

# Coalesce, A Safe Place

A salty fist in my chest.

Please no explanation, its your time to be angry now.

Could I possibly be so selfish as to take that away?

To compare myself.

I'm so miserably pathetic and helpless again.

I'm so little lying next to you, in this cold sweat of mine.

My sympathizing, however honest, still a belittlement.

I can't heal a thing.

What god is responsible.

I can only hold your hand.

Live. Dehydrated, nothing pacified.

You can disassociate yourself.

Tools of your trade, survival.

It's the only safe place left anymore.

But can you tell me, are you here now?

Is my touch touching you, or that tool of yours?

I saved all the debt for you, you're still in debt.

You're broken wings I have taken on to mend

and right now I'd do the same onto you if it would change a thing.

If I could cripple your mind again.

If it were my place.

Grant her the wings, grant her the gift to cope.

You leave her no choice than to steal her birthright.

Children don't cry tears of guilt for the sins of their predators.