

Tool

"Schsim"

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I know the pieces fit cuz I watched them fall away
mildewed and smoldering, fundamental differing,
pure intention juxtaposed will set two lovers souls in
motion
disintegrating as it goes testing our communication
the light that fueled our fire then has burned a hole
between us so
we cannot see to reach an end crippling our
communication.

I know the pieces fit cuz I watched them tumble down
no fault, none to blame it doesn't mean I don't desire to
point the finger, blame the other, watch the temple
topple over.
To bring the pieces back together, rediscover
communication.

The poetry that comes from the squaring off between,
And the circling is worth it.
Finding beauty in the dissonance.

There was a time that the pieces fit, but I watched them
fall away.
Mildewed and smoldering, strangled by our coveting
I've done the the math enough to know the dangers of
a second guessing
Doomed to crumble unless we grow, and strengthen
our communication

cold silence has a tendency to atrophy any sense of
compassion

between supposed lovers
between supposed brothers.

And I know the pieces fit

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