

Sentencing

Boys Night Out

The smell of her perfume
Struggles to cover everything,
Inside this ringing room
Though once subdued, the silence seems to sing
Whoa-oh, I told you so!
Whoa-oh, I told you so! My name is evidence
My role is undeniable
Unless I've become inadmissible
In crimes of consequence,
I'm only as reliable as the defendant's defense is defensible I am the kill
though I'm unwilling to be still and accept evil
as my own personal - and sentient will Nothing makes sense anymore
When murder's just a mistake that you have made
Nothing makes sense anymore
So a sick and guilty man will be born again with conscience saved Judicial precedent will see to that
I'll see to that
He'll see to that
It's impossible given the incident,
Given his catatonic state, to imagine it playing out any other way He was admitted on that day
As the doctor read his case,
There were implausibilities he couldn't place
It was obvious that there was something more to this patient
Something had been missed
It's this hole I can see in each of his eyes
where all the events that happen in this real world just kind of fall through.
It's loneliness, it's loneliness Nothing makes sense anymore
When murder's just a mistake that you have made
Nothing makes sense anymore
So a sick and guilty man will be born again with conscience saved

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