

Brother Cane, The Truth

(Johnson, Rhodes)

This time

Maybe I was the killing kind

I go

But my leaving has gone awry

These days

Am I losing again?

The patience bending out of shape

Inside out my poor escape

Time turns a key that I'm holding on to

Can we feel the freedom another day

Hail to the truth inside hiding from you

Can't let it fail to deliver us away

I'm turning around and I'm telling the truth

Look hard

Look at me I'm the only one

To decide

To release what I'm running from

You said

It was worth everything

And now these thoughts of hope embrace

The me I'm turning round to face

Don't fade this time

You'll be inspired

I've been resigned

When these fears subside

You'll know me

This time, decide, to look hard, inside