

# This Is the Last

## Coalesce

My throat falls numb from the  
Endless execution of contempt's song  
It fails to follow suit in silence even now  
I can hear every word, leave this place  
If only you could just be half as hateful  
If only I could still take you with a grain of salt  
I could fake some respect and hide the pity  
For what I once feared is now somehow down on my level  
I never claimed to see through another's eyes  
I could never inflict such abuse upon myself honestly  
Honest in a sense that I'm willing  
But such intensity is dulled with age  
Leaving me some spoiled child  
I'll take it in stride, with every cheep shot landed  
I took it without crying, now shut the fuck up  
I've always sang the cowards song  
I've never claimed to be, anything but  
Like father like son, we'll find an easy way  
I'll fly so high to no longer hear the hisses  
Of hatred ringing in my head  
Selfishly sober in spite of you  
I'll never be the man to which you compare me  
Selfishly sober in spite of them  
You boast, I'm dead to you and I in turn agree  
I turned a deaf ear on you, I knew the rest  
Sob stories were never my strong suit  
Now just as threatening as I'll let you be  
I keep a short rope and a shorter fuse  
For the one who love's who?  
I won't leave this place  
So boast I'm dead to you with dying breath  
I can't hear a thing, I never could  
Fuck your apologies  
I've tolerated your last death threat  
I don't condone the likes of anyone so keep your word  
And consider me dead to you

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