

Onward Procession II. The Soil Calls

Minsk

Thrown into the depths
A self-imposed exile
Gnawing at the marrow
The stragglers set to expire
Breathe, breathe

Unaware of the current, see the cost and its worth, unaware of
our birth
The necessity of a cleansing never evident before
Unaware of the currency, the cost and its worth, unaware of our
birth
Attention must be paid
Unaware of the current, see the cost and its worth, unaware of
our birth
Gnosis, a foundation, realizing
Unaware of the currency, the cost and its worth, unaware of our
birth
And it's worth
Unaware
Attention you must pay