

Mechanical Poet, The Dead, The Living And The

The fog blots out the city
Cold shine of setting sun
The hive is intermitting
Its eternal run

Steel bugs along the highways
Skylines of towers rise
Big houses are closing
Square glassy eyes

And city makes a sleepy sigh
Enwrapping in sunrays
Aged souls go to the sky
While newborn ones are flowing down the haze

A glowing chain of lanterns
Has outlined the streets
The inky wilds of blocks are strewn
With amber beads

Behind the dark horizon
The melted sun has drowned
The crimson stripes of clouds
Amassed above the ground

And city makes a sleepy sigh
Enwrapping in sunrays
Aged souls go to the sky
While newborn ones are flowing down the haze

The sounds slowly die away
The roads are now free
The songs of evening spirits play
But no one hears them

See the buildings down below
Stone plants on concrete field
Secrets you might never know
Can now be revealed

And city makes a sleepy sigh
Enwrapping in sunrays
Aged souls go to the sky
While newborn ones are flowing down the haze