

ENTER METROPOLIS

Countryside replaced
by urban sprawl,
The trees, the parks,
you can count them all

Step out of the carriage,
onto the platform,
Air you don't have,
the smog is warm

Up from below,
grey streets await,
Enter metropolis
and await your fate.

Suits and shoes
brush by on the way,
A quick buck, a deal,
souvenirs in the rain.

Screeching and squealing
Piccadilly stands still,
Eros looking down,
nothing surreal.

This London has grown,
no clear water of Thames,
Enter metropolis,
for Icarus descends.