

Minsk

"Ceremony Ek Stasis"

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Whispered words these walls breathe the inanity of
accusation
And a moment of gifting passes through what once
was identity
In a movement beyond truth and falsity I can sense
them in the mountains
On either side of every side
Basking in the seething sun this flesh conjures the
infinite mind
While well worn pillars of objectivity collapse as if blown
asunder
By the blameless pawns of poets ecstatically exhuming
treasures of forgotten grace
The in-betweens surpassing their localities this grey
disease reproducing
The weapons forever unleashed stockpiled with lies of
every kind
There is a season a time to die
And the word games end as the clock thunders by and
the rain sears this pain
As my streams keep running dry

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