

Joy Electric, The Heritage Bough

Greet me ice queen in spite
Of favors once sung by ravers reared on newsboys
Learned in hungarian by Greek historians
Hearing is an art for the lyric impaired computer dignitaire
Post a new verse, you shakespearean curse

And so the heritage bough will grow
And so the heritage bough will grow

Dont be a bear
Decline measures put forth in ledgers
Meek by design from refineries
Unnamed for holidays
Cup a leaf in part hoods of redwoods
Carve me among the pawns
Well meaning sorts give ears to discord

And so the heritage bough will grow
And so the heritage bough will grow

You sleep instead tonight
While wolves take the arts of displeasure
What once was fair and divine
You misplaced with the parts of a devil who made you unfaithful

Secretly the cups of children
Hanged as wreaths
Coined as beasts
Row in tandem
Nicer hours
Adorned with sour looks and poses
Keeping march, frame, and arch
We too are hunted
Harmed by swarms
But charmed by froggers
North by fours
Pinched by thorns
Through moors and heather
Chimney dust
Sprinkles the dutch
Disheartened sweepers
Caked with snow
Ice it spreads
While longing lingers