

Designed To Break A Man

Coalesce

My friend is fragile and will break if words are not in perfect order.

I can profess my love and it can be an insult.

My mood and meaning were detailed for my contrary to its intent or truth.

I will incite a wrath designed to break a man and I expect challenge.

The rabbit trails and tears I've indulged to be fair to something I can not understand.

I will incite a wrath designed to break a man and I expect challenge.

I have no heart.

I can demand that this has no business in this business but that does not make it any less real, or here, or right now.

We bitch and moan, but our prologue suggests we're spoiled.

Do we create a conflict simply to overcome when we rely on ourselves?

Or is this as real as pain and it has only been hidden too well?

I confess my heart tells me both.

It suggests a void in my faith.

I promise if I see your disgust, I will go for your throat.