel is right for me, with no apologies, for you. I owe nothing to you. No, I don't think so. So you can put me down for what I DO, but your density, I'LL SHINE THROUGH, and it reflects in what I DO, this is my, this is my, this is my f\*\*k YOU!