

## Symmetry of Disfiguration

Lyriel

They arrived at home, the land  
where they were born  
The woods are all away,  
around them loneliness  
The age of trees was older  
than their roots  
The puddle to his right,  
that was their little fresh brook

And he remember, the fathertree  
Where he were born and where he felt free  
In his protection he ever found  
The symmetry of disfiguration

And I, I think of you and mean:  
So nice was the time  
That time could be so long,  
Oh I don't know if you're  
alive or dead  
You know the children need you,  
And I love you  
And we all wait for you  
We know, you will, come back

So much time has to pass this place  
Our little children, they will never see  
The paradise where generations lived  
Of the wild wolfriderfolk,  
Where generations lived

And he remember, the fathertree  
Where he were born and where he felt free  
In his protection he ever found  
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