

A softly spoken self-belief denies  
Your indulgent want for every prize  
Waiting on the wave of validation  
If judgment feels just how I think it does  
At least I know that I've already won  
I've already won

Some things are best kept sacred for no one else  
Forgive me for saving it for myself

Will I ever act on the words I say?  
Will I ever wake up to see that day?  
There's a part of me that don't want to change  
But how am I gonna stay high  
If I'm a bird that don't wanna fly?

Some things best kept sacred for no one else

I'm going up against the paradigm  
The strangest consequence of keeping quiet  
Is having everybody think I'm lonesome  
How do I reduce it to its core?  
It's not my job to keep them wanting more  
Heavy is the pressure of it all

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