

## Circles

Thrice

We talk to much. We talk in circles  
Till we're all spinning 'round  
Reaching for reach, in this marry go round

We seem respent (?)  
We call it progress  
We seen this all before  
When all said is done,  
Leave cups on the floors

We set sail with no fixed star in sight  
We drive by rail in candle light

We're building towers, with no foundation.  
We're stacking stone on stone,  
Whatever it takes  
Makes our modern Books

True progress means, matching the world to  
The vision in our heads  
We always change,  
When vision is dead;

We set sail with no fixed star in sight.  
We drive by rail and candle light.