

So it was in this season of extremest heat
That we walked to the mountain overlooking the town
And breathed over the rocks with our feet
Then looked down.
Below us crouched the city;
In that night, almost pretty.

The moon remained behind its curtain of haze
As the streetlights battled for all attention
And we felt the city demand our crazed
Attention.
In the night it stood;
Would've fallen if it could.

The bottle of wine we shared at the top
Was swiftly nearing completion
And stop
Depletion.

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