Imogen Heap, Rake It In

I am here again Tied up in your torture frame Printed paper, guilty to blame The story stays the same

Dry me out Run me down Burn me out And rake it in, you rake it in Rake it in, you rake it in, yeah

A slave upon your plate I am your dreams, yeah your life and your bait Selfish schemes, i proceed, you await You my indefinite hate

Do you know what my chopping blocks for?
Do you know what my hanging braids for?
Do you know what my chamber maids for?
Can you guess what i, what i have in store for you?