

Beirut, The Flying Club Cup

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