

The Cyan Velvet Project, Last Before the Blizzard

after lowering transformation
to a being hibernating awake
feet are constantly on their way to a place
where flesh encounters the spirit
an addictive state of mind
for the last before the blizzard
grotesque is the promise of salvation
that overlooks or rewards atrocity
how can a man reap what he sows
when honest repenting means forgiveness and bliss
avoiding the trick by believing in treat
believe it to be a one way street
avoiding the trick by believing in treat
they rock themselves to sleep
we are just sandgrains
in a rotating hourglass
and you make the movement
but we worship the counter side
mother dear
it's not too late
its secret no more
that you're in pain
but i cannot hide
from shame
(shame's all the children of blizzard can gain)
for i do know
who's to blame