

Guided By Voices, Universal Truths And Cycles

As the icy breeze is shattered
By speaking to us warmly
To the nation of duress
And God yes, it's a mess

We know this and that
The romantic soul for us
In the lost hierarchy of land
And landowners
And down will go back up forevermore
I must try to believe this

And if I may consider
To look out from an opening
Of freshly painted lines
And letter perfect designs

For we know this and that
The romantic soul for us
In the lost hierarchy of land
And landowners
And down will go back up forevermore
I must try to believe this