

**gonna see**

thorn that seals up my heart  
footbridge that bears my feet  
flower that blossoms my words in exile  
was yesterday  
is today, and  
tomorrow will be  
another time

not me not  
who shows me off and not  
who betrays me, somebody else  
will sit at the table  
will eat of my bread  
will be saved from the plague

not him not  
who forces him into laughter, not  
who courts him and weakens him  
somebody else  
will end up in dirt  
will be food for the worms  
will be victim of victim

break the bridge being broken  
breaking up if broken down

nothing counts but the guilt  
the guilt and the guilt  
of your treacherous heritage

bite down the thorn  
tear down the footbridge  
crush down the flower, or  
not now not today not tomorrow  
yesterday will be another time