

# The Truth

Brother Cane

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