

Textures, Millstone

Hold still, it swiftly passes
Innocence
Tread fast on known paths
And be firm
Strangeness is my grace
Remain silent

Solace, a comfort we embrace
Remembrance shattered to pieces
In this old bent frame
Sketches of a visionary mind
Tainted and washed out
A fresh breath to inhale

Kaleidoscope
Reveal the pinnacle
Of what's deep down
Buried by numbers
The huntsman chased down
With his back turned to the wall

The summit
Climb it
Watch the colors blend
While you fall down
It all fades to grey

Flesh and bone
Take this moment to remember

When you gaze behind a corner,
Another one awaits

Such a horror to break it down
This place is blank to begin with

Hold still, it swiftly passes
Innocence
Tread fast on known paths
And be firm
Strangeness is my grace
Remain silent

Flesh and bone
Take this moment to remember
Your name