

Will You Hate Me?

Orthodox

The sacrifice made to feed the cure
Giving up an inch, crawling back a mile
Feeling the hate and the toll it takes
Reverence I've been moved to resent
Give in to a hurt you can't refuse
Violence or God, a choice you're too scared to choose

This is an invitation
A call begging for more than arms
Hands of deceit obsolete
Order the dog then pull the leash

Cultivator of a vicious cycle
Going under in a downward spiral
The sacrifice made to feed the cure

The answer's in the medicine
Missing the vein, drawn incomplete
But the knife won't accept defeat
Deeper cuts won't show the meat
Nothing left below

What happens?
Where do you think you are?
Did you even see it enter the room?
Hear it breathing beside you
Stuck in a state of disbelief
Another sight God chose not to see
Face down, lifeless, and floating to the surface
No walls left to hide disgrace
No room in this sacred place
Death offers no relief, only certainty
No matter who was looking for who
It found its way to you, and now it's here

A door left open
A door left open