

Disgust For Details

Coalesce

If you leave me to be the outsider looking in, then I am finally home. I have a name and it isn't guilt. That never moved me an inch. If common sense and common decency aren't enough then leave me behind and consider yourself weeded out. If you have the taste for guilt and feed on lies then leave me behind and consider me sold out. And this sell out will keep screaming with the voice to push you to violence. Every word proof you can't handle any different. Every blow proof that you have no intentions of equality. If you make decisions color-based and call that power then leave me behind and I won't say a word. I'll just wait until you kill yourselves over nothing but flesh one thing's sure to die. As political trends keep coming, demanding godlessness. I'll just continue forward, my only intention all along. So look somewhere else for revolution. My disgust for details is nothing revolutionary