

# 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