

No Guilt

Defeater

Standing at the edge
Rust and green of the bridges reflecting
Toying with the depths
The water's blue looks a little too distant
Thinks of the pistol instead
Eyes it over and breathes in the salt air
Barrel to his head
Pulls the trigger and everything quiets

The card cheat stands
Looming over the dealer still bleeding
Switchblade in hand
Aims to cut out his winnings
It's a liar's prize
A falsehood for the bastard to brag on
His blade takes an eye and off the edge
To the river
No shame, no guilt and no grace
Cheat heads back to the Coin,
Downs a drink and calls a hand with the bookie
Stares him dead to rights
Puts the eye on the table and leaves

No shame, no guilt and no grace
No shame, no guilt and no grace

"No father should bury a son
No matter his sins, misgivings or the things he's done
That man lives with a price on his head
No matter where he hides, wears his debt like a hanging hex"
No shame, no guilt and no grace
"No matter his sins, misgivings or the things he's done"
No shame, no guilt and no grace
"No matter where he hides, wears his debt like a hanging hex"

A new face comes to call
Asking where she can get what she's needing
A man of the cloth in tow
Head upstairs to silence their longing

No shame, no guilt and no grace