

# Visitation

## Amebix

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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