**"Schism"**



I know the pieces fit cuz I watched them fall away  
Mildewed and smoldering. Fundamental differing.  
Pure intention juxtaposed will set two lovers souls in motion  
Disintegrating as it goes testing our communication  
The light that fueled our fire then has burned a hole between us so  
We cannot see to reach an end crippling our communication.  
  
I know the pieces fit cuz 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 smoldering, 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 lovers/brothers