

## Enslaved

### "Thoughts like Hammers"

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Celestial buried mind resting  
Resting without peace still  
Don't know where I drowned

Cornered and defeated  
Yes, there's a thought forming  
Patterns in the currents  
Mud-dwellers at the star-floor

Nourishment for the mind seeps  
Harvest through suffering  
Absorbed in desperation

Assimilated logic  
Drawn towards the ladders  
Elucidated, burned, afraid  
Instinctive destruction sparked  
Elucidated, burned, afraid  
Knowing only my own dissent  
Elucidated, burned, afraid  
Static is the common language  
Elucidated, burned, afraid

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Resting without peace still

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Motion remains our mothertongue  
Failure might not be what it seems  
All is broken for a reason  
Familiar blood drawn for painting  
Willing another perspective  
Flashing scenes seeing children above

Knowing there will be another life  
Sacrificing  
Sacrificing remnants of the past  
Walking all on my own forever  
The illusion no longer needed

It is spoken without words of doubt  
Now we move the stars above, below

And dwell beneath the layers of dirt  
My runic patterns in the current

My runic patterns in the current

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