

## **Boysnightout**

### **"It Won't Be Long"**

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He kept his craft confined to the night.  
Subdued by sleep, we hate to wake up.  
He catalogued and counted his kills, divided the dead,  
And suddenly stopped.

Prompted by the heat of July,  
The sweat on his skin beaded and fell.  
He never prayed a day in his life...  
'Cause man, what's the point when you've been  
promised to hell?

There's something to be said for the crowd,  
Which gathered and grew and erupted into song.  
He smiled, as he toyed with the noose, and took up  
their words.  
It won't be long.

Oh, it won't be long.

The tune collapsed, and the mob ceased their song.  
Confused and in awe of the monster trained to sing.  
The hangman tightened up and leaned in,  
And offered the man a chance to speak before he'd  
swing.  
He cried out:  
"Men and monsters both make mistakes,  
But for every man who cries or begs for time enough to  
grieve.  
You'll find a million more monsters like me.  
Who will lick our wounds and laugh when we leave."  
Then the trap door released.

Oh, it won't be long.

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