

As the chill finally hit your skin.  
Your accomplice turned you in.  
Juliet you had your reasons,  
migraine hallucinations.

Had no way to define,  
the start and the stop of your Freudian mind.  
I believed you when you said God told you what to do.  
But the God inside your head was wrong.

Fell in to a passionate clique.  
Only way to truth is isolation.  
Patriarch, patriarch tell me what to do.  
Patriarch, I must follow through.

Oh, the light.  
Shaking on the floor.  
Speaking tongues of angels.  
Surely I must be in the right.  
Oh, this tempest loves to fight.

Blood bath on the John Muir trail.  
And the hiker recalled the tail.  
Juliet and her friend stood at the edge.  
Juliet jumped without restraint.  
Her friend fell back, lost faith.  
Without a God to blame.