

The Tell-Tale Heart

Tourniquet

I cut him up this evening
And they came to check the scream
On the very spot i'd hidden him
I served a spot of tea

I'd left no evidence
That anything was wrong
But the unnerving sound beneath the floor boards
Reminded me of what I'd done

I thought I'd committed
The perfect, fool-proof crime
I never knew how heavy
This would wiegh upon my mind

Things done in secret
Under cover of night
Have a funny way
Of being brought into the light

I admit the deed
Can't you hear the beating
I admit the deed
I'm being driven mad by the tell-tale heart