

Boys Night Out "Sentencing"

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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
defendable

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 smistake that you have made
Nothing makees 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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