

The Way Is Through

Minsk

We've built illusion, into every failing sequence
Welcome decay in honor of the sun
This hollow shell, this beacon of suffering
The path unknown, we carry on, we approach

A death march, repeating, forever in a circle

And hidden from our sight, for an end we still falsely seek
To see the road, and to not traverse
There is a cost here, etched in every heart
Would destroy the will, would vanquish the soul
The pain we hide, from ourselves
And now let us proceed with all that we know, balance returns

That will awaken to begin
A new procession
Toward an undoing
Stowed away beneath time

How far can you see, never far enough
And how much ground must be covered to roundly crown the bluff
The circle ever bending
The cycle never ending

The way is through, no circumventing here
To see the road and not to traverse
Would destroy the will, would vanquish the soul
So let us proceed with all that we know

This fire inside ascends, awaiting, new light to rise
Awaken to begin a new procession

Starlight commands the world be built again
To start again by ceasing
We approach, another cycle

Awaken, to begin, renewal
Why aren't you living
Why would you repeat this