

## A Protest Song

Sophie Hunger

You are the answer, you never talk  
You have no question, you are a thought  
You are the answer, you're shaped and emblazed  
Through the holes in my cover, you're something I made  
You are the answer, my truthful response  
My final saying when everyone's gone

You're my illusion, my pattern of wrong  
A hollow idol on the tip of my tongue  
You're my disgrace, my self-made war  
And I don't want to remember faith anymore  
I'm wasting myself in the name of a fake  
You were made for me by mistake

I had nothing before, then I had you  
I was denying, now I refuse  
I've never been young, you'll never grow old  
My life's In my words and my hands they are cold  
I never made sense but now I disturb  
I'm bashing my goods against the door of the world

Oh wash away  
Oh wash away  
You had nothing to say  
You were made for me by mistake