

# Poetica

## Altera

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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