

Static Acts

Fates Warning

Air currents grind, monotony
Image defined, static scene
Adherents bent opinion-less
Following scent of commonness Fit the latest rage
Whatever stains the page
Then fears allayed
Of lonely shade Wheels, they grind, industry
Inspid finds out, out of key
Opinions bent towards standard waves
Bleaching out divergent shades Mock integrity
Veiled hypocrisy
Ironic finds
When selves descried Ban expressiveness, bold repressiveness
Dictated by minds, closed tight
And walls that shut out light
And so we have static acts

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