

## **Euphoreador "Rift Valley"**

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You come back to me sans subterfuge  
As deluge clings to parched desert sands  
It's way too much and too fast  
Aghast the rivers flashed flood  
And the waters are 33 grasping hands deep  
To have and to keep  
To hold and to know

To bring down the pomp and glamour  
And burn change the three ring show  
With the big top all aglow  
The Circus Maximus is the poignant kiss  
Well what's become of  
Stuttered to no avail and the mast and sail  
Inflates as billow we fall upon the pillow of grass  
Me and this fallible lass  
With up skirt and down dress  
With arched curves we confess  
We're omnivoric whores  
We're human stars amongst scores  
We're gluttonous fasters  
We're servants and we're masters  
We're healed sores gaping fresh anew  
Like whatever plasters the sobered glue  
Of red white deepest black and blue  
Oh fuck the onslaught slew the spirit flew  
Just to test it's wings and rally  
Despite hoops and flaming rings  
The human heart it sings

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