

Ascending Forth

black midi

Everyone loves ascending fourths
And everyone loves ascending fourths
Ooh, everyone loves ascending fourths
Everyone loves ascending fourths
Everyone loves

Paintings of orthodox monks on the wall
Impotent Mark put his pen to forehead
Waiting for proof of his unquestioned gift

3 open windows bring air to his cheeks
The rest of him smothered in 3 sweat drenched sheets
With commission spent and date drawing near
And no newborn zeal or written ideas

A receding hum, akin to pink noise
Escapes his cerebral hand that toys
Miserably clutching it never avails
Without resorting to kitschy entrails

To stand up tall and straight is to break one leg
Since last Third Quarter he has not got out of bed
Meanwhile, envoys follow the stars, and the arcs of the larks
Further north to collect the work promised to their employer noblemen

He tries in vain for one pure line
Under the weight of tired eyes
He slips into the warm, soft night
To drift carefree beyond imagined eyes

In dreams he finds a cure that for now will suffice

Everyone loves ascending fourths
Everyone loves ascending fourths
Oh oh

The paintings of orthodox monks on the wall
Watch Markus spill ink freely on his finest scores
65 repetitions of ascending fourths

As dawn breaks men arrive in droves, forcing the door
His work unfinished, they do not accept and throw him to the floor
He comes to in chains

Brought in front of judges
For testing good faith
To try, to risk, to fail

Unanimously condemned
His masterpiece schmaltz
Impure, no heart, no taste

But everyone loves
Everyone loves
Everyone loves
Everyone loves ascending fourths
Everyone loves ascending fourths

Everyone loves

Everyone loves ascending fourths

Markus ascends Forth in the heart of the common man

Everyone loves

Everyone loves ascending fourths

Everyone loves

Markus ascends Forth in the heart of the common man

Everyone loves ascending fourths