

# 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 gloom  
My will is calling out like a sweeping plague  
Swallowing the mountains and the deserts and the rain  
I 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 within  
My 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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