

# The The, The Nature Of Virtue

Don't change yourself to suit everybody else  
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You lay staring at your ceiling through all of the night  
And out to haunt you come the ghosts of your life  
You bury your head in a bone colored cradle  
But do you sleep with a smile upon your face?  
They say into every life a little rain must fall  
But your dream cloud has burst  
And dripped all over your face  
A sick body forms a sick mind  
But you're duty bound to do what's right  
Is that the oasis of light in the darkness of your life?  
You can't admit, but you can't deny  
A small heart, a spiteful mind  
Are you good or bad you ask yourself  
And do the things you do hurt the ones who care the most for you  
Are you good or bad you ask yourself  
And do the things you do hurt the ones who care the most for you  
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