

Cedar Skeletons

Panopticon

All that remains is grey
What grew once sacred and plentiful beneath the sun
Withers in decay
Only preserved by the cyclical freezing of the northern winter.

..

Its beauty long engulfed in the fade
Wilting, wilting, but an echo, all that remains:
The lightless skeleton of hope's glimmer
The sheen of ice, it's apocryphal shimmer

This life fades, but the flesh persists
Enjoyment stripped by the passing of time
Suffering banality for an irreconcilable end...
The wilt of foliage and the melting of rime
As the heart beats fast and the fear sets in
All is still beneath the winter sun
As nauthiz is carved into flesh and bone
What exists in the soul speaks when alone

As the heart beat slows and hypothermia sets in
All is still beneath the winter sun
As isa is carved into flesh and ice

What exists in the heart will come to the light

“Nuestra patética existencia
Agrega demasiado peso
Lo que una vez fue sagrado
Ahora no tiene verdades
Nuestra residencia temporal
Causando daño permanente
El corazón de la tierra se desangra
Solo quedan esqueletos”
(lyrical contribution and guest vocal by Victor Sanchez)

The only constant is change
The gears continue to grind with the hand of man's aid
Only we are to blame
For the treasure we bury and lose
For pride painted over the shame...
...And the mire's death is suspended til the coming of spring
....And the song bird flies south and continues to sing
....And the warmth resumes the rot that we know it will bring
The horror is knowing our endeavors will not amount to a thing