Circle Takes The Square, Eleven Owls Have Eye

Surface, through the circuits, breaker breaker.
Someone's calling but there's no one on the line.
Positive, negative, negative, breaker breaker.
These wires are live, these wires are
merging with the circuits, breaker, breaker.
Broken fuses spark, lighting, illuminating their blacked out eyes.

Fading out
Fading out
Father, son and holy ghost.
You can't find us in the dark.
You can't save us when wires are cut.
Houses haunted hurt the most.
Vulnerability is created and defined by the night.
Fall is getting closer.
Ruled by the moon.
Now that we're hiding in the darkness holding hands,
now as we pray, as we pray.
Lead the way.
Don't leave me bound here in desire,
Lead the way. Forever is too long to wait.

Time keeps on pulling the seconds away,
preaching abandonment, intentions remain
to embrace the sweet impossible.

Time succumbs to the rhythm of a slowly fading pulse.
Lights from flashlights flash on breakers,
loose connections connected tight.
Symmetry described by the minds intent.
Eleven birds of prey take flight.
Asymmetrical equations,
borne to lack diurnal sight.
Brown eyes begging her consent.
White old woman of the night:

Right behind the lightning staring past the rain.
Running down the red clay.
Time succumbs to the rhythm of a slowly fading pulse...