

## **Circle Takes The Square**

### **"Way Of Ever-branching Paths"**

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At your doorstep  
Cloaked in negative space  
First frost aches  
To lay its claim

At the threshold  
Between without and within  
First foot prints  
Disgrace the virgin soil  
Ignoring refusal  
Let the winter in  
Indian Summer  
Defiant forever  
Let winter have its way

Through hollow insides  
Made of branching halls  
First step falls

Vanishing reasons  
I chose this course  
Death is in season  
Inward to source  
INITIATION  
Vanishing reasons  
I chose this course  
DISINTEGRATION  
Death is in Season  
Step inside...  
One thousand faces  
Stare back from their fractured origin

In turn  
Turn another corner  
And lose my place  
A blue print for disorder  
The Way of Disarray

Backward glare  
Burnished obsidian walls  
Reflect the endings

That will never...

Unfold  
Fold the corners over  
To hold my place  
The panic feels so familiar  
In a breath-work maze

Clear the air  
Ceremonial smoke rings  
Fill the creases  
Where the trauma collects

You better keep your thought forms clean  
How we, the Conjured, seek  
To breach the compass of this dream

Illumination  
Elimination  
Tangential slipstreams  
Derail our train of thought  
Stationed in fog  
Composing  
Decompositions  
In constant revision  
Infinite indecision  
Encaged  
Within a finite space

Help me hide it away  
Under thin coats of cracking paint  
Under smothering soundscapes  
Where every layer I've made  
Competes for a place

Enchanting parlor tricks  
And slights of hand  
Made me a god  
Here in obscurity  
Confined to making believe

So help me wish it away...  
But how long  
Yeah, how long  
Before I'd beg to bring it back into life?  
To bring it into the blue grey  
The Grey matters  
Matters of the Maker

Mark and Measure  
Locus of control

Order, theorized  
Crooked, our belief  
In the straight line

Leave room for failure  
One fatal mistake  
That human touch  
Planning its own obsolescence

The scent of senescence  
Permeates

Our vast potential  
Fated to fade  
Our monuments  
Willing its own expiration

Ground to powder  
Chaos, improvised  
Stolen fire  
Blessed are the thieves  
In these end times

Distill it down into a single line  
Meet the demands of the mountainside  
Compromise is such a loaded word  
When landslides are singing

Hermetic melodies  
Only we could hear  
We clutch the chords  
Forgotten anthems reappear

Encoded messages  
Only we could speak  
In native tongues  
Ancient strains have gone to seed

Entangled crossroads  
Only we could see  
Beyond the fear  
Our new creation will be gleaned

From the wastelands  
Of the insincere  
Winged beauty she looms  
Inside a derelict cocoon

Inspiration strikes  
Under flashing flood lights  
Winged beauty emerge

To search this tortured world for new growth  
Resurface, Recreate, and Redeem

Shades  
Of night  
Blossoming  
Within

These Laced  
Pathways  
Of Hekate's  
Garden

Retrace  
Mind streams  
Following  
Her lead

Wellsprings  
Whispering

The Rites of  
INITIATION  
I chose this course  
DISINTEGRATION  
Inward to source  
PREVERBERATIONS  
Follow the stations  
Through branching halls  
ANNIHILATION  
Fever breaks my fall

Dionysus, good heavens  
You've gone to pieces  
In search of closure, you went within...  
Everything and Nothing  
Clashed  
In counter movements,  
Rotating spins-  
A dream,  
A dream  
And nothing more.

Chart the startling curves  
Of your dementia  
(No way out)  
Map the staggering depths  
Of one dimension  
(No way out)  
Like clockwork witchcraft  
One must suffer to pass

Suffer to Pass  
Like clockwork witchcraft  
My dreams now abandon me  
Suffer To Pass

In time, you'll add my shadow  
To your overspilling urn  
And match my every move  
Step for step, turn for turn

Reclaimed by a destiny I revoked  
A trajectory, resigned  
Writhing  
In surrender  
Storm clouds gather in this altered state

Hard-wired  
To the recklessness of perception  
Bathed in artificial light  
Steeped in fabricated time  
Storm clouds gather in this altered state

Ever-spinning,  
The Great Wheel:  
Void of progress.

Ever-Branching,  
The Great Work:  
Grieve the dying  
Dying art  
Art of process

Tunnel visions  
Wander without aim  
Through the Gauntlet.

Spirit Guides,  
Forward Exits-  
Disembodied nights  
Shrouded in war paint;  
Losing mind  
To behold  
The Other side

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