

Praxis is the touchtone of our thought.  
Minds inform our movement making music with our actions - we are all musicians; dancing to the beat of a thousand different drums - combined in tribal counterpoint - until the chaos is so loud it can no longer be heard, only felt - and these words are not spoken, but they are yelled.  
All of your words have fallen to the ground.  
You have sold yourself to vanity.  
I see your masks, falsehood seeps from you.  
But I don't believe a single tale from you.  
You scream of destruction and of anarchy.  
You writhe in the pain of a love once lost.  
But I don't buy a word, not one word.  
You sell what's true of yourself (for) vain silver.  
Every last drop of your blood runs cold; (you) stale cadaver.  
When did your heart last beat (you) whitewashed corpses?  
Your pulse has faded - your face so pale (you) stale cadaver.  
If this is oppression, your heart should be beating.  
If you are a warrior, your foe should be bleeding.  
If this really hurts you, I should find you weeping.  
I've only just met you yet, I find that your comatose conviction means nothing to me.  
Choke on your glory.  
I won't let you suffocate what now lives.  
Art is the depth of our essence, it cannot be void of truth.  
The truth of your expression has withered - your wick has become cold.  
You cannot buy what's real.  
You cannot buy the truth.