

Jack DeVille

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Unbeknownst to those who won't
Want to hear the rhymes that don't
Make them grin from ear to fear
The lies that lie so near and dear
And belie the truth of ruthless trust
Sit still and listen I demand you must
I will tell a tale to you even still
That will thunder asunder your iron will
And why whine when you can't deny
That it was you who killed Jack DeVille.

I was there when their drinks ran dry
And the bar keeps barred more wine supply
But you waited and I watched you close
You sat satiated having drunk the most.
Mumbling, rumbling, a rum numb hiss
I can barely make out your curs'd dismiss
Your rage is foaming, bubbling green
You slither in the corner, humble, unseen.

The whole bar knows and no one will tell
All-in on the secret heard far too well
The fact that Jack is a man of hearts
He entices, plays dices, in forbidden parts
Old, young, married, forgotten
He bets in the bedroom and gets out what he's got in.

Alas, you are the victim of his last hurrah
He kisses your misses like a common hurrah.
Enough of that, don't sully her name
Her fame's become lame and who's really to blame?

So back in the tavern you torment and sneer
Tempest torn that this man has tempted your dear
Finally in headlights the mob gallops out
Jack lumbers, slumbers, you follow devout
I trail too, curious and dismayed
This may be the cure to us who've been betrayed.

Wet glances, cold light, unclaimed feet,
Crow feather darkness and whispers discreet.
Snow tumbles and crowded clouds crawl

Tin roofs tick timely as trickling drops fall.

The stage appears set for a wrecked reckoning
The actors entranced have chanced everything
Finally the role that you've craved all along
The moment is right, you cannot prolong
This deed which indeed is dreading your soul
Take back your sole life and seize control
Of your future, your choices, your chamber too
Jack stops in the streetlight. We know what to do.

But why stop? Did he know I was there?
Perhaps he did spy you as you crept unaware
How truly despised – how come he stalls?
Maybe I'll escape before the curtain falls.
But no, he continues, perhaps tired from drink.
An omnipotent omen in a moment to think.

Jack turns the corner at Reaper and Sow
Proximal and not until the apocryphal foe
Is within reach do you finally leap out and strike!
With an old testament test of men in your might
Languished in spirits, Jack falls to the ground
Your hand, the blade, the twist, the sound
The warmth, the embrace, the lack of surprise
As the unlived stories drain from his eyes.

Yes – I saw full well, eye's awful sight,
Highs all fell dark, ice afoul in blood light.

Put him down slowly, look here and look there
No doubt that he's out, iron taste in the air
The scent is sent senseless and awakens the mind
The truth comes in screaming, dreaming and blind
Can I have done this? I'll bury my past
Hapless, helpless, it all happened so fast!
Devil I've become and devil I'll be
Perhaps worse than cursed Jack, I'll never be free.

You flee the scene, where's your final bow?
You will never look back, not then and not now.
Well here is an encore encouraged by dread
But I must get this ruthless truth from my head
You may be asking how I was so near the site
It's because I was the one who killed Jack that damn'd night.