

Cradle Of Forest

Akira Yamaoka

There deep, deep in forest night, children dance the waltz
They laugh, whispering hand in hand, just like children like to
do.

Their eyes, what are they looking for? White dress flutters the
beat

Their song starting to make some sense, but only if you're list
ening.

Dance, dance like butterflies, shadows appear right before my e
yes.

Sounds echo the absurd, hard to explain something that I heard.

Now, hear the forest talking insects and birds,
Does the scent of soil and beast bring the life into the animal
you hide?

It's a great illusion one never knows;

When you think you're really alone, feel the eyes of someone lo
oking in on you...

Again, see how the children play, red moon colours the trees

Their feet, innocent rustling sounds, oh, playful dream-
like fantasies.

Dance, dance like butterflies (yeah, yeah), shadows appear righ
t before my eyes

Sounds echo the absurd (yeah), hard to explain something that I
heard.

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