

# Coalesce, Simulcast

The embodiment of innocence stripped from her own territory.  
America's child has passed so close to freedom.  
Now closest with her maker, the ten lifetimes of terror were experienced by this frail body.  
Where have our children gone?  
They are not to be found amongst this tabloid filth over kill,  
an embarrassing lack of responsibility,  
a vicious cycle of soap opera drama pettiness.  
No known beginning and no end in sight,  
this must be our darkest hour when gossip takes priority over our young.  
Are we this shallow?  
Are we this apathetic?  
Are we this bored?  
Prove me wrong.  
The child is mine, now that she has been thrown away.  
The interest is gone, so now the others suffer.  
They suffer unto a grotesque attention span deficit monster.  
They turned our play yards into graveyards.  
So we cried every night for a week,  
squeezing as much concern allowed between each sports update.  
You cried every night for a week, yet I still mourn.  
Have you forgotten their faces?  
Patience is a virtue I won't instate.  
I must see the faces of every abductee.  
I must taste the pain.  
Remind me of our system atrocities.  
Don't let me forget. Don't let me forget.  
Why haven't we drawn a line?  
Instead, we feed and shelter them.  
We support the evil and pay their debts.  
We've paid their debts.  
Why can't we win?