## 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...