Drinking from the Poisoned Well

Tourniquet

Fist through a wall – foot through a door
Just another day for me to abhor
There's a wall in my plan for you today
There's a door with your name where it lay
Years of hateful thoughts will get you back; I'll be at peace s
oon
You think you're punishing me by your anger
But it's you serving the jail sentence
Heart turned to stone suffering all alone
Calibrating how hatred can sink the power of forgiveness
Anger needs a place to be buried
Anger needs a process for its gravestone
The time has come to speak of many things
Not shoes and ships and sealing wax not cabbages and Kings
But the way your raging words and actions
Gouge a monumental chasm between us
If I could only help you to see what I see
As you push away the ones who love you
Your world is closing in on you
The once many friends become the reluctant few
And when the few that remain choose rather to abstain
You'll be left alone with all the pain
And you'll ponder at length how a day turned a year
And the years rolled along till nobody was near
Broken before the One who understands
That it's hard to let go of familiar land
But you've got to leave the safe ground behind
A better place is waiting where there's peace of mind
Now that you've come to realize
That chronic anger has a steep price
Taking more than you can afford to give
Stealing the joy that you need to live

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