

Poetica

Primmo

There are tourists and then there are residents
In a city where the walls are filled with sound
 Basting off the floors
Listening to your own thumping in the bass

 The wizards play sirens
 People march, some chant with the sound
A lot of the tourists are smaller than their shell
Funny they forget how small they really are in that grand city
 Some even forget where they came from

 The gatekeepers, they don't own the key
They're merely robots that depending on how they feel on that day
 Extend their arms to remove and replace
 The rope that let's the quest in and out

 The city that only lasts a night
 Means nothing but a sound

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