

Coalesce, A New Language

"i run with the pack, with every freedom.

i am god, selfishness embodied strong enough to build this mountain.

a barrier you're cowardly to call by it's proper name."

i am a man who screams aloud as for i am nothing,

humility exercised honest enough to humble any man who seeks peace.

and i call it by its name.

"jealousy" it turns the kindest of men green with rage and eats them from inside.

i've climbed your mountain

and found it to be no more than a mole hill compared to the hate you harbor for christ.

i'd call it by it's name if it had one.

rebellion against faith based on it's failed followers.

a rotting fool tied upon our necks that carry the blood of the crusades

and the misunderstanding of homosexuality.

ammo, nothing but. a different time

and a different language for a different people.

where morals were a foundation and not controversial.

i am a man who's screamed for far too long

and near the end of his rope.