My Creator

What kind of man, what could I be? Afraid of everyone I meet Lie forever, afterthought Some are men And some are not

And love ? What could I stand If there's my ? Was there your land Lie forever future ? But here I stay and here I am

And who but you? What could I know? To follow with me far below. My protect and servitude And crippling dependency

What kind of woman would I be If I refuse what's asked of me? Some lines can turn you ? Some names will never be forgot. My body can, but I cannot I'm sorry, mommy I cannot.