

The Frame I: Betrayal in the Watchtower

I the Mighty

We'd meet with no light
in the blanket of night.
We'd talk of the Keepers,
our hatred was high.
I will always remember
the way he was acting that night.

We hashed out a plan
that was tactful and slow.
We'd overthrow them
before they would know.
Still, he had his agenda and
chose me to star in his show.
So it goes...

We gathered in the early morning sun
to watch the weekly hanging.
Whose life ran out of luck?
A friend of ours whose motives fit the bill,
for their age old ideals.
It's a fear game
No the narrative never improves:
You fuck with us, you lose.

Run, run for your life!
Jig is up and we're running out of time.
If we make it through night,
I will never let you go.
Such is the price you will pay
if you trust the man in white.
But mark my words,
he'll find the wrong end of my knife.

Inside the watchtower we stood
when he shot our confidant,
then pushed him off the roof.
He threw the gun down at my feet
and just as they came for me
he smiled from cheek to cheek.

Run, run for your life!
Jig is up and we're running out of time.
If we make it through night,
I will never let you go.
Such is the price you will pay
if you trust the man in white.
But mark my words,
he'll find the wrong end of my knife.

No more home.
Leaving all we know.

I thought we were safe
till I looked at her hands.
The smell of her back,
the blood hit the sand.
I will always remember

the calm in her voice as she said:

"You must go this alone.

I won't make it, my love.

My heart will grow tired,

my legs will grow numb."

And I knew it was true but

I promised her she'd see the sun.

The sun. See the sun.

The sun. Feel the sun.

The sun. See the sun.

The sun. Feel the sun.

So we wait for a miracle once again!

I won't let them take you from us!