

Invoke Revive

Minsk

In the shadow of defamation, the unforgivable lie, hidden inside
Giving breath to the flames, a curse out of will,
burning all that bears your name, only ashes remain
Fabrication reversed, return to the earth,
in solitude was an unmatched power given birth
Spreading these wings, deflecting deceit, laughing in the wake of fate
This conviction will not wane, fly away
The cycle complete, the theft and the gift
Wounds wisened through time, and the blink of the eye
Deeds performed in the light, truth instilled, instincted
Connecting the circle, embracing the whole
To rest in the narrows, there is no time
A moment unownable, knowable only in truth and in lies
From the dark into the light
The vantage point where vision dies
Shunning the comforting blanket of night
True motives manifest when the sun appears
An ocean of doubt, the sediment deep
Yet a treasure awaits all who navigate fear
Our nature concealed as we held to ideals
A sovereignty gives wings, and the Will shall not wane
Who are your arbiters of truth
To whom does your proxy belong
You are not destined to remember
The hand of mortality, it tightens
Predilection of sin, it permeates
The curse of obligation, it punctuates
Screaming for an exit from abbreviated realities
Tongues unleashed with baited, heaving breaths
We are reduced, we are diminished
Clearly unfinished, we've gone before
Open doors and metaphors, open sores and wars before
A fighting side, a soul-diers pride, we've been to war
You must remember, you are wired to forget
Progeny of the snake, dualistic and rent
The veil top to bottom, one into two
Rendered lamenting, yearning for the before
That moment that gifts you, humanity's purview
Beyond the between of response and stimuli
Don't you know what you are?
A contradiction of intent, lament the self you project
We forgot the past and could not hide
And why can't we see through these lies?
Within the echoes and ghosts trapped in stone
Forever chasing us through time
A lesson, we learned a truth we'll forget
When the cycle completes, and the nightmare repeats
In the fullness of silence, and the loneliness of noise
An act of creation, the only clear way
If it all disappeared today, the spark would remain
Existence would march onward, and sorrow would wane
What have we become now, from one into two, torn
O quiet soul, let the knowing take hold, be still with resolve
Now devour in time, at the gate time is frozen, o quiet soul