The Maker

Patrice

This is after the guns are drawn
After dusk has turned to dawn
This is the calm after the storm
It's brand new morn
This is after you beat your chest
And you talk how you're the baddest and the best
After we've put it all to the test
And we kill the rot and leave the rest
This is after the gloves come off
After the puppy show, the bluff
When we check what we are made of
The fabric and the cloth
Only what make' me
Can break me
Only what makes me
And you're not my makerMy pain's consuming me from the inside
The line got crossed so far it's out of sight
Delusions rule my mind
Should i just leave it all behind?
Or should i give it some more time?
It looks so foolish to be trying
To keep something alive that has lost it's will to live
There's so much more i wanna give Only what make' me
Can break me
Only what makes me
And you're not my maker
This is the moment of truth
And you have lots of things to prove
I have been wrongly accused
And soon you will make your move
You're about to become old news
Your god is hating me
I wasn't built loose
I won't, I don't, I don't need you(Only what make' me) see, I don't need them
(Can break me) no see, I don't wan't them
I don't need them
You check this no'
No no no...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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