

# Ticking Bomb

Hanne Hukkelberg

On me  
There's a button  
They've ticket the goods,  
They've labeled the luggage.  
They sent me here,  
To a sterile, white  
Waiting room.  
Not only I know  
I contain a ticking bomb.

They say  
The word.  
They know  
The word is the code.  
He oughta handle it.  
Oh, I explode into pieces.  
Do I care?  
My dismal lifework.

Who am I?  
What have I done?  
I've lost my self again.  
I've punished the good,  
The innocent, my beloved,  
My liberator, my savior.

I know the situation.  
I realize my deeds.  
Blowing off the bomb  
Was lengthening  
Way out of hell.  
Now who am I  
Deserving mercy now.  
Done is done.  
Perhaps I need  
Another bomb.

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