

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.
But many an aeon has passed since
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...