

The Collected Works

[A.C. Newman](#)

There was a tempest roaring in the deep blues
There just to put the revolution in you
You compared the cost of the war
With walking into a wallThought we saw you coming, including me
The empty bottles of coup de tat have chilled me
You repeat the same for years like
The kind of entrance you'd haveExpected
From the collected works of exitsAnd you have defended the chemistry of the divide
But careful wallops of conversation aside
A beat too late, and it's gone
A twist on natural lawThen you arrive with an impact rivaling science
A sealed, delivered, a gift of the magi signed
To my old friend, the new
Who dropped in recentlyUnexpected
From the collected works of exitsYou faked your way through legend and into the black
Your careful wallops of conversation stacked
And tall, so high that you thought
Here is the entrance I'd haveExpected
From the collected works of exits
From the collected works of exits
From the collected works of exits

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