

The Harvest of Maturity

Coalesce

I've met that point in my life, want came to need
Burn these fields of corn that surround
My harvest gone at the price of maturity But these remains I've left to rot
Will be resurrected again and again
By the next generation of children
Who wants to change minds
With the stain on hand But, it's deeper than this
I'm not the only one who sees
It lies in diversity
Acceptance to a degree
Only to a degree The fire that once occupied my eyes
Has spread to destroy this world, I have grown
You have nothing new to scream beyond your fields
And not a second of patience
To learn from me the same This time I harvest the crops of my past
As far as the demigods are concerned
I've sold myself out just the same I've burned bridges to feign brothers
Brothers of nothing more than a simple label
So now, I'm in control after all
For myself I prove, I still am
But within these fields
They'll say I never was

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