

Revolve

Everything is circles
Some in water some on land
Stones upon the earth
Sharks beyond the sand

Within a social circle
A sphere of influence
Are those who lead you and mislead you
Ones you call your friends
Feasting on corpses was where it all began
Vultures were circling high above the plain
Take their turn at feasting
Then become the feast again

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Stones upon the earth
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Objects possess us
Surroundings and wealth
A cart wheel, an Astra
A prayer wheel, a Golf
A suburb of Swindon
A desert in the Gulf
Will engross and entrap us
Entangle us by stealth

Everything is circles
Some on water some on land
The eddies of the rising tide
Are washing clean the sand
Life is just a whirlpool where you're forced to play your hand