

# 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