

A single tear from the elms of emptiness falls to stain
the cracked earth and the soil breathes one final,
desperate, breathe of life. Tiny budding flowers and
colours of joy and hope explode from the water-bead.
Undying, undimming, before shattering to dust. These
woods have no memory of the touch of sun, or the smell
of dew, and all I can hear through the deafening
silence are the moaning trees.

It was Morrow who cursed this place. Now, cheerless and
stagnant, it screams in the night so we hearken the
cries from the heart of the wood.

I linger on in doubt, darkness comes early down here.
Wishing upon ages, these flowers will someday bloom.

I'd wait here forever just to see these flowers bloom.
They never bloom.

You f**king betrayed us, in these woodlands we wove,
dreaming amidst the groves. Morrow, No one could stop
us. although, now the orchards no longer grow, So I'll
reclaim the throne of woe. I'm starting to count the
stars by myself, and this winter is eating away at my
soul.

I'll always remember the day I was stabbed in the back.
Stabbed in the back.

Just like teardrops, the limbs of the dying trees began
to fall, one by one.

Now let me sleep. Let me sleep, In this garden that
never blooms.

A single tear from the elms of emptiness falls to stain
the cracked earth and the soil breathes one final,
desperate, breathe of life. Tiny budding flowers and
colours of joy and hope explode from the water-bead.
Undying, undimming, before shattering to dust. These
woods have no memory of the touch of sun, or the smell
of dew, and all I can hear through the deafening
silence are the moaning trees.

So here I will wait for the spring, In the garden of
tears.
If you listen in the night, you hearken the cries from
the heart of the wood.

And so here I will wait, until my last dying days.
Wishing upon ages, these flowers will someday bloom.

I'd wait here forever just to see these flowers bloom.
They never bloom.