

Home Is Where The Hatred Is

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a junkie walking through the twilight,
i`m on my way home.
i left three days ago
but no one seems to know i`m gone.
home is where the hatred is,
home is filled with pain,
and it might not be such a bad idea
if i never, never went home again.
stand as far away from me as you can,
and ask me why.
hang on to your rosary beads,
close your eyes to watch me die.
you keep sayin`,
`kick it!
quit it!
kick it!
quit it!
kick it!
quit it!`
god, but did you ever try
to turn your sick soul
inside out
so that the world
can watch you die.
home is where i live
inside my white power dreams,
home was once an empty vacuum
that`s filled now
with my silent screams.
home is where the needle marks
try to hear my broken heart,
and it might not be such a bad idea
if i never, never went home again.
home again,
home again,
home again,
kick it quit it,
kick it quit it,
kick it quit it,
kick it,
can`t go home again.