

Sparta, The Host

The host of the show came down
Collapsed to the ground
And the crime scene revisits me
This body shut down in Bordeaux
And they go for good hope
On the balcony I sit and sleep
The future has fallen short
When the sun sets North
And the clouds fall from mirrored walls

Words speak and choose
Make sense and lose
Capsize the tall tale but always fail
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You'll set it down

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