

Venera, Violets In My Hand

This is a story about a man
A short story about the violence in his hand
On automatic trigger
He ain't used to taking shit
So no one's giving it
And his ego's getting bigger
He's scarred by his own civil war
Hate he hurts the ones he hates
He hurts the ones he loves and don't care for
The reaper sleeps on his floor

Violence, violence in his hand

As a child he slept on rainy roofs
Safe from his father's cloven hooves
And his mother's eyes of fire
They never figured out what it all meant
The fear of descent
So, rising from the pyre and the smoke
Redeemingly soaked by the rain
To wash away the pain
To loosen up the strain upon his mind
He still keeps it inside

Violence, violence in his hands