

## Sonny Moore "Concentrical"

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I want to be fit  
To take your breath  
And exhale a resolution  
I want to be fit  
To sing along  
With a pair of sunset lungs

Where do you walk  
Where do I taste the wind behind you  
I lose my vail  
In hopes that you will stare right trough me

I can hear you crying for that halo  
That isn't even yours for you to lose  
And you tell me that your bound to your circle  
Concentrical

Toss me like a rope  
And hopefully you'll have their approval  
Inside the imitation that I loath  
With the callow hands and the bad knees  
All suckers for the taste of illusion

To hold and cradle  
I lose my faith  
In hopes that you will stare right trough me

I can hear you crying for that halo  
That isn't even yours for you to lose  
And you tell me that your bound to your circle  
Concentrical

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