

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.