Thoughts Like Hammers

Celestial buried mind resting Resting without peace still Don't know where I drowned

Cornered and defeated Yes, there's a thought forming Patterns in the currents Mud-dwellers at the star-floor

Nourishment for the mind seeps Harvest through suffering Absorbed in desperation

Assimilated logic Drawn towards the ladders Elucidated, burned, afraid Instinctive destruction sparked Elucidated, burned, afraid Knowing only my own dissent Elucidated, burned, afraid Static is the common language Elucidated, burned, afraid

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Motion remains our mothertongue Failure might not be what it seems All is broken for a reason Familiar blood drawn for painting Willing another perspective Flashing scenes seeing children above

Knowing there will be another life Sacrificing Sacrificing remnants of the past Walking all on my own forever The illusion no longer needed

It is spoken without words of doubt Now we move the stars above, below

And dwell beneath the layers of dirt My runic patterns in the current

My runic patterns in the current

Enslaved

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