

## Late in the Night

From Indian Lakes

Late in the night I woke in a cold sweat thinking "who am I?"  
I turned on the lights and stepped out of my room and thought "  
How did I get here?"  
I ran outside screaming "I'm not supposed to be here! There's been a mistake!"  
"You don't know what I've done. You haven't seen what I am capable of."

If I wronged you. If I made you unhappy you'd change it.  
If you saw me. The real me. You'd go.

I know you believe that I'm good, but I swear that I'm not.  
I'm trying to warn you, I'm not the type to ever get caught.

Holding the clock up I see the long hand hasn't moved for a while.  
I wipe the dust off of my hands and sift through the leftover debris.  
I heard a voice screaming "You're not supposed to be here! You've gone the wrong way!".  
I've seen the dark faces. I've noticed their eyes. Blood red stumbling home.

Have you been there? With the blank stares of everyone you've ever loved.  
You can't see it now, but you will, and I'll wait for you here.

I know you believe that I'm good, but i swear that I'm not.  
I'm trying to warn you. I'm not the type to ever get caught.