

Urma, Refuse

Refuse to build a stinking hole of compromises served in gold
Well that's not me...that can't be me
Refuse to trade myself away, a day of fame for my own name
Well that's not me...that can't be me

Feel alive, so I'll live alive until the end

Refuse to waste the child in me, the little spot left clean and free
Well that's not me...that can't be me
Refuse to share the golden dreams of all the clowns entitled kings
Well that's not me...that can't be me

Feel alive, so I'll live alive until the end

Refuse to shape my dreams for them, when they don't care to understand
Well that's not me...that can't be me
Refuse to bend against my will, my trace needs me alive, to feel
Well that's not me...that can't be me