Patterns Of Power

Gruff Rhys

Inner circles and the patterns of power,
The dead epicenter,
And ruined extremes.
Spinning cycles and a crisis of conscience,
Of circular cycles,
Amoral disease.
The aim to please pulsates the complex of pleasure,
We buried the treasure,
And serpents arose.
And hear the salary men tapping at keyboards,
Innumerable midnights devoted to death.
Kids are dying and I'm drinking champagne.
The patterns of power,
A patchwork of pain.
I'm on fire and you're drinking champagne,
The patters of power,
Again and again.And all our eyes will roll in unison swiftly,
As packaging opens,
And void is revealed.
But still we dream,
And so we should with our whisper,
Prepare all our bellows for new year balloons.
Kids are dying and I'm drinking champagne.
The patterns of power,
A patchwork of pain.
I'm on fire and you're drinking champagne,
The patterns of power,
Again and again.
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The dead epicenter,
And ruined extremes.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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