

# Blood Has Been Shed, Intervention

never asked you for a thing  
yet you pushed me aside  
on bended knee I served  
and that day was the birth of a slow death  
defiler I was meat at your table  
I would pay not to fall from your grace  
my blood and my tears were tokens  
I was waste to be expelled  
to you I was just a number

forgotten on the chopping block  
my blood flows like any others  
to find pleasure in my disgrace  
you held my life in your hands  
your exceptance the air I breathe

day after day I always wonder  
will I exhaust myself  
from this effort cursed to an existence  
of being drawn to you  
grant me tomorrow or let me die

your expectations grip my throat  
and choke my very life  
everyday that you appear  
I succumb to your pleading  
will this be the day of intervention?