

Coalesce, Still It Sells

Nothing ever came so easy as the manipulation of her word.
Cold and humiliated, i tried to portray this mess.
I should fear it.
I should give it all to them and be done with it.
I fear he maybe found a use.
A meaning or comprehension.
Some sort of new birth or late coming death.
Who's eyes will govern this judgment?
It's just not my place to judge who tried or to condemn who cried.
I want to be her. I want all of the answers.
A crusty and scratchy mess shielded only by burlap
and the satisfaction of knowing.
But i know nothing. I am the impostor.
The fake bastard holding on to dreams.
I want all the answers.
I won't wince at each neck's snap nor help at the hint of hope,
i'll just lie here wet and willing to provoke you.
Still no closure.
Cold is so damn trite and evil was never glamorous.
Still it sells so fucking buy it as politics mean nothing now.
As it's already in their heads. In their hands it resides a mark.
So i leave mine as well to finally be picked apart.
Dissected and forgotten.
Ignored at best. But it's still a mark.
She gave me rope and i climb.