

(Untitled I)

Rosetta

Why?

They wasted our filth

Stolen our bones

Turning our eyes, they're turning further to war

This is for knowing among silent trees

Kill those that run away

to delight and iron the birds

They're desolate, lonely

For most of the trees, there's hail on the leaves

to delight and iron the birds

His voice, so thick that love got buried

His voice, no boy, no boy, no play

Someday I'll rise, someday I'll play

Someday I'll rise, someday I'll rise

His voice, so thick that love, that love has gone away

No boy, no play

Windblown through the leaves

Can you still just dance then start singing?

I lay on the ground

Get lost once again in a tranquil sound

Revive the memory in real time, for me

The terrible sound

Is fading from paradise, is fading away...

And the hunger bout came

To delight and iron the birds

To seize our fate

Where are all the leaves?

We must dwell on the leaves

Tantalize, convince me that nothing's wrong

This all seems to say that I'll find a way

To shed my old skin and move on

For now I listen when they say nothing's wrong

Retreat to a place where memories erase

Ignore it as I have all along