

Visiting Day

Dead to Me

I woke up shaking in a room that I shared with 3 strangers
And it was visiting day
So I walked down the stairs and then into that room
I felt your presence first and then impending doom
I spoke without a sound but you heard every word
I'm more sorry than you know for everything I put you through
Three weeks passed, then you came back
You picked me up and drove me home
To the city over that bridge
Then you put your hand on the back of my neck
You said, I'm proud of you
And nothing was ever the same again
An overwhelming resonating voice
Second-guessing every single choice
Now I've gotta find a new escape
For this blood that itches and this head that aches
I've got no reaction
Every action is true

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