

There Is A Word Hidden In The Ground

Coalesce

There's a word hidden in the ground as sure as my voice.
My travels in the past did very little to prepare me for
today.

To dictate my hates and lusts, to form an anthem to
incite that same reaction, it fell short.

Where trailblazers set forth a new rebellion, and cried
like children when it came back home to deplete their
fortunes.

We can not choose our effects without the risks.

We can't pick and choose our mark on the world when we
believe our own lies.

I found worth in words that were not mine.

I seek a path to be content with my failures in the
works, and my journey.

I've been a dead man before, in spirit and in flesh.

In both cases my will is not what saved me.