

## Last Vestige Of Old Joy

Nest

Once we played in this forest  
In the shade of the tall trees  
At the dawn of this particular time.

But many an aeon has passed since  
And many a fate has changed.  
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And many a fate has changed.

...and our great woods died.  
No new seeds have been planted for ages  
And those that were  
Have been torn out from the soil.

Once we played in this forest...