

The Faint, Victim Convenience

I took two steps out of the door
And I got two steps away
And then I turned, the scream was calling
I could not resist
You could find a bead of light
One can cause the outside window to dull
Pause until the evening turns
And it's a.m. routine job or the pills

We're all on cable I.V. drips
Let red cells pixelate us
Constant help needed to unhook
Call it "victim convenience";

I took two steps out of the room
And I stepped back toward the door
And tried again, a conversation
And it went like this:
I could talk for hours to you
I could watch your mouth and eyes until they shut
The controller's lost and I'd rather commit "power";
Than hear this out

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