

Eddie Would Be Proud

The Paramedic

No, oh Dear God, no. There's some that may think I've gone mad.

I swear you couldn't be more wrong. With such an evil, that he had, I knew this couldn't be prolonged. I felt it look into my soul. I watched him take in his last breath. This day, I take on a new role. This is the day I become death. This gift can't be a curse. (It's time, now rise, rebel) I've heard the heavens

and the earth. (I've heard many things in hell) I know it's me he haunts. (Did I choose this out of greed?) This is no longer a want. (This is no longer a want) This has become a need.

(This has become a need) How could I sleep at night with so much blood on my hands? It's only cause I've known this was always my plan. I've held my tongue now, and I've held it well.

But there's a secret that I just can't keep. (Oh no) These walls hold a story that I dare not tell. (Dare not tell) Skeletons not meant for closets lay buried beneath my feet. This can't be right

it's all in my head. I swear to God it's still beating. It is the beating of his hideous heart. I always knew that it would come to this. All I've done here is created art. He'll never know his

ignorance was my bliss. I hear it beating. It is the beating of his hideous heart. Harbor your thoughts please, and halt your lungs. For they can't ever know. They must never know what we have done. Stay hidden from your conscience. I dare not speak a word. I hold my thoughts to myself, lest my desires be heard. But I've delved way too far into my own mind, and I no longer fear what I know I'll find. I've held my tongue now, and I've held it well. But there's a secret that I just can't keep. (Oh no) These walls hold a story that I dare not tell. (Dare not

tell) Skeletons not meant for closets lay buried beneath my feet.