

Sketches From A Motionless Statue

Textures

Can a man stop to realize
There is nothing to stand for
Reach out, our minds combined
Bonded by thoughts

Here is a secret world
We are the same way

Waking up and see the dance around
Of a broken harmony
They are feeding off the winters
In our heads
Can't make us wondering
For everything is much the same
We are still being tied by

Shame, like fighting underwater
Motionless, for we all know
We shall burn, heavenless

Blame me for every
Lacerated actions and efforts

Manage the endeavor
I pledge the open source
Conduct the overlapping
Elements of time
Waking the yesterdays
Wading through the mind
Waiting to escape the drifted sands

Breathe the open wounds
That is what it feeds
Statement to the old remorse
Consolate, eat the flesh
I can't take
What will be the link

Breathe, the open source
That is what it greeds
Statement to the old remorse
Contrition, harsh regret
I can't take
What will be the link

Waking the yesterdays
Wading through the mind
Waiting to escape the drifted sands

Break the chain

Elevation of the sewers
The waking of the waters
The heritage from the fathers
To their daughters to renew us

We are disciples

We live our own way
We are persuaders
Defend our own space

Here is the secret world
We are the same way
Keep it in your mind
We are the same way