

The Good Fight

Hope of the States

Consider the odds, consider the obvious
The martyr is meaningless
The campaign has died in the planning stages
And the fallen faces are the singular proofs, it was ever alive
This purchased rebellion has been out-bidden
Denounced and rescinded and left to die
Championless, championless, championless
I begged you not to go
I begged you, I pleaded
Claimed you as my only hope
And watched the floor as you retreated
I begged you not to go
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Claimed you as my only hope
And watched the floor as you retreated
Hope has sprung a perfect dive
A perfect day, a perfect lie
A slowly crafted monologue
Conceding your defeat
This purchased rebellion has been out-bidden
Denounced and rescinded and left to die
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Does it comfort you to know you fought the good fight?
Basking in your victory, hollow and alone
When you boast your bitter bragging rights to anyone who will listen
While youre left with nothing tangible to gain

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