

My Love for Extremes

Coalesce

He took on a shade of green long ago.
and many a fool along the way have been lost to this.
i know you can't afford to be wrong. and we can't either.
we want it back. i can't afford to lose you. but that's not what this is about.
if love ever had a second name it's attachment.
and if you had an ounce of common sense you would be witness to this.
but try your best not to be of this world.
fly with the rest of your glassy eyed angels.
straight to heaven gate
and don't forget your spare change to horde and render useless.
gold was always more valuable than bread in the stomachs of the starving.
and you dare say i'm godless (filthy) less evolved,
sure to be stuck in my rut.
well i say you're gutless. the first in line to be our rip off artist.
the first to change your name to push more product.
we finally got it back from the clutches of absurdity.
and our bond is measured by nothing.
no books, no rounds, no quotas,
and certainly not by how many units sold.
i tell you krishna's dead to me along with my love for extremes.
i tell you krishna's dead! so tell me to go to hell for all i care.
life without love is no different.
i've been there and it offered no hope.
dead is dead.

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