



Vice Versa

I have what others call
A criminal mind

There's always a bell
Ringing after the hours of eleven
Right before the clocks strike midnight
It's when the mind goes into the evil fright

There doesn't exist
A front, nor back door

Not even a floor for a path to a door

The only windows- are my eyes
Of which, you still can't attack by surprise

You can't come inside
There's not a clue you can find

It comes from Hell
But it lives in Heaven

If it were vice versa
I'd be locked in a cell

If there were a door, you'd find a path to a war
Where I'd find it fun, to keep score