

# Home Is Where The Hatred Is

Anita Lane

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.