

Brother Ali

"The Truth"

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(Johnson, Rhodes)
This time
Maybe I was the killing kind
I go
But my leaving has gone awry
These days
Am I losing again?
The patience bending out of shape
Inside out my poor escape
Time 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 away
I'm turning around and I'm telling the truth
Look hard
Look at me I'm the only one
To decide
To 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 face
Don't fade this time
You'll be inspired
I've been resigned
When these fears subside
You'll know me
This time, decide, to look hard, inside

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