

The Flying Club Cup

Beirut

I built my house of reeds upon a marsh in Elise
My father was released a day's walk from San Denise
We buried him beneath the bone white sands of San Denise
Silence of an airborne night push high above the roof
Daughters of the Red lights blind the icy works of art
The city lights and restless nights go once upon the Lord
You and I will lie beside the fire sparked from boards
It's yours

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