

Same Shade as Concrete

Circle Takes the Square

Rejoice, rejoice a noble birth, a prince is born.

Behold the birth of violence, beasts of fang and feather cry for our concrete rapture,
and if we beg to be put down, unto us the most inspired storm.

A princess ravaged by her prince behold; the birth of sex and distance, two frail corpses both were they, his eyes
were the first to stray... every tree held fast the earth to sky.

Concrete replaces every branch and twig as they were frayed upon the birth of ambition. The heavens filled our
gilded vessel with poison tears, before we drink, I propose a toast, a final prayer.

Here's to the watchers in the wood, here's to the last days, unto us a most inspired song.

Shaper, stop the music.

Halt the harp strings whose chords confuse our histories with textures.

With the disheartened chorus of a hymnal whose choir is the conviction of the starving, artless, tempted by the
feast of proof that this body of work has worth.

Uncertain as the fingering of a chord torn prematurely from a piano's womb.

As we fill our precious lungs with concrete, that faithful shade, a shaper's song is stopped short- a dying breath
a singing shore.

Then the only movement and the last remains of grace:

Pollen falling off the simple hinge joint leg upon the final breath of a dragonfly.

A cardinal, lost but headstrong in mid flight cries for our concrete rapture, wade...
in the water, wade. Let the flood swell, thank the storm for her tears.

The faithful say its beautiful, its god's will

but the fool knows what the prophets have seen, no salvation's impending.

The faithful say its beautiful, its god's will let the flood swell and the bodies that break we'll just float down the
river. Stay tame, soft river, while we weigh our faith, stay sweet, run softly, sweet river, the fool who wades in
doubt will float like concrete.

Come and fill your lungs. Come and fill your lungs.

There's so much hope buried underneath tragedy, its the same shade as concrete.

The faithful say its beautiful, its god's will, let the flood swell
on the loudspeaker sermons and a parish descending.

There's so much hope buried underneath tragedy, its the same shade as concrete.

Let the flood swell.

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

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