

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

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