

The Nature of Virtue

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Don't change yourself to suit everybody else
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You lay staring at your ceiling through all of the night
And out to haunt you come the ghosts of your life
You bury your head in a bone colored cradle
But do you sleep with a smile upon your face?
They say into every life a little rain must fall
But your dream cloud has burst
And dripped all over your face
A sick body forms a sick mind
But you're duty bound to do what's right
Is that the oasis of light in the darkness of your life?
You can't admit, but you can't deny
A small heart, a spiteful mind
Are you good or bad you ask yourself
And do the things you do hurt the ones who care the most for yo
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