

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 want 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.