

## **Brian Webb**

### **"Not A Confession"**

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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 it's just me  
So why is this honesty  
So suprising  
If it's 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 it's what she was created to be  
And why is loving  
So suprising  
When it's what we were created to be

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