

Christine's Blues

Oh Lord, why didn't you create me as man?
Oh God, why couldn't you create me as man?
I could have served you so much better – If I were a man

Men say, my sex is just a vessel of vice
They say, we're vessels of evil and vice
And if two or three witness' suffice – then they can't all lie

So now, I hate myself and all born like me
So now, there's nothing else than hate all like me
Cause if your're infinte wise and perfect good – How can evil ones be?

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