

# Escanaba Firing Line, Minotaurs

A lake frozen in time.  
Time to go see... see you all play in the river.  
Translate: arming the mind, mind that you feed.  
Freed from inside- stands together.

Images, black the image is.  
A sleep surrendered.  
Images, black the image is.  
And I'm laughing right through this.

Dreams tied to these words...  
Words that we use.  
Use to perceive  
(They) hold no meaning.  
Awake, I'm alarmed by your view.  
We're locked from our build.  
I fear this design is never ending.

Face I've seen once or twice before.  
Ain't that familiar.  
Once was here now its twice as far.  
But I'm laughing right through this.

As miles stretch the anatomy.  
As two define the contrast this was lost on me.  
This black and white- this that sets you free.  
A minds' a song of protest...  
Forward thoughts secede.  
Innovation and discovery...  
Violent noises bred societies, i warn you.  
Alleys hold thoughts things we knew.  
Our arms reached out like mountains, we are destitute.  
As we stand together.  
We're not together.

Am I a slave to my condition?  
Rearranged as I comb through my dialect and...  
Examine this affliction; over cautiousness a distaste for what I am, that...

Images, black the image is.  
As our memories bleed together.  
Images, black the image is.  
I'll be laughing right through this.

A lake frozen in time.  
Time to go see... see you all play in the river.  
Translate: arming the mind, mind that you feed.  
Freed from inside- stands together.

An assistant to the illusory.  
We can't keep it together.  
Constantly and overwhelmingly...  
I'm laughing right through this.