

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

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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

why bother? (you're always taking)
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