Lowered Rainbow

Pile

A lowered rainbow smothers and hovers
As all colors are wrung out
Behind its face, a laughing chasm

Dress up its bodies and grind up its bones
They made up their minds and now we'll make our move

Death dealer enters in white gloves, palms open
"Tell us all we're right"
And with a straight face, the dealer obliged

The clouds roll in as quick as they turn to stone
And when the sky falls, we'll see a rainbow up close

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