

Kill the Switch

Circle Takes the Square

Map the words to deny, deny the symptoms, as 'oh yeah I'm doing fine', as I've found a most endearing psychosis.

Somewhere out there there's a thrill I swear. Desperate as I am I just can't strip bare and bleed the only purity I've known.

But I lay with reason. Found logic conceived in a walk with skin. I sleep with reason producing these monsters.

Under painted catcalls as in temptation. yeah there's a key to be in, but there's no shade, no shade to blame.

Waterfalls in a cool grey, and the struggle is colored grey this day. The caw of crows fills up the picture plane. Our picture plane is veiled in central neutral grey. Absinthe to slight the pain. This world's this worst case color scheme.

Streaks of oil stain, stained the road he crawled on homeward.

Oh yeah, oh yeah he threw the switch, with some unwieldy gauge, absence of light remains.

I lay with reason so logic can reap in a walk with sin. El sueño razón produce monstruos.

When does this dream end? Now I've missed another whole season,

I've missed the fall, clearly it's fallen on this land as fields once green are ochre now.

This is no dream. Trees have turned to skeleton, roots teased and knotted just below the surface skin of ground.

Stitched between the earth and the sky struggling to hold it down.

Sometimes to realize you have to lose track, lose track of sight blurring my vision makes it clear that tiny moving parts make up the whole.

The image is clear, a tower is built of my own pride, I cry in the shade that it offers, the only shelter I have.

When does this dream end? This is no dream. This is the waking living breathing caricature of a memory.

Shamelessly I cave in to temptation of creation. But still my only thrill is empty sidewalks, silent streets.

The caw of crows fills up the picture plane. This is your picture plain in central neutral grey.

This world's this worst case color scheme. Streaks of oil stain, stained the road he crawled on homeward.

Oh yeah, oh yeah he killed the switch with some unwieldy gauge, absence of light remains.

Life is lowly anonymity, in death a noble pose, a Marat David.

Tell me who wouldn't give their lives for such a soap box to die behind. Life is lowly, lowly anonymity.

In the space of a smile I found sleep. As in sorrow, so shall ye reap, as in reason so shall ye sleep.

Reap the promised end to the struggle. Reap every point on our linear path.

Reap the smiles in time we borrow, every harvest relies on the last.

Reap the promising song of the sparrow, that they learned from the birth of sea.

Silenced by the threnody of the crows. Reap the fallen fruit of the dogwood tree.

But I witnessed in all this silence one soul's definition of beauty. and a backlit smile so temporary.

A facade so rich with evil history. Cast in direct opposition set to overwhelm this moment to shine and sleep—came out on top of what was borrowed, and found all that beauty to be still.

Every breath as in sorrow, reap the promised end to this path, by every image that we borrow, every harvest depends on the past.

Subdivide in factions our linear parabola, we subdivide our waking hours to sleep.

While guilty eyes turn toward a porchlight, enlightenment is losing sight.

Somewhere out there there's a thrill I swear. In this low light town when my shift begins the streets reflecting

yellow, yellow, yellow in the vacancy that overwhelms the red, red, red, your vehicle the color of expansion.

"Open up." the latter just a thought to thrill me "knock knock knock" the latter just a thought to thrill me.

"Red" is a four letter word. Four letter invitation. Now my head is locked in the direction of the sun...

Life is lowly anonymity, in death a noble prose, a Marat David.

Tell me who wouldn't give their lives for such a soap box to leave behind.

Life is lowly, lowly anonymity. I know its all been done before, I want to do it again. I want do it again.

Kill the switch.

This night our journey's through the dark.

Kill the switch, a welcome comatose, tonight we journey through the darkness.

As in sorrow, so shall ye weep, as in reason, so shall ye sleep.

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

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