

Infinite Cities

The Bright Light Social Hour

Standing without places
Rotation into phases
Neon constellations
Echoing the nameless Cities without limit
Carpeted and endless
Quilted emigrations
Moonrise in our faces Stay until we call it home Distant western gazes
Swollen hearts in vases
Fugitive embraces
Packed away in cases Comfort is a siren
Radiant and instant
Scattered by the movement
Moonrise in our faces Stay until we call it home

Lyrics provided by

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