

## Od Slatrom Ekil

Ark

Cry, O, Does You're done with  
fortune  
Mean deeds did steal Your need  
to be free  
Dry and close your wandering  
fountains  
and be with me as I slip trough  
Your dreams  
Think about the Young boy  
He's so eager to be loved, to  
understand  
getting his hair cut like a boy  
watching the sun set on his own  
Think about the young girl  
she's so eager to be loved and  
understood  
Think about the young boy,  
He's becoming a man  
Cry, O, Doves You're done with  
fortune  
New dreams did free Your need  
to be real  
Try, O, Moles in Your sunly  
torture  
to dream of me as You creep  
trough the trees  
Think about the Young boy  
He's so eager to be loved, to  
understand  
getting his hair cut like a boy  
watching the sun set on his own  
Think about the young girl  
she?s so eager to be loved and  
understood  
Think about the young boy,  
He's becoming a man  
Broken is the wind  
Broken is his fellow  
his name is Angro-Diti  
and his voice is very mellow  
/and he sings/  
"So twice five miles of fertile  
ground  
with walls and towers were  
girdled `round  
and there were gardens  
bright with sinous rills  
were blossomed many an  
incense-bearing tree"  
He sings of wuthering wilderness  
and how it once was tamed  
He sings of God?s boredom  
in the days of no names  
Cry, O, Doves You're done with  
fortune  
New dreams did free Your need  
to be real

Try, O, Moles in Your sunly  
torture  
to dream of me as You creep  
through the trees  
Think about the Young boy  
He's so eager to be loved, to  
understand  
getting his hair cut like a boy  
watching the sun set on his own  
Think about the young girl  
she's so eager to be loved and  
understood  
Think about the Young boy  
He's so eager to be loved, to  
understand  
getting his hair cut like a boy  
watching the sun set on his own  
Oh, when worlds collide  
it's like thunder in the head  
and fire in the mind  
So, think about the young boy  
He's becoming a man