

Beirut, The Concubine

I've been told
Ties
One child away
For Rome to spare
I can wait child
And write songs
By
Long beheaded
I am grateful
For
Romaing
And so I long for your econ
Either side
Era I
Rest tonight
Oh ho ho
Now
Autumn falls down
And I can hear the sound
Autumn falls down
Autumn goes down
And I till the ground
All I can...(?)