

Kansas

"Byzantium"

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City resting on a hill
can your walls repel the tides of change

Under Pantocrator's rule
did your golden domes reveal
The frailty of the consequence,
the conqueror was real

Where the emperor once reigned
only shadows of the glories remain
No one sings your plaintiff song
of the Kantakian strain

Echoing through heaven's gate
to lovely to sustain
We're looking back to see your frescoed walls
where is the road that takes us to Byzantium

Once your borders had no end
and your dream was like a shining light

To the nations you surround
did your golden domes reveal
The frailty of the consequence,
the conqueror was real

we're looking back to see your frescoed walls
where is the road that takes us to Byzantium

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