

Schism

Tool

I know the pieces fit
'Cause I watched them fall away
Mildewed and smouldering
Fundamental differing
Pure intention juxtaposed
Will set two lovers' souls in motion
Disintegrating as it goes
Testing our communication
The light that feuled our fire then
Has a burned a hole between us so
We cannot see to reach an end
Crippling our communication

I know the pieces fit
'Cause I watched them tumble down
No fault, none to blame
It doesn't mean I don't desire to
Point the finger, blame the other
Watch the temple topple over
To bring the pieces back together
Rediscover communication

The poetry
That comes from the squaring off between
And the circling is worth it
Finding beauty in the dissonance

There was a time that the pieces fit
But I watched them fall away
Mildewed and smouldering
Strangled by our coveting
I've done the math enough to know
The dangers of our second guessing
Doomed to crumble unless we grow
And strengthen our communication

Cold silence has
A tendency to
Atrophy any
Sense of compassion
Between supposed brothers
Between supposed lovers
(sometimes says "lovers" the first
time and then "brothers" in concert)

I know the pieces fit
I know the pieces fit (crescendo)