

Disputatio

Good Riddance

One down, a thousand more to go
Turns out this is all we know
So tired of being second guessed
Carry on for those oppressed
Discourse like kryptonite
On the battlefield between the wrong and right
Hold fast to your ideals
No matter how arduous it feels

And soon you will be
Crucified for your own vision
And vilified by indecision

Disillusion it's all the same
Just a figure without a name
They try to smother us with their sympathy
And the caustic outcome of hyperbole
On borrowed time yet still upbraided
For propositions not yet gestated
A limitless capacity for scorn
And questions still unformed

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Crucified for your own vision
And vilified by indecision