

Damaged

Yattering

.....I wish I had the choice
now you curse me-this is your willSome eerie force makes me act
I wish I had the choice...It is a voice I have to follow
A silent call comes from within
Sudden decisions,violent impulses
Abject emotions ,insane drivesI wish I had the choice
Now you beat me - that is you willI'd love to stroke
Your baby-face
I'd love to hold you
In my arms
But there`s little love
In my grip
My tender touch
Becomes your pain
I wish I had the choice.....

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