

Tourniquet

"Drinking From The Poisoned Well"

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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 soon

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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