Father Cannot Yell

Can

Look at the place of mine behind the curb
Through the layers found in earthen drift, indeed that is you
And with you, mother screams 'I am mother'
Woman screams 'I am fertile' and the father can't yellRain direction down with stony mind
Created fill the empty river
And you keep remembering mother screaming 'I am mother'
Woman screaming 'I am fertile' and the father
He hasn't been born yet, he hasn't been born yetAll has been forgotten and the plastic turns to rotten
Rays and smells
While pointing to the deathly beautiful
Mother there in pain creating
Woman who just lies there waiting and the father
He hasn't been born yet, he hasn't been born yetYou may drift there if you want to, luggage fits inside your pocket like a bill
And keep remembering, mother screaming lost her way
Woman screaming she won't stay and your father, hasn't been born yetAll has been forgotten and the plastic turns to rotten
Rays and smells
While pointing to the deathly beautiful
Mother who in pain creating
Woman who just lies there waiting and the father
He hasn't been born yet, he hasn't been born yet
He hasn't been born yet, he hasn't been born yet
He hasn't been born yetAll has been forgotten and the plastic turns to rotten
Rays and smells
While pointing to the deathly beautiful
Mother who in pain creating
Woman who just lies there waiting and the father
He hasn't been born, he hasn't been born
He hasn't been born, he hasn't been born yetAh-ah-ah-ah-ahAll has been forgotten and the plastic turns to rotten
Rays and smells
While pointing to the deathly beautiful
Mother who in pain creating
Woman who just lies there waiting and the father
He hasn't been born yet

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