

# A.C. Newman, The Collected Works

There was a tempest roaring in the deep blues  
There just to put the revolution in you  
We compared the cost of the war  
With walking into a wall  
Though we saw you coming, including me  
The empty bottles of coup d'état at your feet  
You repeat the same free advice  
The kind of entrance you'd have  
Expected from the collected works of excess  
And you have defended the chemistry of the divine  
But careful walls of conversation aside  
A beat too late and it's gone  
A twist on natural law

Then you arrive with an impact rising size(?)  
Sealed, delivered, a gift to the magi sign(?)  
To my old friend anew  
Who dropped in recently  
Unexpected from the collected works of excess  
You faked your way through legend and into the black  
Your careful walls of conversation stacked  
In towers so high that you thought  
Here is the entrance I'd have  
Expected from the collected works of excess  
From the collected works of excess  
From the collected works of excess