

Quorthon, Outta Space

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 f*ckin' lid of mine won't give away

I'm left in this box...

Outta space...