

# Confessions

## Eight Beat Measure

I've been up for days trying to find a way  
To write this confession down  
Seems every line I write's a mess  
At least this I'll admit  
For what I've done I am not proud  
But there's no need to pretend  
No need for innocence  
I've got to be honest now  
My verdict has come in  
It says, I'm guilty for my sins this time  
I thought I could escape  
But then I finally felt the weight of my crimes  
It's passion, it's not love  
Infatuation never ends up right  
At least I won't be alone tonight  
'Cuz I don't want to be alone tonight  
The prosecution rests with convincing evidence  
But it seems I've been deceived  
So now I stand alone and wait for the first stone  
To be cast upon me  
My verdict has come in  
It says, I'm guilty for my sins this time  
I thought I could escape  
But then I finally felt the weight of my crimes  
It's passion, it's not love  
Infatuation never ends up right  
At least I won't be alone tonight  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
At least I won't be alone tonight  
'Cuz I don't want to be alone tonight

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