

The Slumber Of Yesteryears

Thyrfinġ

Yesterday never died - it just went into hiding
It lies slumbering at the bottom of a deep, dark lake
Hidden in the woods of my time

There was no path to follow, but I found my way
I had been lost for long
Forlorn in the woods I knew so well
I didn't quite know what I was looking for
But still I found it - or did it find me?

I couldn't see a way to this place
But from where I stand now I can see it all.
I can see how bright the stars shine at night.
I can see how the sun wakes life from it's slumber
And I see how the snow cradles it back to sleep again.
I see my way back home but I never want to leave this place.