

Beyond the Tanarian Hills

Rudimentary Peni

I dream a new name I don't care about nayone
The herd laughed at my writing
My dream writing I write no more but I still dream
I write no more but I still dream
Flying zigzagging zugzwanging
Aurora over cities of the Apocalypse
Death lying upon that land
Crazy chrysophase faces
Gingko trees shudder, pagodas perish
Expelled from London
Through the towns of Surrey Melting minarets
Homes growing thinner
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