

# Freak Kitchen, Heal Me

18 hours a day  
7 days a week  
Locked up in this godforsaken joint

Anything you say  
I turn the other cheek  
You'd be amazed what one will do at gun-point

Heal me, please heal me  
I need something bad, something to call my own  
Won't you heal me, please heal me  
I need something bad, something to call my own

Had me dig a grave  
When men without no soul  
Beat my friend to death when she escaped

A new millennium slave  
Stuck in a hellhole  
A piece of property, born to be raped

Heal me, please heal me  
I need something bad, something to call my own  
Won't you heal me, please heal me  
I need something bad, something to call my own

I was sold, a thousand dollars flat  
Mondays are slow, special leftover fee  
Won't get old, I am aware of that  
But I'll go free

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