

Sevenschurch "Surreal Wheel"

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Innocent suppression, curious condition, vigil eyes.
Inquisitive intrusion, contradict conclusion, a wake lie.
Seductive infamy, dark attraction. Forbidden paths,
fascination. Beguiling intent begs deception. Decay of
innocence commenced. What is the truth behind these
lies? Why are the divergent despised? Do the old truths
warrant fear? Unfounded caution, course unclear.
Questions wait where answers lie, hand in hand their
paths entwine. Standing green upon a hurst, silent,
sisters stand accursed. Come wake the sleeping land,
beyond a pale existence. Wait for the midnight hand,
inside a ring of distance. Know truth, build strength.
Symbol surreal. Turn of the wheel. Surreal Wheel.
Doubts in my mind abound, silence the only sound,
darkness has cast a shroud. Reach for your own.
Choose an eternal path, ring destroyed just two halves,
torn at it's callow heart. Caution withdrawn. The silence
is broken, discard the lost token, the scenery set.
Madness surrounding, a cold cry resounding, born
from the pit. Never turn back, on eyes that are black,
field of regret. Chaos of thought, solution is sought,
puzzle misfit. God bless your soul.

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