

Circle Takes The Square, Kill The Switch

Mouth the words to deny, deny the symptoms, as 'oh yeah I'm doing fine', as I've found a most end
Somewhere out there there's a thrill I swear. Desperate as I am I just can't strip bare and bleed the
But I lay with reason. Found logic conceived in a walk with skin. I lay with reason producing these r
Under painted catcalls as in temptation. yeah there's a key to be in, but there's no shade, no shade
Waterfalls in a cool grey, and the struggle is colored grey this day. The caw of crows fills up the pic
Our picture plane is veiled in central neutral grey. Absinthe to slight the pain. This world's this worst
Streaks of oil stain, stained the road he crawled on homeward.

Oh yeah, oh yeah he killed the switch with some unwieldy gauge, absence and light remain.

I lay with reason found logic and reap in a walk with sin. El sueno razon produce monsinios.

When does this dream end? Now I've missed another whole season,

I've missed the fall, clearly its fallen on this land as fields once green are ochre now.

This is no dream. Trees have turned to skeleton, roots teased and knotted just below the surface s

Stitched between the earth and the sky struggling to hold it down.

Sometimes to realize you have to lose track of sight blurring my vision makes it clear the tiny movin

The image is clear, a tower is built of my own pride, I cry in the shade that it offers, the only shelter

When does this dream end? This is no dream. This is the walking living breathing caricature of a m

Shamelessly I cave in to temptation of creation. But still my only thrill is empty sidewalks, silent stre

The caw of crows fills up the picture plane. This is your picture plain in central neutral grey.

This world's this worst case color scheme. Streaks of oil stain, stained the road he crawled on hom

Oh yeah, oh yeah he killed the switch with some unwieldy gauge, absence and light remain.

Life is lowly anonymity, in death a noble pose, a Marat David.

Tell me who wouldn't give their lives for such a soap box to die behind. Life is lowly, lowly anonymi

In the space of a smile I found sleep. As in sorrow, so shall ye reap, as in reason so shall ye sleep.

Reap the promised end to the struggle. Reap every point on our linear path.

Reap the smiles in time we borrow, every harvest relies on the last.

Reap the promising song of the sparrow, that they learned from the birth of sea.

Silenced by the threnody of the crows. Reap the fallen fruit of the dogwood tree.

But I witnessed in all this silence one souls definition of beauty. a backlit smile so temporary.

A facade so rich with evil history. Cast in direct opposition set to overwhelm his moment to shine ar

came out on top of what was borrowed, and found all that beauty to be still.

Every breath as in sorrow, reap the promised end to this path, by every image that we borrow, ever

Subdivide in factions our linear forever, we subdivide our waking hours to sleep.

While guilty eyes turn toward a porchlight, enlightenment is losing sight.

Somewhere out there there's a thrill I swear. In this low light town when my shift begins the streets

"Open up." the latter just a thought to thrill me "knock knock knock" the latte

"Red" is a four letter word. Four letter invitation. Now my head is locked in the direction

Life is lowly anonymity, in death a noble prose, a Marat David.

Tell me who wouldn't give their lives for such a soap box to leave behind.

Life is lowly, lowly anonymity. I know its all been done before, I want to do it again. I want do it agai

Kill the switch.

This night our journey's through the dark.

Kill the switch, a welcome comatose, tonight we journey through the darkness.

As in sorrow, so shall ye weep, as in reason, so shall ye sleep.