

## The New Cities

### "Centre For Holy Wars"

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It's such a dream-like view from the ceiling where every feeling is a part of he fall. Kneeling out on the front lawn, rise to occasions, grass stains and all. Exactly where we are, at the centre for holy wars, I hope it never comes down again. Floating in the air, with the stars of holy wars, I hope it never comes down again. Nearly but never arrested, but oh Contessa, asleep in the stall, still you somehow have bested the other contestants, grass stains and all. Because hope grows greener than grass stains. Hope grows greener than grass s

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