

## Sentencing

### Boys Night Out

The smell of her perfume  
Struggles to cover everything,  
Inside this ringing room  
Though once subdued, the silence seems to sing  
Whoa-oh, I told you so!  
Whoa-oh, I told you so!

My name is evidence  
My role is undeniable  
Unless I've become inadmissable  
In crimes of consequence,  
I'm only as reliable as the defendant's defense is defensible

I am the kill  
though I'm unwilling to be still and accept evil  
as my own personal - and sentient will

Nothing makes sense anymore  
When murder's just a smistake that you have made  
Nothing makees sense anymore  
So a sick and guilty man will be born again with conscience sav  
ed

Judicial precedent will see to that  
I'll see to that  
He'll see to that  
It's impossible given the incident,  
Given his catatonic state, to imagine it playing out any other  
way

He was admitted on that day  
As the doctor read his case,  
There were implausibilities he couldn't place  
It was obvious that there was something more to this patient  
Something had been missed  
It's this hole I can see in each of his eyes  
where all the events that happen in this real world just kind o  
f fall through.  
It's loneliness, it's loneliness

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