

My Creator

Wye Oak

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.