

Nemoralia

Patrick Wolf

There passed a summer
Where our children went to war
Of conviction without cause
Furnaces in the borough I was born
Dreaming echelons
Above my station

These corners I walk in
I waited and watched
On the corners
I dreamt on in my youth
In my youth

Heartless
Heartless

Now I dream of Orion
Sword by side
Sword by side
Protect the night

Heartless
Heartless

Sans Coeur
Tout sans Coeur