

Od Slatrom Ekil

Ark

Cry, O, Does You're done with
fortune
Mean deeds did steal Your need
to be free
Dry and close your wandering
fountains
and be with me as I slip trough
Your dreams
Think about the Young boy
He's so eager to be loved, to
understand
getting his hair cut like a boy
watching the sun set on his own
Think about the young girl
she's so eager to be loved and
understood
Think about the young boy,
He's becoming a man
Cry, O, Doves You're done with
fortune
New dreams did free Your need
to be real
Try, O, Moles in Your sunly
torture
to dream of me as You creep
trough the trees
Think about the Young boy
He's so eager to be loved, to
understand
getting his hair cut like a boy
watching the sun set on his own
Think about the young girl
she?s so eager to be loved and
understood
Think about the young boy,
He's becoming a man
Broken is the wind
Broken is his fellow
his name is Angro-Diti
and his voice is very mellow
/and he sings/
"So twice five miles of fertile
ground
with walls and towers were
girdled `round
and there were gardens
bright with sinous rills
were blossomed many an
incense-bearing tree"
He sings of wuthering wilderness
and how it once was tamed
He sings of God?s boredom
in the days of no names
Cry, O, Doves You're done with
fortune
New dreams did free Your need
to be real

Try, O, Moles in Your sunly
torture
to dream of me as You creep
through the trees
Think about the Young boy
He's so eager to be loved, to
understand
getting his hair cut like a boy
watching the sun set on his own
Think about the young girl
she's so eager to be loved and
understood
Think about the Young boy
He's so eager to be loved, to
understand
getting his hair cut like a boy
watching the sun set on his own
Oh, when worlds collide
it's like thunder in the head
and fire in the mind
So, think about the young boy
He's becoming a man