

Frozen Processions

Barren Earth

Weave the intent from
Our resolved unknowing
Present the solutions
In a morose soliloquy

And as we speak those final rhymes
Paving the road for continuation
A path to paradise
Witness the blessed rotten flesh
Mercy!

These processions I've joined are not bound for rebirth
They are frozen
Heading for the sky
Silently

Never asking why

To be as one with Earth and the worm within it
Will not suffice for those whom we know as sacred

Between us we divide a boundless worth
Projecting upon ourselves the elation
I shall meet you in paradise, my beloved
In memoriam

These processions I've joined are not bound for rebirth
And they seem so lost
I am no less bound to this road
But the pains and joys of certainty are not mine
I am not staring beyond the clouds
Not heading for the sky
And silently
Always asking why

These processions I've chosen to follow have shackled me
To the hearse that rides forever
Into the sky
Silently
Never asking why