

There are tourists and then there are residents  
In a city where the walls are filled with sound  
Basting off the floors  
Listening to your own thumping in the bass  
The wizards play sirens  
People march, some chant with the sound  
A lot of the tourists are smaller than their shell  
Funny they forget how small they really are in that  
grand city  
Some even forget where they came from  
The gatekeepers, they don't own the key  
They're merely robots that depending on how they feel  
on that day  
Extend their arms to remove and replace  
The rope that let's the quest in and out  
The city that only lasts a night  
Means nothing but a sound