

# Sparta, The Host

The host of the show came down  
Collapsed to the ground  
And the crime scene revisits me  
This body shut down in Bordeaux  
And they go for good hope  
On the balcony I sit and sleep  
The future has fallen short  
When the sun sets North  
And the clouds fall from mirrored walls

Words speak and choose  
Make sense and lose  
Capsize the tall tale but always fail  
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You'll set it down

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