

Still It Sells

Coalesce

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