

CONSCIENCE!

12-25-15
(#86)

[INSTRUMENTAL BEGINNING]

REFRAIN: Run ! Run ! From your conscience
— or it will get you !
Run ! Run ! Deep within !
No ! No ! Wrong way, can't bear what it has to say,
but there's nowhere else to re-begin.

Can't run, run from your conscience,
for it won't let you — —
escape with your skin.
Bullseye ! Oh, but what a way to die,
for the whole lie your life has been.

1. Ask yourself: what good did it do,
all that hustlin' and bustlin' through your life ?
You cry to the sky, and where did it get you
— a torn man without a country, children or a wife.
In the autumn of your days when the leaves unmask their colors
drifting down like pages in the wind,
that record your story as you take inventory
of all the hidden ways you ever sinned !

[REPEAT INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[REPEAT INSTRUMENTAL]

2. Yet the world doesn't end, it just isn't your friend;
it only turns, and turns, and turns — as a betrayer.
Where conscience stands in the aisle and demands a denial
of your own heart that became your worst gainsayer.
T'was a clean operation, the perfect math equation,
leaving you without a thing, not a thread.
D'you still deny the invitation ? — to disprove the allegation
that your morals bank is emptied — in the red !
(and shot dead).

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[REPEAT INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT REFRAIN, AND FADE IT OUT]

[END]

Written: December 25, 2015 [G, P, M, H]