

Anger and Apathy

As I Lay Dying

I've tried to find reconciliation behind the walls of those whose hatred burns. For I find it easier to reach
someone who still feels,
Than to make amends with passionless apathy.
Where all lines are the same a portrait cannot be made. I need to burn inside. I need to know that you are alive. I
need to know that feelings of discontent are stronger
Than indifference for those too weak to stand. Like a colorless sky over a sea of nothingness,
Hatred faces its enemies while apathy strikes furtively. I need to burn inside. I need to know that you are alive. I
need to know that feelings of discontent are stronger
Than indifference for those too weak to stand.
I need to know that feelings of discontent are stronger
Than indifference for those too weak to stand... Until our anger burns against injustice, we will create
The faceless by dismissing those forced to concede. Many of us have turned off the light outside, erasing what
exists beyond our front door.
And for you I find it harder to reach common ground than my most glaring opposition.
But what about those who've lost the luxury of choice?
... striving for identity, buried by our lack of interest, souls marked as mere history.
How much grievance will it take to awaken us? I need to know that feelings of discontent are stronger
Than indifference for those too weak to stand.
I need to know that feelings of discontent are stronger
Than indifference for those too weak to stand... How much grievance will it take to awaken us from the comfort
of our homes?
... the comfort of our oversized graves. I've tried to find reconciliation... I've tried to find reconciliation...

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