

Someone's Daughter

Jinjer

You teach me how to be a man
Though I am someone's daughter
The path of warrior was set for me
And I had to try on the armour

No it doesn't suit me
And it feels so heavy
I'm frightened and so ashamed
That I have to combat the world alone
That I have to swing my sword alone

So my gentleness is turned into rigidity
And once soft the skin is nothing but the scale
One by one I lead unequal fights, eventually
The beauty's nose is broken, and I faint

Life feeds me bullets and stones
And I stitch myself up alone

If I cry I will run my tears
Inside of my blood-stained cheeks
I've found talents beyond comprehension
All my battles are a sight to behold
Wading through the hardship alone
Translating my body to soul

Oh brutal world, I'm not your enemy
This role of warrior brings nothing but the misery
If a woman's wings are trimmed
And her radiance is dimmed
This is over! This is over!
You will see her ride a broom

With a force to be reckoned
To be no longer the second
I am no longer a daughter
I eat them for breakfast
I eat them for lunch
I have audacity
To throw the first punch

I dwell in the shadows
I sleep in the light
I am no longer a daughter
I throw the first punch