

A room colored charlatan

Fill in the gaps

Just as he hit	Hid in a safe
The ground	Stalk the ground
They lowered a tow that	Stalk the ground
Stuck in his (1) to the gills	You should have seen
Fragments of sobriquets	The curse that flew right by you
riddle me this	Page of concrete
three half eaten corneas	Stain walks (4) in hobbled sway
who hit the aureole	Auto-da-fé
Stalk the ground	A capillary hint of red
Stalk the ground	Only this manupod
You should have seen	Crescent in shape has escaped
The curse that flew right by you	Pull the pins
Page of concrete	Save (5) grace
Stained (2) crutch in hobbled sway	Mark these words
Auto-da-fé	On his grave
A capillary (3) of red	[x3]
Only this manupod	You should have seen
Crescent in shape has escaped	The curse (6) flew (7) by you
The house half the way	Page of concrete
Fell empty with teeth	Stain (8) crutch in hobbled sway
That split both his lips	Auto-da-fé
Mark these words	A (9) hint of red
One day this chalk outline will circle this city	Everyone knows the last toes are
Was he robbed of the asphalt that cushioned his face	Always the coldest to go



- 1. neck
- 2. walks
- 3. hint
- 4. crutch
- 5. your
- 6. that
- 7. right
- 8. walks
- 9. capillary

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