

# QUAKE DANCE

The code comes down  
The grid goes under  
Rocks the rock  
Splits the frame  
The curtain  
And rotunda

## *Chorus*

*No one wants to hear about  
Freedom from desires  
No one gets salvation through  
Selfish messiahs  
It was dance...only dance...  
And all the madness  
To strut on the dust of those  
Never-ending cants*

Fire and fog  
Beat and pleasure  
Trackless roads  
Thrones imploding  
Engines throb  
In concert exploding  
Sound and movement  
Eruption and panic  
Symbols sob  
The thread unfolding

## *Chorus*

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Chuck Casey  
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