

## Receiving End Of Sirens, The "The Evidence"

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It's the consequence of privileged information.  
You can run, you can hide,  
But light will find a way  
And wither away

Haunted and haunting, we all are followed  
By shadows from martyrs and mercenaries  
Diseased by information  
Plagued by what we know.

Burn the evidence; It's enough to make a case  
It's enough to incriminate

Down the empty corridor to the coroner  
It's clear, you've got what they want, and they'll find  
you  
Haunted and haunting, we are followed by shadows  
Plagued by what we know

It's just a matter of time before they find out.  
It's just a matter of time, young man.

(Her fingers, like spiders, spun a web my body couldn't  
shed.)

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