

Mindgames

"The Statue"

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Find the stone.
Simplicity within the forms of nature,
contains the creature.
Will soon reveal,
By means of hands
that found the way to shatter,
to control the matter.
They breathe life
into a work that tries to tell the story.
Awaken the mystery.
See him stand tall.
Representative of a man, or an ideology,
or a fact in history.

Moving towards the place they can admire pride and
vanity.
Somewhere in the middle of the market place.
Surrounded by pigeons through all seasons he is
standing there,
as a moment frozen in time and space
most people passing by that gentle piece of rock,
will never have a clue of what he did, or who he was,

Another year, another month, another day
They've all been coming to see the man himself.
Studied the creature in his former life and days.
Nothing more than knowledge upon a dusty shelf .
They all seem to try to touch the past,
but the memory is of stone.
And he's all alone,

Find yourself,
within the memory of your own creation,
stone incarnation.
Your life will pass,
and so will people who preserve traditions,
stick to convictions.

For many years,
we hold on to a certain faith in values,
embodied by statues.

All of this will last
until the icons all retire.
The ideals we pursued,
seemed a fragment of the truth.

Breaking out,
out of the pose you stand in.
Moving on,
to places you've never been.
And when you awake from your granite sleep,
your body is aching from head to toe.

Fought down,
your anger for many years.
Fight back,
making your right prevail.
Show all of the things that you feel inside.
You're static no more, you don't need to hide.

Take part,
in social activities.
Talk about,
things they're concerned about.
'Cause to know those who live in your neighborhood,
You just need to become the one you're talking to.

The moment has come to turn stone into flesh.
Spectators around me are caught by surprise.
You know who I am. That's what you believe.
But things they've been telling you may well deceive.
For five-hundred years I've been doing this job.
Lack of variety made me resign.
I made up my mind. I go my own way.
No-one on earth can persuade me to stay.

I'm leaving the scene. In a way I'm displeased.
Accepted the blows, then too proud to react.
Wherever I may run, there'll be no place to hide.
The ghosts of the past they still bang on my door.
Been waiting too long! To answer the call,
that lived deep inside of me for so many years.
Frustration runs high! The anger is there,
to release all the energy needed to bring about
change, Now!

In places all over the world,
Man has left us things which reminds us all,
of who they used to respect.
All through the ages.

Sometimes it's a cry for the past,

a trigger they use to hang on to an order
they try to maintain.
To make you obey.

And if you look into your soul.
You might find some statues,
built throughout your lifetime.
There to appear,
again an again.

Then the dawn of an age,
when the masses will go for a change.
And statues obstruct the revolving stage.
They will tear them down!

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