Anhoi Polloi

The Most Serene Republic

I hope, I plead, this reaches someone soon
Before this head becomes nobody much laterI see real as an aging face with lines of time put right in placeWe fuck like tides
While Father City smokes up Mother Countryside's
Leaves her giggling leavesI see real as an aging face, with lines of time put right in place
I see real as an aging face, with lines of time put right in place
I see real as an aging face, with lines of time put right in place

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