

My path is a wide ribbon
Each bow cuts a circle into it
Its clearance you're not given
Given 'til you're through with it

My path is a wide ribbon
It's mapped out but it's not even
And this power is self given
And it's clear and it's bright and it's thick
And it's without
Without edges

When will everything be quiet?
When will everything be quiet?
When will our fucking hearts cease to riot?
When will everything be quiet again?

This bow cuts a circle into it
Its inside is sucked out vertically
And it's easy for people to read things into these
Slanted wings, but who knows
Who knows really?

When everything will be quiet?
When everything will be quiet?
When our fucking hearts will cease to riot?
When everything will be quiet again?