Blend As Well

Coalesce

What makes you think
You deserve the sediment of my truth?
You should expect me to be so honest
I owe you nothing, no blue prints for growth
I can barely begin to tackle myselfA friend is a foreign term
Good, better, best, intangible
Please, one at a time, it's all they can handle
Please, let me blend as well, it's always too muchCover at the repercussions of honesty
It means nothing, yet still the world hanging on every word
Violence is no motive to communicate
Come unto me in all your glory
All consuming in this childish prideYour blows so soothing, is this proof?
This does not cancel any options
Broken idols, so comical
I won't accept anything less
Than absence of prostituted smiles

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