

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?