

Thoughts Like Hammers

Enslaved

Celestial buried mind resting
Resting without peace still
Don't know where I drowned

Cornered and defeated
Yes, there's a thought forming
Patterns in the currents
Mud-dwellers at the star-floor

Nourishment for the mind seeps
Harvest through suffering
Absorbed in desperation

Assimilated logic
Drawn towards the ladders
Elucidated, burned, afraid
Instinctive destruction sparked
Elucidated, burned, afraid
Knowing only my own dissent
Elucidated, burned, afraid
Static is the common language
Elucidated, burned, afraid

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Motion remains our mothertongue
Failure might not be what it seems
All is broken for a reason
Familiar blood drawn for painting
Willing another perspective
Flashing scenes seeing children above

Knowing there will be another life
Sacrificing
Sacrificing remnants of the past
Walking all on my own forever
The illusion no longer needed

It is spoken without words of doubt
Now we move the stars above, below

And dwell beneath the layers of dirt
My runic patterns in the current

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