

# 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