

# CAN, Father Cannot Yell

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 yell

Rain direction down with stony mind  
Created fill the Yangtze 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 yet

All 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 yet

You 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 yet

All 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  
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He hasn't been born, he hasn't been born yet

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