

Calling the Land

Midnight Choir

A roam, to roam and not stay
A home, a home far way
Don't, don't you delay
Phone, phone's not a veil
A home, doomed in every way
A soul, carved out in clay
A face, face the death in the sand
A cold, calling the land

Alone, alone in the playground
A phone, a bomb in the room
Rome, a Rome puzzle day
A soul, falling away