Poetica

iiO

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 then 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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