

Perfect Night for a Hanging

Tourniquet

Enter the mind of a man torn in two-
One of the twelve, but is destined to do
What the black heart of a person can feel
When he follows what he sees to be real

His eyes say He already knows
My resentment now grows
I know what I must do-
To thine own self be true

I know You are who You say that You are
Branded a traitor I feel very far
My mind and my heart don't appear to agree
This is what causes my hectic quandry

I'll always regret what I'm choosing today
I realize that you love me anyway

Trapped - but as hard as I try
Can't continue this lie
Hang - from the limb of a tree
I just gotta be. . . me