

# Byzantium

Kansas

City resting on a hill  
Can your walls repel the tide of change  
Under Pantocrator's rule  
Did your golden domes reveal  
The frailty of the consequence  
The conqueror was real

Where the Emperor once reigned  
Only shadows of the glories remain  
No one sings your plaintive song  
Of the Kontakion strain  
Echoing through heaven's gate  
Too lovely to sustain

We're looking back to see your frescoed walls  
Where is the road that takes us to Byzantium

Once your borders had no end  
And your dream was like a shining light  
To the nations you surround  
Did your golden domes reveal  
The frailty of the consequence  
The conqueror was real

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Where is the road that takes us to Byzantium...

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Where is the road that takes us to Byzantium