

# Theatre Of Tragedy

## "Beauty Of Deconstruction"

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Echoes that somehow  
Can surround us  
Can resound through stillness  
Like thoughts of shifting this balance

Ideas of ideals convolve like intricate phases  
Your revelations displayed at two thousand expositions  
The mind is going out now  
Slowly passing by windows  
And someone's silver shatter-shape

Re-form perfect symmetry  
And give us dis-concord  
Find a place to be now  
To a-view the beauty of deconstruction  
In a surplus of noise that no one hears

Where silence surrounds us

Idyllic translation  
From quiet to noise  
In every city street made of steel and concrete  
Passing adjoining buildings that fall apart  
Forever sincere  
Remind me of these times

All features shattered  
Slightly off-key  
Scattered and forgotten  
The patterns vividly deformed

Shine a light on placid visions to reverse  
Found a place where structures come down

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