Visitation

Silverman

The path I set out on took a turn
when the axis shifted
This is not the life I envisioned
What's done is done
The crime is committed
Now the beast has come home to roost
He returns with blood on his hands
Caught in the trap of meeting
the laws of supply and reprimand
My blood is boiling.
I can't feel my own skin
Though I can see it crawling
Can't expose all these sins
But I can see them falling down.

There's no escape from building tension
The pressure valve has been refitted
A lost plot in constant revision
A rising storm that's never abated
You can't know enough 'til too much
The envelope is decimated
Too far gone now to reverse my course and be subjugated
And my blood keeps boiling.
This is a labour of hate.
This is how I choose to survive
The only way I know to exist
The road is hard and the cost is high
But I was built for this,
My labor of hate.

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