

Fitzgerald Patrik, Scattered Villages

These are no cities
These are no concrete spikes
Which wait
Only to impale or imprison
These are only villages
Pleasant country villages
Scattered over
The whole face the world
People now support themselves alone
Making just the things they need
The sceners is pure
As it once could be
We have turned back time
And everyone is happy
We have turned back time
And everyone is happy
We have turned back time
And everyone is happy now
These are no cities
These are no concrete spikes
Which wait only
To impale or imprison
You.You.You.You.You.
A spike
Is a resort
For homeless people