

The Folk that Time Forgot

Forefather

A withering flower without its roots
Sadly passing away unloved
Songs to sing and tales to tell
Vanishing into obscurity

A dwindling power bereft of soul
Quietly leaving the world behind
Names to praise and sacred sites
Drifting away to nothingness

But we'll resist until the end
Till the last of us shall fall
And we will love you to the end
Our folk that time forgot

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