

Outta Space

Quorthon

Every day it's all the same no matter how I turn or twist my brain

I toss my body and scratch my f*ckin' mind

I bend and duck but I bounce 'gainst things all time

I'm left in this box I'm firmly and all stuck

I'm neatly tied and shelved I'm choked contained withheld

Outta space I'm growing outta space

I think I'm goin' crazy

Outta space I'm growing outta space

It's driving me crazy

Outta space I'm growing outta space

I think I'm goin' crazy

Outta space I'm growing outta space

I think I'm goin' out of my mind

I open my eyes wide to see some light

I take a breath and feel my box too tight

No matter how I press and push all day

That fuckin' lid of mine won't give away

I'm left in this box...

Outta space...