

48 Rooms

"(writ Of) Habeas Corpus"

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Time has come for me to call your bluff,
And hold you to it.
In your eyes, there lies a vacant stare,
I see right through it.

Now I'm surrounded.
My life, impounded.

I can see where this is headed.
I see the cracks form one by one.
You tell a lie, and you call it justice.
Vengeance bleeds,
The barrel of a gun...

In your eyes there lies a knave's despair,
I see into it.
Time has come for me to cut you down,

And drag you through it.

Still I'm surrounded.
My life, impounded.

I can see where this is headed.
I see the cracks form one by one.
You tell a lie, and you call it justice.
Vengeance screams,
The barrel of a gun...

Never fall.

I can see where this is headed.
I see the cracks forming one by one.
You tell a lie, and still you call it justice.
Vengeance bleeds,
The barrel of a...

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