

# Fates Warning, Static Acts

Air currents grind, monotony.  
Image defined, static scene.  
Adherents bent opinionless  
following scent of commonness.

Fit the latest rage,  
whatever stains the page.  
Then fears allayed,  
of lonely shade.

Wheels, they grind...industry.  
Inspid finds, out of key.  
Opinions bent toward standard waves,  
bleaching out divergent shades.

Mock integrity.  
Veiled hypocrisy.  
Ironic finds,  
when selves decried.

Ban expressiveness.  
Bold repressiveness  
dictated by minds closed tight  
and walls that shut out light,  
and so we have static acts.