Tone Poem

Fischerspooner

In the sanctuary of private rhetoricy
When a bustling crowd intrudes
Where rival ship meets no incentive
To impale its reckless courseWhere all is lulled to peace and quiet
Is of all places the most appropriate
To illuminate the sparkling fires of love
And receive in turn the electro-darts of sweet devotionDoo doo dee dah dee doo doo
Sparkling fires, electro-darts

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