

Who We Are

Beth Nielsen Chapman

She says she hates me- and not to call
She's used her pain to build a concrete wall
She's rolled her angry words into a fist
But that's not who she is
That's not who she is
I slammed the phone down hard and walked outside
I wrote her off that day as if she'd died
Said if she burns in hell, well I won't give a damn
But that's not who I am,
That's not who I am
Lost behind the masks we wear
The barbed wire fences of our fear
We drag each other through these tears
And strike the wounds that scar
But that's not who we are
That's not who we are
Someday I'll hold her, for this I pray
That time and grace will roll the stone away
And we'll love each other with open hearts
Just for who we are
Just for who we are
A mother who gave all she could
A child who tried to just be good
In father brother sisterhood
We reach and fall so far
Like dust of ancient stars
That's just who we are
Dust of ancient stars
That's just who we are