

Judas And The Tattletales "Vincent"

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This D.N.A. strand tied like a noose around my neck
Like a withered leaf on a sunless branch
In the middle of spring... hung
From my family tree, malnourished me

As I breathe out of time my heart and my hell are
aligned
To pump a bad year of bad blood throughout my mind
All these rhetorical thoughts
Of ramified shame with the holes in my plot
One assumes in silence anonymity's lost

What I wouldn't give for a night not alone
Where more than my pen could be shown
Just a little piece of a little proof that I'm not my own
Believing
Eyes transfixed on eyes, define what's life

If my hand was a gun I'd be seconds away from escape
If my mind was undone I'd be moments away from your
face
If my hand was a gun I'd be seconds away from escape
If my mind was undone...

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