

## Exit Wounds

Otep

Woe is me  
There's a hole in the soul of the world tonight

I had to hide my gun tonight  
Because it might feel too right  
Between my fingers against my head  
Pressed to my chest or beneath my chin  
But I'm not giving in  
The truth is inescapable  
I am unbreakable

This is the writer's way  
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I'm the daughter of sorrow, the bride of wrath  
I'll burn the world and sing upon the ash  
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I'm not okay  
I'm not okay

Lost among the wreckage, bloodied and battered  
They try to dig us out but nothing fucking matters

Don't blame your attackers  
Cuz nothing fucking matters  
Nothing fucking matters

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I can tell you about secret scars  
I can tell you about falling apart  
I can tell you about secret scars  
I can tell you about falling apart  
In the towers of power to the highest cathedral  
Six feet of dirt make no man equal