

# Nico, Hanging Gardens

A hazy horizon is closing  
The curtain to our perfect stage  
How I stumbled twisted slightly  
Atrociously  
The world is landing at my feet

Who all of the faces could it be  
Where all of the places should it be  
Laughing and coughing  
Coughing and laughing  
In the hanging gardens  
Of Semiramis

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