

Freak Kitchen, Heal Me

18 hours a day
7 days a week
Locked up in this godforsaken joint

Anything you say
I turn the other cheek
You'd be amazed what one will do at gun-point

Heal me, please heal me
I need something bad, something to call my own
Won't you heal me, please heal me
I need something bad, something to call my own

Had me dig a grave
When men without no soul
Beat my friend to death when she escaped

A new millennium slave
Stuck in a hellhole
A piece of property, born to be raped

Heal me, please heal me
I need something bad, something to call my own
Won't you heal me, please heal me
I need something bad, something to call my own

I was sold, a thousand dollars flat
Mondays are slow, special leftover fee
Won't get old, I am aware of that
But I'll go free

Heal me, please heal me
I need something bad, something to call my own
Won't you heal me, please heal me
I need something bad, something to call my own