

Coalesce "Harvest Of Maturity"

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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.

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