

# Guided By Voices, Universal Truths And Cycles

As the icy breeze is shattered  
By speaking to us warmly  
To the nation of duress  
And God yes, it's a mess

We know this and that  
The romantic soul for us  
In the lost hierarchy of land  
And landowners  
And down will go back up forevermore  
I must try to believe this

And if I may consider  
To look out from an opening  
Of freshly painted lines  
And letter perfect designs

For we know this and that  
The romantic soul for us  
In the lost hierarchy of land  
And landowners  
And down will go back up forevermore  
I must try to believe this