

I have played out, all  
of the roles they taught  
The girls in first grade  
And I have cried the  
Transparent tears of decept  
And I have received their  
Fruits and the curse  
Of instilled treachery.  
I can not swear to  
The new state of mind  
But one thing for sure,  
I'm the woman I want  
And nevermore shall I  
Bow to the icon of futility  
And I'll demand my due!

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