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?

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