The Truth

Brother Cane

This time
Maybe I was the killing kind
I go
But my leaving has gone awryThese days
Am I losing again?
The patience bending out of shape
Inside out my poor escapeTime turns a key that I'm holding on to
Can we feel the freedom another day?
Hail to the truth inside hiding from you
Can't let it fail to deliver us awayI'm turning around and I'm telling the truth
Look hard
Look at me, I'm the only one
To decideTo release what I'm running from
You said, "It was worth everything"
And now these thoughts of hope embrace
The me, I'm turning round to faceDon't fade this time
You'll be inspired
I've been resigned
When these fears subsideYou'll know me
This time, decide, to look hard, inside

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