

Stolen

Talia Mar

Why are you so scared of lyrics?
Scared of stories?
You don't wanna hear it
Do you find it boring?
Well I'm a fit every word that I can into one sentence just to frustrate you
I don't care if I go over and complicate the rhythms, I do as I want to
Cause it's
My song, my words, my voice
Want me to sign that paper so it all becomes your choice?
Why are you so into mimics?
Obsessed with image?
Scared of living how you want to?
You love that line so you pinch it
Hoping he won't see it
Hide behind it
Please don't force me to

I thought they were my songs, my words
It's your voice
I wrote the story you wrote cheques so you think that I'm your toy
They used to be my songs
My words, my voice
But you were in the room
So you told them it was our noise

And I'm Stolen
My pride and my ego are broken
Does that mean you win?
I lost hoping, left my heart too wide open
I let those thieves in
I was so nearly stolen

Why am I so into lyrics?
You always question, need a reference to believe in it
Can't you trust your instincts?
Instead of listening, you're always listening to those critics
You see that it's a business
A game a sinning
A game of winning
And I was your ticket
You told them 'you don't want to miss this'
Said you were so impressed then called me average at best
Were you conflicted?

Or were you scared of
My songs, my words, my voice
Were they stronger than yours
'Cause you ran like a little boy
Your songs, your words, your choice
You hid me with your promises so I had no voice

And I'm stolen
All my pride and my ego are broken
Does it mean that you win?
I lost hoping left my heart too wide open
I let those thieves in
I was so nearly stolen