

This Ship Has Sailed

Sikth

Wishbone blankets and borrowed keys
Yearning to learn what's behind thee
Mystery trees and dying branches
Fragmentation, desensitisation, blacklit words without reason
Withering captains and web eyed generals
Battling statistical patterns of suppression
Are you in or out? Are you coming or going?
Are we on the same page?
Mind programmers, conjuerers of conformity
Leaving those who don't walk that way behind
They are on a rock without an oar
And this is sailed far, far away
At pace