

Circle Takes The Square "Same Shade As Concrete"

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Rejoice, rejoice a noble birth, a prince is born.

Behold the birth of violence, beasts of fang and
feather cry for our concrete rapture,

And if we beg to be put down, unto us the most
inspired storm.

A princess ravaged by her prince behold; the birth of
sex and distance, two frail corpses both were they, his
eyes were the first to stray... every tree held fast the
earth to sky.

Concrete replaces every branch and twig as they were
frayed upon the birth of ambition. The heavens filled
our gilded vessel with poison tears, before we drink, I
propose a toast, a final prayer.

Here's to the watchers in the wood, here's to the last
days, unto us a most inspired song.

Shaper, stop the music.

Halt the harp strings whose chords confuse our
histories with textures.

With the disheartened chorus of a hymnal whose choir
is the conviction of the starving, artless, tempted by
the feast of proof that this body of work has worth.

Uncertain as the fingering of a chord torn prematurely
from a piano's womb.

As we fill our precious lungs with concrete, that faithful
shade, a shaper's song is stopped short- a dying
breath a singing shore.

Then the only movement and the last remains of grace:
Pollen falling off the simple hinge joint leg upon the
final breath of a dragonfly.

A cardinal, lost but headstrong in mid flight cries for
our concrete rapture, wade...

In the water, wade. Let the flood swell, thank the storm
for her tears.

The faithful say it's beautiful, it's god's will

But the fool knows what the prophets have seen, no
salvation's impending.

The faithful say it's beautiful, it's god's will let the flood
swell and the bodies that break we'll just float down the
river. Stay tame, soft river, while we weigh our faith,
stay sweet, run softly, sweet river, the fool who wades
in doubt will float like concrete.

Come and fill your lungs. Come and fill your lungs.
There's so much hope buried underneath tragedy, it's
the same shade as concrete.
The faithful say it's beautiful, it's god's will, let the
flood swell
On the loudspeaker sermons and a parish descending.
There's so much hope buried underneath tragedy, it's
the same shade as concrete.
Let the flood swell.

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