

## Handful Of Words

Stavesacre

I heard a handful of words  
that could unravel  
the framework of the world  
so simple, so obvious  
if the residents of this mighty Tower of Babble (sic)  
were honest all at once  
I imagine  
it would be quite enough

why bother?  
what's your hurry?  
we're only spinning around and round  
tighter always

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the fragile bones of purpose  
the flesh of furvor  
[have] been dying on the vine  
are we really just killing time?  
what is it that inspires us beyond  
these temporal passions  
convictions  
they crumble beneath the question

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when this tangled mass of vanity implodes  
in this panic-stricken vacuum of souls  
if this is all there is to grieve, and nothing more  
what are we waiting for?

why bother? (you're always taking)  
what's your hurry? (you only take away)  
we're only spinning around and round  
tighter always

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what's your hurry? (you only take away)  
we're only spinning around and round  
tighter always

I can't help wondering what possibly could keep you  
here  
wondering what keeps you  
I can't help wondering what possibly could keep you

here  
wondering what keeps you

you're always taking  
you only take away  
nothing to give  
nothing much to say

you're always taking  
you always take away  
nothing good to give  
nothing good to say