

Ben Mitchell**"Omertá"**

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You can't look me in the eye
And tell me
That you have you're good life
To yourself
All the unspoken truths
Have been potent
In sprouting roots
They go deep,
And deeper still the years ago
On this you'll keep
And it's time to let it all go
Let it go

Try to circumnavigate
The obvious
And there's no use to deny
The worst of it all
So we go on
And we go on
And try to muddle through it
But it has kept
It's roots with all the others
Twisted up

Omerta: code of silence

Omerta: code of silence

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