

Circle Takes The Square "North Star Inverted"

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In circular dance
We call down the craft
Face the end

"Gods arrive
On the wings of the wind
Fade to black
How the mighty descend
Gods arrive
On the wings of the wind
Fade to black"
So it begins...

Out of body
Torn out of time
Diseased
Centers align
Revelations
Storm cloud swept signs
Whirlwind revolutions
Drifting by
At ease
Within decline
Out of body
Torn out of time
Grace redefined

Elliptical Trance
Flared prominence
Magnetic draft
Face the end...

The future can't sleep,
It doesn't need to,
It dreams standing up like the statues
In the gardens we'll pass through-
Past the guardians at the gatepost,
The Light: how it gives and it takes.

Pitch black, the poles lost their grip,
Let the axis reverse-

Precious balance of mind now disturbed...
This world, it slips and tears.
And if the smoke ever clears,
Will the southern skies now host The Northern Lights?
Let's make pretend:

"It was all a delusion,
It's all in your head.
It was all an illusion,
Like gold out of lead."

The present can't see,
It is blind but has visions
Of pillage and pilgrimage,
The purging of empires-
Tyrants, their treasonous wars...
Then without warning its done.

A clean slate just feels like a dead weight,
The burdens of surface stone
Scrapes skin from bones,
As we crawled across dark parking lots,
Felt the forest floor cringe...
And let the cities cave in.

The past lost its voice,
It can't speak but was spoken for
By pundit and prophet...
Until the dust clouds around us
Eroded our embellished belief
In some fixed history.

Could we recognize
Symbols made of smoke?

Across the canopy,
That soft-spoken sky,
Burnt by the torchlight
As we chart out the ley-line.
Pray the earth it won't break one more time,
All the voices we heard
As we followed the fault lines.

Devoured, digested, cast out...

Decomposed.

"Gods arrive
Line of dark chariots
Starlight dies
I can't bury it yet

Wheels of fire
Swing they so low
Fade to black
Carry us home"

Polaris slips her tongue
Through a kiss made out of cinders,
In a marriage of chemicals.
The sky's sulphur heart,
carved-out veins of slate,
The pulse of the earth-
How it sinks and it slows.

An oil corn and wine coated keystone,
The archway, two columns (now ash and dust)
Frame this path for us,
The undeserved-
Brought low and unpreserved
From this unhallowed gaze, we profane;
The cursed abandon the weak,
To stagger on in a stolen display
Of confusion, of faith.

The North Star, she nods out,
Doused her torch, left us forever
Without promise or penance.
We're left to merge with the trench,
Taught the cruelties that it takes to survive.
"Just accept to be free."

I used to waste my skin,
Shed my time, change my colors,
Until I settled for peace...
In death, an emerald sea stands before me
Unveiled but unbowed-
Each wave's a rainbow of sound.

Could we recognize
Any signal in the noise?

Across that static sea,
O, crestfallen sky
Yearn for the currents
That carved out the ley-line.
Pray the earth it won't break one more time,
All the voices we heard
As we followed the fault line.
Pray the earth it won't break,
All the voices we heard as we followed.
Pray the earth it won't break,
All the voices we heard as we followed the fault lines.

Devour, break down and black out...

Decompose.

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