

To the Garish Remembrance of Failure

Minsk

Lifeless shells dance to the rhythm of the ego
Forced into freedom while blind to its wisdom
The monoliths scream emptiness, no power held within

Extract the wrath, the spectre of not fit to be

Chasing a never ending ending, neglecting the now
Lifeless shells dance to the rhythm of the ego
A seething retreating

Left to rot in the nether, rejecting the never
Monoliths scream emptiness, no power held within
You have not arrived, and you are blind

The stream hidden 'neath the rose, hidden 'neath the hollowed oak
Winds carry the dust of fossilized dreams
But they are blind

The child of the union, the lesser stone
Leaving the inner eye to guide, regret we leave you to die
Be not blind

Extract the wrath, the spectre of not fit to be
At the foot of the hill, a sacrifice made
To the garish remembrance of failure

White to green, peel away the sterile sheen
Blessed separation, the ending of the masquerade