

The Collected Works

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There was a tempest roaring in the deep blues
There just to put the revolution in you
You compared the cost of the war
With walking into a wall

Thought we saw you coming, including me
The empty bottles of coup de tat have chilled me
You repeat the same for years like
The kind of entrance you'd have

Expected
From the collected works of exits

And you have defended the chemistry of the divide
But careful wallops of conversation aside
A beat too late, and it's gone
A twist on natural law

Then you arrive with an impact rivaling science
A sealed, delivered, a gift of the magi signed
To my old friend, the new
Who dropped in recently

Unexpected
From the collected works of exits

You faked your way through legend and into the black
Your careful wallops of conversation stacked
And tall, so high that you thought
Here is the entrance I'd have

Expected
From the collected works of exits
From the collected works of exits
From the collected works of exits