

Byzantium

Kansas

City resting on a hill
Can your walls repel the tide of change
Under Pantocrator's rule
Did your golden domes reveal
The frailty of the consequence
The conqueror was real

Where the Emperor once reigned
Only shadows of the glories remain
No one sings your plaintive song
Of the Kontakion strain
Echoing through heaven's gate
Too lovely to sustain

We're looking back to see your frescoed walls
Where is the road that takes us to Byzantium

Once your borders had no end
And your dream was like a shining light
To the nations you surround
Did your golden domes reveal
The frailty of the consequence
The conqueror was real

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Where is the road that takes us to Byzantium...

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