

# Horror

## Imaani

Who's to blame if we don't make a name  
Is it someone we didn't know?  
And we see that's to be is to be  
And even that's still a big unknown  
And if we try to be real  
There's a sense that I lose  
Just to get it right  
I can't believe you don't see  
That It's me and not the ink  
That you're holding tight  
Well, it's my way this time  
It makes me feel like  
I've moved from the back to front  
And the choice is mine  
So let me practice as to what I preach  
Running away it seems to be  
The only choice I ever come by  
By getting my back against the wall  
You make me realize I've come this far  
Again and again you make me feel  
Like something that I have is nothing  
You're taking your time but then you'll realize  
That all of this has made you  
Look so complicating, yeah  
We're all just whores  
A time, a place, a mood  
But you won't get it out of me  
Ya step, ya play, ya fool  
I got the shit pouring' out of me  
It's in the way that I think  
And I follow what I think is very necessary  
So come on let's a step up  
Want to find out what it's like to be me  
All these decisions  
Now who's to believe?  
It's all contradiction  
So who should I be?  
?Cause your decisions  
Not my decision

So please just go away  
We're all just whores

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