

Every Force Evolves a Form

Shriekback

very thought burns into substance
Every dream turns into something on a T-shirt
Every glance becomes a romance
(One little word and you can't keep it in your pants)

Every shout becomes a ziggurat
And every prayer becomes a citadel or car-park
Every curse becomes a human sacrifice
Every good idea becomes a lifetime's work for someone

Watch that time those holy words
They all make tracks that your feet just have to follow

EVERY FORCE EVOLVES A FORM
Every urge leads to something you can sit on
EVERY FORCE EVOLVES A FORM
Every impulse ends up as something you can hang your
hat on

Every put-down becomes a dungeon
And every prejudice turns into broken glass and
bludgeons
Every mystery turns into something you can see
And every small desire turns into something you can buy
or hire

Watch those seeds those gentle words
They all make traps you can lose your fucking leg in

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Every glance becomes a romance
(One little word and you can't keep it in your pants)

They float above us like a cloud
And no-one knows where the rain will end up falling

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