

## Frozen Processions

Barren Earth

Weave the intent from  
Our resolved unknowing  
Present the solutions  
In a morose soliloquy

And as we speak those final rhymes  
Paving the road for continuation  
A path to paradise  
Witness the blessed rotten flesh  
Mercy!

These processions I've joined are not bound for rebirth  
They are frozen  
Heading for the sky  
Silently

Never asking why

To be as one with Earth and the worm within it  
Will not suffice for those whom we know as sacred

Between us we divide a boundless worth  
Projecting upon ourselves the elation  
I shall meet you in paradise, my beloved  
In memoriam

These processions I've joined are not bound for rebirth  
And they seem so lost  
I am no less bound to this road  
But the pains and joys of certainty are not mine  
I am not staring beyond the clouds  
Not heading for the sky  
And silently  
Always asking why

These processions I've chosen to follow have shackled me  
To the hearse that rides forever  
Into the sky  
Silently  
Never asking why