

Rose (Phoenix, AZ - June 4, 2000)

A Perfect Circle

Don't disturb
The beast
The temperamental goat
The snail while he's feeding on
The Rose
Stay frozen, compromise
What I will
I am Bend around
The wind silently
Thrown about
Again I'm treading so
Soft and lightly
Compromising my will
I am I am
I will
So no longer
Will I
Lay down
Play dead
Play your doe
In the headlights locked down
And terrified
Your deer in the headlights
Shot down and horrified when
Push comes to pull comes to shove
Comes to step around this
Self-destructing dance that never
Would've ended 'til I
Rose
I roared aloud here
I will
I am I am
I will
So no longer
Will I
Lay down
Lay dead
Play this
Kneel down

Gun-shy martyr

Pitiful

I rose, I roared

I will

I am

Songwriters

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