

the subtle voice whispering  
the satin temptation of the wind  
while our civilization lies in ruin  
we answer the call of the wilderness

the ominous skies resembling  
blood soaked battle fields  
in the shelter of the forest  
a reprieve from our ordeal

the laughter of the wind  
the weeping of the rain  
THE THUNDER GOD'S HAMMER COMING DOWN  
as we return to the wild again

...the interegnum has ended...

where will we go in this strange land we should have  
called home?  
the elusive ghosts of the native ancestral spirit no  
longer vacant from its  
throne  
we must learn to live with out comfort, to be fed we must  
learn to grow.