Coalesce, Cut To Length

Doomed plans of safety surface between showcases of failed poetry.
Your bullshit liberal declaration of pedofile immunity.
Yet you wear it like a badge of wealth.
One more ribbon, one more guilt trip.
Still you would give them one more chance
and damn those whores for carelessness.
Come with your declaration. Cut the length and choose your mount.
I'll wet the appetite for change. I'll feast on them for a while.
Statistic after sick statistic.
Only your success is more pathetic.
Take the rape and push it in until you're raw to any comfort.
Eaten out hollow he feasts.
He smiles with her on his breath.
She can no longer feel it tear.
She can no longer push her self to breath.
Yet you wear it like a badge of wealth.
One more ribbon, one more guilt trip.
Still you would let those bastards live
and damn those whores for carelessness.
Come with your legislation.
Cut the length and give them rope.
I'll wet the appetite for change.
I'll feast on them for a while.
Verdict after unjust verdict.
Only your success is more twisted.
Take the rape and pull it out.
Until you're raw to any comfort.
Eaten out hollow still bound.
A smile never passed her lips.
She's tore to her navel.
His sick idea of growing pains.
Yet you wear it like a badge of wealth.
One more ribbon, one more guilt trip.
Still you would let those bastards free
and damn those whores for carelessness.
Come with your empathy.
Cut to length and kick them down.