

# simulcast(original)

## Coalesce

The embodiment of innocence stripped from her own  
Territory. America's child has passed so close to  
Freedom. Now closest with her maker, the ten lifetimes  
Of terror were experienced by this frail body. Where  
Have our children gone? They are not to be found  
Amongst this tabloid filth over kill, an embarrassing  
Lack of responsibility, a vicious cycle of soap opera  
Drama pettiness. No known beginning and no end in  
Sight, this must be our darkest hour when gossip takes  
Priority over our young. Are we this shallow? Are we  
This apathetic? Are we this bored? Prove me wrong. The  
Child is mine, now that she has been thrown away. The  
Interest is gone, so now the others suffer. They  
Suffer unto a grotesque attention span deficit  
Monster. They turned our play yards into graveyards.  
So we cried every night for a week, squeezing as much  
Concern allowed between each sports update. You cried  
Every night for a week, yet I still mourn. Have you  
Forgotten their faces? Patience is a virtue I won't  
Instate. I must see the faces of every abductee. I  
Must taste the pain. Remind me of our system  
Atrocities. Don't let me forget. Don't let me forget.  
Why haven't we drawn a line? Instead, we feed and  
Shelter them. We support the evil and pay their debts.  
We've paid their debts. Why can't we win?

Songwriters

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