

# Coalesce, Grain Of Salt

So shallow, not even an infant could drown within this compassion but,  
I feel as if I've drowned just the same.  
But rather from my ignorance that unconditional love might exist.  
I forgot the numbness.  
I forgot the frustration that makes up my daily routine of just getting by.  
I am just barely getting by emotionally.  
Judgment. Disappointment.  
A lack of patience for me.  
This is not security, but such a pretty package.  
The guise is broken as the truth rears it's ugly head unto me.  
A drunken soul, I'm conscious again.  
I've weakened from my stupor for the last time.  
So content caressed in rejection.  
For it's all that love has ever led to.  
Once again, the dying man lays down the law for this peon.  
It's his last grasp at control.  
A control that he lost in infidelity...  
from today to you I'm dead as an order accepting son.  
Your searching and searching,  
but your family isn't at the bottom of any bottle.  
You're smoking us away.  
You're choking on your own.  
No place to hide other than my tears.  
They still give me away.  
Do all things end like this?  
Must all things end like this?  
So shallow.  
I take everything with a grain of salt.