

The Brat Attack "Breathe"

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It was the first time that she saw the sun
Warmth felt like nothing she felt before
How could beauty exist for all she had known?
As the blade slit her throat, the blood came to flow

Breathe, you find it hard to face the truth

These four walls is where she had become aware
Of a harsh existence she had to endure
How one create such pain and misery
Without the smallest compassion,
How could you not see?

Never saw the sun, never breathed fresh air
Her existence as a product her flesh to tear
To consume, a nation blind to her pain
Suffering ignored, she died in vain

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