

# Every Force Evolves a Form

Shriekback

very thought burns into substance  
Every dream turns into something on a T-shirt  
Every glance becomes a romance  
(One little word and you can't keep it in your pants)

Every shout becomes a ziggurat  
And every prayer becomes a citadel or car-park  
Every curse becomes a human sacrifice  
Every good idea becomes a lifetime's work for someone

Watch that time those holy words  
They all make tracks that your feet just have to follow

EVERY FORCE EVOLVES A FORM  
Every urge leads to something you can sit on  
EVERY FORCE EVOLVES A FORM  
Every impulse ends up as something you can hang your  
hat on

Every put-down becomes a dungeon  
And every prejudice turns into broken glass and  
bludgeons  
Every mystery turns into something you can see  
And every small desire turns into something you can buy  
or hire

Watch those seeds those gentle words  
They all make traps you can lose your fucking leg in

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They float above us like a cloud  
And no-one knows where the rain will end up falling

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