

Thought & Memory

The Absence

I am held high by the wings of ascension
Where my desires remain unplugged
by the abysmal embodiment
Of your penitent crusade

Within a debased existence
The ravenous still exists
For a ceaseless feast in lucid life
Reflected in the mental
Reverence

I must separate
What I think from what I know

To the warmth of mind
A dynamic in desperate need
Rooted rings of balance
Come to me
To the warmth of mind
Renewed in vibrancy
Illuminate this negative space
My thought and memory

[Lead Taylor]

I abnegate to tread undone
To the gallows of half lived lives
Mentalities in non-expanse
No longer sacrificed

In the luminance of recollection
I must separate what I see
From what I know

To the warmth of mind
A dynamic in desperate need
Rooted rings of balance
Come to me
To the warmth of mind
Renewed in vibrancy
Illuminate this negative space
My thought and memory

Your boundless breadths of fortune
Vain in desolate hues
Scabbed to these obscuring walls
I pity you in your solitude

[Lead Taylor]

To the warmth of mind
A dynamic in desperate need
Rooted rings of balance
Come to me
To the warmth of mind
Renewed in vibrancy
Illuminate this negative space

My thought and memory

Rooted rings

Come to me

These obsidian wings

Come to me

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