Circus Type Thing

Sarah Fimm

Full of this stuff, just waiting for a sign.
Watching the years I am watching... the flowers die.
The spider within holding on by string,
Still I'm all alone hearing this circus type thing.
So ask what I think, I'll tell you I think that it's frightening.
All of these places to dance and yet we are still.
A weightless improbable force has come to enlighten,
But why should we listen if there's nothing in it to kill?
Often I'm hearing these questions my friend.
You're never quite hearing the sounds,
But thanks for the voices.
These sweet little voices, they follow me all the way down.
It seems that we dream hard for peaches and cream and their sweetness.
If we are what we eat then why are we not sweet ourselves?
And where's this Arcadian gateway once loved by Pandora?
Did she bring our demise or be true to the nature of self?
Often I'm seeing by goat-footed friend
And often I see him in you
Disguised as a song he campaigns for the end.
But a few were reserved for the truth.
A few were reserved for the truth.
I'm finding no comforting words from the priest, But I've found that each season can sing.
If she'd survived beyond winter she might've seen the spring,
To see that we all make this circus type thing.

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