The Goat

Showbread

I remember everything, to be what I've become
A willingness for anything that can and must be done
I remember writing in the womb, wrapped up in viscous gloomMy will is calling out like a sweeping plague
Swallowing the mountains and the deserts and the rainI remember thinking once that love could never die
But love is small and very frail and can't be kept alive
Unless you love the one for whom roars this internal din
The love that devours everything, the love of self burns withinMy will is calling out like a sweeping plague
Swallowing the mountains and the deserts and the rain
Raping what is left of you, two flesh becoming one
My will is everywhere, my will be done

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