

Coalesce, On Being A Bastard

farewell friend until tomorrow.
where you are still nitpicking our diets and names.
the potential is still there yet it's somehow unexpected.
i'll show you courage if you show me responsibility.
something lost long ago in trying to please everyone.
in pleasing ourselves.
if it feels good it must be right. right?
so what's a child?
a fetus or kink in sexual revolution and what am i?
a threat, a kink in political consistency.
more name games and more personal choice.
so where's mine?
or are you to deal me such luxuries.
call me what i am and mean every word.
be prepared to take yours.
you see you're not alone.
i'll show you responsibility if you show me reasoning.
something you never possessed.
you always coveted anger and vengeance.
but for what?
one less bite, one less burden.
i'm sick of being the bastard.
keep your fight and know i'll keep mine.