

# The Tell-Tale Heart

Tourniquet

I cut him up this evening  
And they came to check the scream  
On the very spot i'd hidden him  
I served a spot of tea

I'd left no evidence  
That anything was wrong  
But the unnerving sound beneath the floor boards  
Reminded me of what I'd done

I thought I'd committed  
The perfect, fool-proof crime  
I never knew how heavy  
This would wiegh upon my mind

Things done in secret  
Under cover of night  
Have a funny way  
Of being brought into the light

I admit the deed  
Can't you hear the beating  
I admit the deed  
I'm being driven mad by the tell-tale heart