

Burst, City Cloaked

The city I am
My alleys veins, my water nurture
Nobody need stand on ceremony before my doors
I am a home to you
And to them
Of ashes they come
In sackcloth cloaked
Much was told of me
Listen to my names, different by tongue
A rose by any other name smells just as sweet
The banners flying in the wind over my towers
Purposeless
I have no flag, no religion
No loyalty
I harbour all but stand for none
A waver, declaring my immunity
Diaspora
The one without religion inside the dogma
Listen to those long gone
It is they who are loyal to me
Those in sackcloth
And those who yearn for me
Some are pious, some cater to whims,
Some provoke
But I am a labyrinth of layers
Find only sense
Without a compass
For the city I am