

## Visiting Day

Dead to Me

I woke up shaking in a room that I shared with 3 strangers  
And it was visiting day  
So I walked down the stairs and then into that room  
I felt your presence first and then impending doom  
I spoke without a sound but you heard every word  
I'm more sorry than you know for everything I put you through

Three weeks passed, then you came back  
You picked me up and drove me home  
To the city over that bridge  
Then you put your hand on the back of my neck  
You said, I'm proud of you

And nothing was ever the same again

An overwhelming resonating voice  
Second-guessing every single choice  
Now I've gotta find a new escape  
For this blood that itches and this head that aches  
I've got no reaction  
Every action is true