

# The Dead The Living And The City

Mechanical Poet

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