

## Victim

Mili

Isn't it funny  
We worship a moon that stole its light from the sun

Hear that?  
Believers, they speak  
Oink, oink  
Like how I was so naive

When will it be my turn, my turn  
I'm not just some tragic victim  
But when will I learn, will I learn  
How many bridges  
Do I have to burn

Isn't it pretty  
All my life, all my poetry leaving me  
And the angel sing surrounding me put me to sleep  
Then it dawned on me that all I wanted  
Was an approval that you're never willing to give

Hate to admit I've done it all for you  
I am a wolf, I'm a crow, I'm a bat a butterfly in disguise  
I'm in the air, in the sea, in the moment I'm in you  
In me

When will it be my turn, my turn  
I'm not just some tragic victim  
But when will I learn, will I learn  
It's just me in the world I'm alone, I'm complete

Still waiting for my turn, my turn  
Even though I'm out numbered  
Now, you have me torn, you have me torn  
Can't remember who I was before  
I was before