

# Sparta, Cataract

Locked up in the distance  
in the falter above us  
as the contrails pass you spoke your mind  
old photos distort you  
and you're frowning a smile  
as the misery makes us blind  
stand down, fall apart and the trouble starts  
yeah the trouble starts over again  
in the scenes of this casting  
where a tragedy follows  
as the contrails pass this vacant sky

Disappear, Orlean  
away from tarnished golden arsenals  
you're laying down again  
disappear, Orlean  
because your swansong fell on fallen heads  
you're laying down again  
time goes nowhere