

Dashboard Confessional, The Good Fight

Consider the odds,
consider the obvious.
The martyr is meaningless,
the campaign has died.
In the planning stages and the fallen faces
are the singular proof that it was ever alive.

This purchased rebellion has been outbided,
denounced and rescinded and left to die championless,
championless, championless

I begged you not to go.
I begged you, I pleaded.
Claimed you as my only hope
and watched the floor as you retreated.

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Hope has sprung a perfect dive
a perfect day, a perfect lie.
A slowly crafted monologue conceding your defeat.

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Does it comfort you to know you fought the good fight?
Basking in your victory, hollow and alone
While you boast your bitter bragging rights to anyone who'll listen.
While you're left with nothing tangible to gain.