Still It Sells

Coalesce

Nothing ever came so easy
As the manipulation of her word
Cold and humiliated
I tried to portray this messI should fear it, I should give it all
To them and be done with it
I fear he maybe found a use
A meaning or comprehensionSome sort of new birth or late coming death
Whos eyes will govern this judgment?
Its just not my place to judge
Who tried or to condemn who criedI want to be her, I want all of the answers
A crusty and scratchy mess shielded only by burlap
And the satisfaction of knowing
But I know nothing, I am the impostorThe fake bastard holding on to dreams
I want all the answers
I wont wince at each necks snap
Nor help at the hint of hopeIll just lie here wet and willing to provoke you
Still no closure
Cold is so damn trite and evil was never glamorous
Still it sells so fucking buy it as politics mean nothing nowAs its already in their heads
In their hands it resides a mark
So I leave mine as well to finally be picked apart
Dissected and forgottenIgnored at best but its still a mark
She gave me rope and I climb

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