

Stuck inside a beating circle  
Define my nature, first in the fun  
My arms gather tracks left behind  
It's toxic roots and heads like tree scars  
Lick wounds and atrophy  
Born to ride helplessly into a burning sky  
We can't eat them all at one time  
But we like the way  
It keeps ourselves on the climb  
Mother maker rebirth in the sun  
Stuck inside a beating circle  
Torn by time in fields forever  
Hearts born twice at once