

Revelation "Offset"

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Clusters of fragrant stars
Your prisoner
My familiar dream
On the corner, in the old street
Two ghosts, too cowardly
Remember our mad delight?
Eyes accustomed to less white

All the trembling,
The air too sweet
All the despair of your hair
All is false and vain
But your name...
Only fools endure
At our Sunday best
On the battlements
We would give the world the lie
Eight years in the rift
The fiend on the cliff
Wants to teach us to fly

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