Schism

Tool

I know the pieces fit 'cause I watched them fall away Mildewed and smoldering, fundamental differing Pure intention juxtaposed will set two lover's souls in motion

Disintegrating as it goes testing our communicationThe light that fueled our fire then has burned a hole between

We cannot see to reach an end crippling our communicationI know the pieces fit 'cause I watched them tumble down

No fault, none to blame, it doesn't mean I don't desire

To point the finger, blame the other, watch the temple topple over

To bring the pieces back together, rediscover communicationThe poetry that comes from the squaring off between

And the circling is worth it

Finding beauty in the dissonanceThere was a time that the pieces fit, but I watched them fall away Mildewed and smoldering, strangled by our coveting

I've done the math enough to know the dangers of our second guessing

Doomed to crumble unless we grow and strengthen our communication(Cold, cold, cold) Cold silence has

A tendency to

Atrophy any

Sense of compassionBetween supposed lovers

Between supposed loversI know the pieces fit

I know the pieces fit

Songwriters

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