

Abby Travis, Hope

Bring me the poison that rots in the vein
I've tied off my arm, where's the dope?
I already know the first one is free
So bring me the drug that they call hope

Bring me the burglar who deals in my dreams
I offer my neck, where's the rope?
I'm up on the stool, just one little kick
It's only a foot or so to hope

Now that the warden's locked the children in the closet
When they're weak enough the screaming's gonna stop
So I'll take comfort in the silence of the chamber
Knowing soon enough the pellet's gonna drop

Here comes the thief who has stolen my past
As vision and reason elope
I've got nothing left to sell but my soul
For the transient fix that they call hope

Pardon my staring in bald disbelief
As silence greets my stethoscope
My expression is set and frozen in stone
In the chilly museum they call hope