

Sparta, Collapse

The host of the show comes down
to collapse on the ground
and the crime scene revisits me
this body shut down in Bordeaux
and the shores of gold coast on the balcony
I search for sleep
the future has fallen short
when the sun sets north
and the clouds fall from the mirrored walls

Words speak and choose
make sense and lose
capsize the tall tale, but always fail
words speak and choose, make sense and lose
forfeit the tall tale, I always will

The host had his mouth sewn shut
all in the name of trust
when the blood goes thin, he's given in
you can spare us the formal toast
the drunken anecdotes
from this day on... goes on and on...

You know when he falls apart
he listens in the dark to the records turn
I'll never learn

To set it down
you'll set it down
you'll set it down