

## The Refuge

Project Pitchfork

Burned villages  
Children cry  
Burned fields  
Mothers die  
Smeared faces crying  
Thousands fell on battlefields  
Standing by my horse  
The battered armor burts  
Laying on a clearing  
Staring at the clouds  
Feeling down, down, down  
Thoughts getting clearer  
Looking around  
Seeing tears in my eyes  
Glaring colours  
Everything shining from inside  
They lead me  
Back to harmony

Leaving my sorrow back in my body  
Moving towards a tree  
Dazzling, grining figure on a branch  
Dangling with it's legs  
Curious light shapes teasing me  
Giggling around  
The grining figure tucking at my hand  
Pulling me through the wood  
Towards a city of light  
Fairies and other beeings  
Rushing to me  
Filling my heart with love and harmony  
Noticing a silver thread still leading  
Back to the sorrow  
The growing desire to stay  
Lets the thread get thinner