This Is The Last

Coalesce

My throat falls numb from the endless execution of contempt's song.
It fails to follow suit in silence even now.
I can hear every word.
Leave this place.If only you could just be half as hateful if only I could
Still take you with a grain of salt I could fake some
Respect and hide the pity.
For what I once feared is now somehow down on my level.I never claimed to see through another's eyes.
I could never inflict such abuse upon myself honestly.
Honest in a sense that I'm willing, but such intensity is dulled with age.
Leaving me some spoiled child.I'll take it in stride, with every cheep shot landed.
I took it without crying.
Now shut the fuck up.
I've always sang the cowards song.I've never claimed to be, anything but.
Like father like son.
We'll find an easy way I'll fly so high, to no longer hear the hisses of hatred
Ringing in my head.Selfishly sober in spite of you.
I'll never be the man to which you compare me.
Selfishly sober in spite of them.
You boast I'm dead to you and I in turn agree.I turned a deaf ear on you, I knew the rest.
Sob stories were never my strong suit.
Now just as threatening as I'll let you be.
I keep a short rope, and a shorter fuse.For the one who love's who?
I won't leave this place.
So boast I'm dead to you, with dying breath.
I can't hear a thing.I never could.
Fuck your apologies.
I've tolerated your last death threat.
I don't condone the likes of anyone so keep your word and consider me dead
To you.

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