End On End

Rites Of Spring

I've had days of end on end
Where nothing changed cause nothing began.
Restless movement in an empty room,
Gathering shadows of a darkened blue.
And oh- it feels so strange- when it comes again.
Cycles of end on end, edges begin to blend, time
Following time, a pattern becomes defined.
I had a feeling from end to end.
Tried to catch it before it started again.
Pushed it away to force a laugh,
But inside I didn't have the breath.
And oh-it feels so strange - when it comes again.
But I've got it now,
I've got the rhythm down.
Cycles of end on end.
But if one wave stops, another begins.
End on end on end on end on end on end on end on end on
end on end on end on end on end on end on end on end on
end.

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