

A New Language

Coalesce

I run with the pack with every freedom
I am God, selfishness embodied
Strong enough to build this mountain
A barrier, you're cowardly to call by its proper name I am a man who screams aloud as for I am nothing
Humility exercised honest enough
To humble any man who seeks peace
And I call it by its name Jealousy, it turns the kindest of men green
With rage and eats them from inside
I've climbed your mountain
And found it to be no more than a mole hill
Compared to the hate you harbor for Christ I'd call it by its name if it had one
Rebellion against faith based on its failed followers
A rotting fool tied upon our necks
That carry the blood of the crusades
And the misunderstanding of homosexuality

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