

Brand New Sin, The Proposition

I sleep alone and lie awake at night
Ponder my wrongs, wonder what was right
Was given the word, the one I lived by
Was handed a sum without face, by my hand he would die

Need not act, never cared for forgiveness
Ask only one, where to look in his eyes
Was given word to dish out somewhere
And hide the fact he would die with my guise

When I was done
Return for one more
To my neighbor
Kill his brother without a sense of remorse

So don't propose
This is your calling
Even Christ could not keep you alive

Then I return, back to my home
For them I do this
While they look at me as a noble
Was not an act, to me it was business
I never asked if it was even the score
The dual life, I kept all in me
Through the door, I would put it behind

Poor little eyes
I beg they won't see
A man's final breath
Or hear the cries as he begs for mercy

I won't propose
This is my calling
Even Christ could not keep me alive