

# A Crater to Cough In

## Circle Takes the Square

This path that we walk upon is the collection of points that the rain has drawn.

The rhythm section of the storm.

By the moonlight to the gateposts of the forest,  
in the snow light, we are bound for the portal of the pines.

Grey as famine, on this path against our will by our main sails we're bound to the tempest until the sea is still.

Which compulsion with this miniature death tribute?

From behind the walls of my broken coughing tent, a formal vision,  
but I allude to my helpless passion for the obtuse

When will this night end?

When the lightning finally tears through the mast of our sinking ship.

All the hopes of the slaves are betrayed by the grates.

On this coffin of a vessel every note's another breaking wave.

Revel in this vision, a formal visitation, on the night with the light from above.

Famished dogs follow slowly as my own paws drag me to a dock,  
to the last plank where I struggle to deny myself the path that every Pisces craves,  
just above the water in the middle of that man-made lake.

On that pier I turn my eyes from the water like a mirror of myself in the moonlight,  
and I cough for every crater that I could see,

on the surface of that coffin we've come to call the moon.

Now I wonder if all those judgments that you made were true.

And the trapdoor of the solstice is thrown wide, wide open.

Let them all sink, let them all sink through.

The talking, the spinning of a web- its all just formal ritual.

The burning.

The burning question "what do you deserve?"

The gazing at a candle to find calm, but we all know its at the center of the storm.

Oh moon, though pluckest me out, oh moon-

I who have sat by Thebes below the wall and walked among the lowest of the dead  
(to Carthage then I came).

Only the most sacred crater will suit my burial,  
only the most sacred choir performs this ritual dirge.

Perfectly imperfect, like a storm.

By our mane dragged and bound to our grave by our mane,  
to the grave dragged and bound to the tomb by the scavenger's tooth.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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