

*There's the chalkboard at school,  
You've put my name across it  
But I don't recognize it,  
And you ask me to describe it,*

*But I can't. But I can't.*

You write in white, so I speak no more  
I write in colors you prefer to ignore.  
Use only my pens when you want me to,  
I must accept only your view  
I listened to your lessons, but now I can't talk  
You've drained all my ink  
And replaced it with chalk.

*This is my voice.  
These are my words.  
They may frighten you  
They might make you hurt.  
But it's my voice. And no one else's to take.  
So please respect my space.  
Just like I've done for you for years.*

You write in white, so I speak no more  
I wrote something real  
Not what you're looking for.  
I think in circles while you think straight.  
You told me all these rules,  
Now they're starting to break  
You tell me to erase what I stand for  
You've covered me in white  
'til I breathe no more.

*This is my voice. These are my words.  
They may frighten you. They might make you hurt.  
But it's my voice. And no one else's to take.  
So please respect my space.  
Just like I've done for you for years.*

You write in white, but I'm silent no more  
I survived, and found words you stole  
I found all the ink you tried to wash away.  
I found all the truth I needed to say.  
Colors now flow from your rewrites  
We're writing ourselves now  
Nothing's wrong or right.

*This is our voice.  
These are our words.  
They may frighten you.  
They might make you hurt.  
But it's our voice. And no one else's to take.  
So please respect our space.  
Just like we've done for you for years.*

*This is our voice. These are our words.  
They may frighten you. They might make you hurt.  
But it's our voice. And no one else's to take.  
So please respect our space.  
Just like we've done for you for years.*

*There's the chalkboard at school  
We've put all our names across it  
We've finally reclaimed it  
And you ask us to describe it*

*And we will. And we will.*