

The Truth

Brother Cane

This time
Maybe I was the killing kind
I go
But my leaving has gone awry
These days

Am I losing again?
The patience bending out of shape
Inside out my poor escape
Time turns a key that I'm holding on to

Can we feel the freedom another day
Hail to the truth inside hiding from you
Can't let it fail to deliver us away
I'm turning around and I'm telling the truth

Look hard
Look at me I'm the only one
To decide
To release what I'm running from

You said
It was worth everything
And now these thoughts of hope embrace
The me I'm turning round to face

Don't fade this time
You'll be inspired
I've been resigned
When these fears subside

You'll know me
This time, decide, to look hard, inside