

Embodiment "Confessions"

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Call me consumer
The entertainment hunter
I bit the hook
That I will never be good enough

There's nothing new, under the sun
This ain't good enough, not good

I'm catching up to those around me
Secure my uniform
Babbet, I could use a kiss
They said, "I'm insecure"

There's nothing new, under the sun
There's nothing new, under the sun

Fall in line, fall in line
Fall in line

They believe the lie in hair clubs
Fashion, gyms, cleansers and creams
One day, we all will be the status quo
The status quo

There's nothing new, under the sun
There's nothing new, under the sun

Under the sun, under the sun
There's nothing new
There's nothing new, under the sun

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