

# Sketches From A Motionless Statue

## Textures

Can a man stop to realize  
There is nothing to stand for  
Reach out, our minds combined  
Bonded by thoughts

Here is a secret world  
We are the same way

Waking up and see the dance around  
Of a broken harmony  
They are feeding off the winters  
In our heads  
Can't make us wondering  
For everything is much the same  
We are still being tied by

Shame, like fighting underwater  
Motionless, for we all know  
We shall burn, heavenless

Blame me for every  
Lacerated actions and efforts

Manage the endeavor  
I pledge the open source  
Conduct the overlapping  
Elements of time  
Waking the yesterdays  
Wading through the mind  
Waiting to escape the drifted sands

Breathe the open wounds  
That is what it feeds  
Statement to the old remorse  
Consolate, eat the flesh  
I can't take  
What will be the link

Breathe, the open source  
That is what it greeds  
Statement to the old remorse  
Contrition, harsh regret  
I can't take  
What will be the link

Waking the yesterdays  
Wading through the mind  
Waiting to escape the drifted sands

Break the chain

Elevation of the sewers  
The waking of the waters  
The heritage from the fathers  
To their daughters to renew us

We are disciples

We live our own way  
We are persuaders  
Defend our own space

Here is the secret world  
We are the same way  
Keep it in your mind  
We are the same way