## **Millstone**

## **Textures**

Hold still, it swiftly passes Innocence Tread fast on known paths And be firm Strangeness is my grace Remain silent

Solace, a comfort we embrace Remembrance shattered to pieces In this old bent frame Sketches of a visionary mind Tainted and washed out A fresh breath to inhale

Kaleidoscope
Reveal the pinnacle
Of what's deep down
Buried by numbers
The huntsman chased down
With his back turned to the wall

The summit
Climb it
Watch the colors blend
While you fall down
It all fades to grey

Flesh and bone
Take this moment to remember

When you gaze behind a corner, Another one awaits

Such a horror to break it down This place is blank to begin with

Hold still, it swiftly passes Innocence Tread fast on known paths And be firm Strangeness is my grace Remain silent

Flesh and bone
Take this moment to remember
Your name