

Home Is Where the Hate Is

Dan Bull

Ah, greetings, you're right on time
Wipe your feet, you're invited inside
Your arrival is quite a surprise
You're ripe for the ride of your life
Right
Let me take your coat, you're welcome
Have a browse through the photo album
It's only seldom we host any guests
The rest of the family are home, I'll tell them
Come and join us for vittles
It'll satiate those cravings a little
Put some meat on those brittle bones
We insist, you must have a nibble
It's something we hunted, one for the road
Here's a clue: it's right under your nose
If you refuse, you'll be stunting the growth
Of your welcome to our humble abode
Those lonely country roads are so remote that no one'll know
You're overdue home, there's no bloody phone
Now go to your room or I'll go for your throat
When you're under my roof, you'll heed my rules
Succumb to my truth, do I need my tools?
Should I fetch my pliers? Should I come for your tooth?
It's your fault, I don't want to remove it

Home
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Your relatives are waiting
Home
Everyone's related
Home
They who immigrate or natives
Home
Look what we've created
Satanist, sadist
Home is where the hate is

Butcher, baker, candlestick maker
You can't get away from your animal nature
Try as you might and the anger will take you
Now sample the cake that grandmother's made you
That's a family favorite, passed through generations of Bakers inhabiting the plantation
Eraserhead X Fantasia
It's fun and games, son, let Dad chase you
Here I come, ready or not
I hear a gun, bloody belly all shot
Don't you try to pee on my fun
We've barely begun and there's many more shocks in store for you
But you know that already
Of course you do, keep both hands steady
Adrenaline, what a hell of a drug
I'm getting a buzz from killing and peeling the skin of a corpse
I'm yearning for more
It isn't enough 'cause I've seen it before
I've been in a war within in my thoughts

The insects are wriggling from under the floor
You're injured, your innards are spilling
There's chunder and gore and blood on the walls
It's pungent and raw
That's the warm welcome I give out for someone who comes through my door
And into my

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