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The tunes of Chopin

in my sleep , I dreamed a dream
of endless deserts, and impossible geometry
and there it lay on the sand
the rotting heart of Gaia
her blood so dark , almost black
stained my aching hands.

Oh the woe that befell all of man
and the sadness too.
their tears fell, and trickled down into the earth.
Oh how they sank into despair.

eternal night fell across the land
and men took to kill men
the moral divide now crossed,
dead lover's sarabande
in the morbidity of the black .
the crackling of the old gramophone
and the tunes of Chopin.

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