Idiothead, Karen Pommeroy

Sweet protection walk away
I never asked for you to watch over me
It's something else that moves me
I breathe different energy

Speak no more of my choices,
I grieve for your blinded eyes
Words might hurt
but it's me who has to believe
that I know what's right

I know what's right.

Was it worth being cast out over?
Yes it was.
Moreover if I had to choose once more
I'd do it again