

The Blind Eye

Coalesce

What's ours is ours, we will not be told to part with our
wealth in deference to love.

We are scored out.

Paid in full.

The rest is ours to punish with as we see fit to sort.

We will not burden guilt of our earned fortunes.

We will not be party to handouts to the weak.

We put our faith in our kings and affiliations, and turn
a blind eye to the desperate that dare to be.

Our endeavors, they dictate our love, as our love does
not dictate our efforts.

We are the peacemakers in arms.

Our endeavors they dictate our love, as our love does not
dictate our efforts.

The heart is weak and designed to suffer in its place.

It boasts its pull, but has secretly set its price, and
on sale.