

Brian Webb, Not A Confession

Make no mistake about it
This is not a confession
Just a plea, or maybe permission to disbelieve
But I'm scared here, and I cannot move
and the truth is, Lord, I don't think its just me

So why is this honesty
so suprising
if its what you created me to be

And here's a woman
with a poor man
His smell
is more than I'd like to bare
But she kisses him
and she holds him
With admiration, I just go home

So why is her kindness
so suprising
when its what she was created to be

And why is loving
so suprising
when its what we were created to be