

Circle Takes The Square

"Intro"

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Hide those petals underneath that bedroom
floorboard,
And they will wither without fail or success,
Put the people in the hollow box they crafted,
Bolt the doors and watch them perish.
Its a cautious decent,
So polite and patient at first,
But the only truth is changed,
Every hundred years, a single breath and then it's over.
So pretty in the face of all those roots that ruin.
To stand so tall when in fact in ruins.
To face that corner of the box and dive in.
Just the sound alone,
Of it's humble breath.
From the branch a murmur,
From the ruins that grow softly as the roots undo.

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