

The Evidence

The Receiving End of Sirens

It's the consequence of privileged information.
You can run, you can hide,
But light will find a way
And wither away

Haunted and haunting, we all are followed
By shadows from martyrs and mercenaries
Diseased by information
Plagued by what we know.

Burn the evidence; It's enough to make a case
It's enough to incriminate

Down the empty corridor to the coroner
It's clear, you've got what they want, and they'll find you
Haunted and haunting, we are followed by shadows
Plagued by what we know

It's just a matter of time before they find out.
It's just a matter of time, young man.

(Her fingers, like spiders, spun a web my body couldn't shed.)