

A Disgust For Details

Coalesce

If you leave me to be the outsider looking in
Then I am finally home
I have a name and it isn't guilt
That never moved me a single inch

If common sense and common decency aren't enough
Then leave me behind and consider yourself weeded out
If you have the taste for guilt and feed on lies
Then leave me behind and consider me sold out

And this sell out will keep screaming
With the voice to push you to violence
Every word proof you can't handle any different
Every blow proof that you have no intentions of equality

If you make decisions color-based and call that power
Then leave me behind and I won't say a word
I'll just wait until you kill yourselves over nothing
But flesh one thing's sure to die

As political trends keep coming, demanding godlessness
I'll just continue forward, my only intention all along
So look somewhere else for revolution
My disgust for details is nothing revolutionary