

No For An Answer, Imperfection

I've spoken my piece, please leave me,
Let me sleep,
I'm not a saviour, can't be a judge,
I will not enter one's life as such,
Is it the burden of one who speaks his mind,
To then defend it with all of his time?
My guilts, my instincts, they guide me,
My beliefs,
And thus I see mine as a just cause,
Full knowing my compensation has it's flaws,
Aware of the fact that I am just a man,
Accepting of the strength and wisdom you might have,
I'm imperfect...and just a man,
I'm imperfect...I am just a man, human.
I've spoken my piece, please leave me,
Let me sleep,
I live and love outspoken and that's my fate,
Ignoring the oppurtunity curse that's hate,
Stating it for the record as is my right,
I still pursue the cleanest mpst righteous life.