

On Being A Bastard

Coalesce

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